

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH
25 CENTS

**TRAGIC
TRUTH
ABOUT
JOHN
GILBERT'S
DEATH**

by Adela
Rogers
St. Johns



**SHIRLEY
TEMPLE**

GOD'S INCOME TAX ON HOLLYWOOD

By Channing Pollock

**THE CONFIDENTIAL HISTORY OF
BILL POWELL** By Frederick L. Collins



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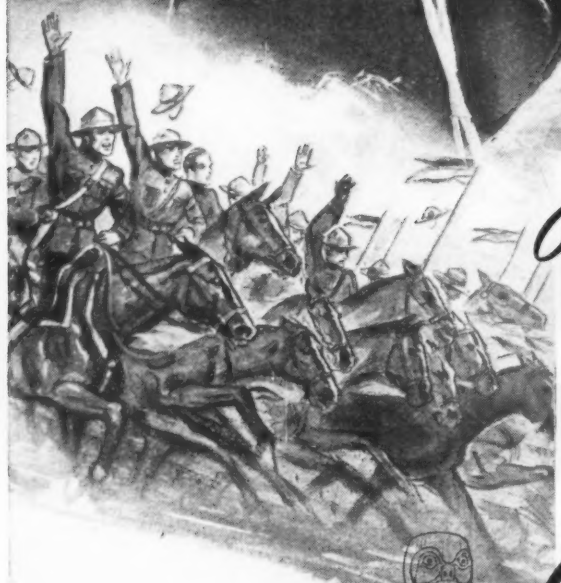
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PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Portrait by Hurrell-Ceccarini

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Something to see and hear. Roistering Harry Richman sings to a group of glitter girls in Columbia's "Music Goes 'Round and 'Round"

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH IT WAS REVIEWED

★ **ACCENT ON YOUTH**—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Phillip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

★ **AH, WILDERNESS**—M-G-M.—O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffers the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

★ **ANNIE OAKLEY**—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

ANOTHER FACE—RKO-Radio.—Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy remakes his face and hides in Hollywood studio. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocitus*. (Dec.)

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Along-Cassidy story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

★ **BECKY SHARP**—Pioneer-RKO Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in "Vanity Fair," and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Roach-MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

★ **BREAK OF HEARTS**—RKO-Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the "Don't

miss it" list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

★ **BRIDE COMES HOME, THE**—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Warners.—A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidentally snaps a hold up. Justice triumphs. Mildly exciting. (Feb.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives Charlie Chan another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Sept.)

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)

CORONADO—Paramount.—Comedy, catchy tunes, trick dances. A weak story but enjoyable. A song-writer, Johnny Downs, wins the love of a crooner-ess, Betty Burgess, in Eddie Duchin's band. (Feb.)

★ **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Peter Lorre is magnificent as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh highlight a fine cast. You should see it. (Feb.)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANGEROUS—Warners.—Strong dramatic fare of "Jinx actress," Bette Davis, who destroys all who love her. Franchot Tone the real surprise. Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and nice cast. (Feb.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting role. (Oct.)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EAST OF JAVA—Universal.—A time worn shipwreck jungle tale helped by Charles Bickford's scrap with a lion. Cast includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Mistaken as a lady-killer artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the sex-melodramatics of the weak story. (Sept.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

FIRE TRAP, THE—Larry Darmour Prod.—Exciting exploits of tin hat laddies in a fire and insurance mixup. Norman Foster and Evalyn Knapp are the lovers. (Feb.)

FIRST A GIRL—GB.—Gay, tuneful, with the British singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in an unusual rôle of a female impersonator with hilarious results. Sonnie Hale supports her. (Feb.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRISCO KID—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy Barbary Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (Nov.)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern starring. (Nov.)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

GRAND EXIT—Columbia.—Ann Sothern with Edmund Lowe. He is an insurance sleuth hunting arson racketeers. Chuck full of surprise. You'll like it. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATOR, THE—Universal.—Oppenheim's melodramatic mixup with Edmund Lowe as a wastral British peer impersonating himself. Confusing. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison in the cast. (Feb.)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, shaking fists over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the rôle of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a fussy dyspeptic who forgets his ailments in love and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of fun. (Jan.)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banter may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (Nov.)

★ **I DREAM TOO MUCH**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons' screen debut in a delightful part. Henry Fonda as conceited composer finds himself swamped in his wife's fame. Thrilling singing. (Feb.)

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners.—Kay Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (Jan.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Columbia.—Blue blood, Herbert Marshall pursues romance incognito into pantry of gangsters' mansion—finds Jean Arthur. Clever Cinderella tale. (Feb.)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

★ **IN OLD KENTUCKY**—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handing out a laugh a minute, against a race-track background. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardie top support. And Bill Robinson, colored tap-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Sept.)

★ **IN PERSON**—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflation of a conceited movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a he-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Breslau are admirable. (Jan.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the White-oakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

JUST MY LUCK—New Century.—The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which dogs the footsteps of Charlie Ray's comeback. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Boos & Bouquets

An open forum for the exchange of opinions. The best eight win prizes



Lucky dogs! Filmed in "The Voice of Bugle Ann" these hounds have been adopted by Jean Harlow and Clark Gable

FIRST PRIZE—\$15

GLAMOUR PASSÉ?

WELL—I'm afraid that Glamour (the old rascal) is getting to be slightly *passé*. . . . Living right here in Hollywood I know whereof I speak. I've had Glamour practically under my nose, and to me the appeal has vanished. Especially after seeing Eleanor Powell in "Broadway Melody." What folks want these days is—naturalness. Even Marlene has abandoned her trousers and is wearing frilly, ladylike dresses again. And Joan Crawford—remember her a few months ago when fans roused their sluggish heads and demanded with ire that she erase that wet blab of a smear (under which reposed a very nice mouth) from her soulful physiognomy? And those eyebrows of Joan's—she looks perpetually and poutishly perplexed. These days naturalness seems to be Joan's main incentive. And isn't she a lot more attractive? So die, Glamour, die! You have been slowly but insidiously defeated by a most worthy opponent—Naturalness. Or maybe I'm wrong—come to think of it, there's a certain amount of glamour in just "being natural"!

FLORENCE HOLMES, Hollywood, California

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

PERSONIFICATION OF YOUTH

I am so proud of Hollywood directors and producers! At last we have youths such as these on the screen: Robert Taylor,



Wheel! Paula, talented offspring of Fred Stone, nimbly leaps for tennis laurels too. She is with Warners

Richard Cromwell, Joel McCrea, and, of course, Dick Powell.

They are the boys who live next door; the boys we pass on the street; go to school with, and work with. They are the personification of American masculine youth. I am glad the directors realize that a leading man need not be a "tough egg" or a drawing room type to be popular. Most of the male stars in the past were actually beautiful, they were so feminine looking. The rough and ready type was a relief, but he didn't increase everybody's heartbeats.

Clean-cut, handsome boys are what we want—so more of them.

SABINE SWICK, Zelienople, Pa.

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

TO CHILD ACTORS

One hears so many people say: "I don't like child actors." To my mind this is a very narrow-minded statement. I believe these people are afraid someone will think they are not sophisticated if they appear to like the talented youngsters we see today. To my mind they would be far more sophisticated and intelligent if they were willing to praise a good performance regardless of the age of the performer. Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Sybil Jason, Edith Fellows are, I think, actors of first rank. These children show perfect naturalness and at the same time a sense of knowing exactly what they are doing and why. I cannot say so much for many of our adult actors.

ALICE LEE PERKINS,
Nocogdoches, Texas

\$1 PRIZE

A MOVIE FAN'S PRAYER

Lord, I would like to have:
The eyes of—Claudette Colbert
The lashes of—Joan Crawford
The hair of—Carole Lombard
The teeth of—Gail Patrick
The nose of—Jean Harlow
The style of—Kay Francis
The charm of—Alice Faye

The poise of—Myrna Loy
The personality of—Ginger Rogers
The pep of—Patsy Kelly
The voice of—Rosalind Russell
The sweetness of—Loretta Young
The grace of—Norma Shearer

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Marlene Dietrich in "Desire"
A Paramount Picture
with Gary Cooper and John Halliday



Auburn
Super-Charged Speedster

Super-charged

The Desire of discriminating men and women today is for personal possessions that are out-of-the-ordinary. This is strikingly exemplified by the ever-growing popularity of the Auburn Super-Charged Models, with their outside exhaust pipes of polished stainless steel. Powered with a 150 H.P. Super-Charged Lycoming Engine, these smartly individual Auburns have become noted for their sparkling performance and tremendous reserve of power that is priceless in emergencies. We invite you to inspect and drive one of these New 1936 Eight-Cylinder Super-Charged Auburns.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana

AUBURN

EXCITEMENT RIDES
THE *Hollywood*
RANGE . . . AS THE
"TRADE" CRITICS
Preview



*"THE

LOUIS

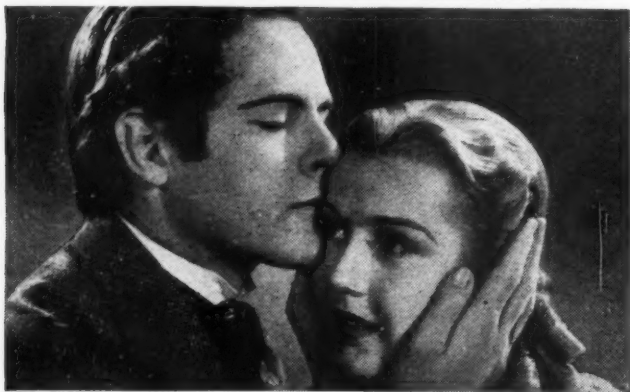


PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success

throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.



The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



'Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali-coate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that "*The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*

Advertisement



STORY OF PASTEUR"

Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live



JACK
ALISCOATE

way through. . . Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."



MAURICE
KANN

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. . . It stands among the significant works of the screen. . . Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. . . Muni is superb. . . Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."



"CHICK"
LEWIS

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers

that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal. The sheer drama of the great scientist, Louis Pasteur's fight for recognition builds to a great climax."

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The
PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

*Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's
story of rollicking and exciting adventure!*



VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

"I TAKE MY FIGHTS WHERE I FIND 'EM!
I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's
love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproari-
ous and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!
with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett



1 close ups and 1 long shot

BY RUTH WATERBURY



NOW comes the most amazing in that long exciting line of new personalities, recently discovered, this young Errol Flynn of "Captain Blood." To my taste, of the whole lot of new faces, he is the most electrifying. He was Warner Brothers' Christmas present to the world and I'm sure many a woman wished Kriss Kringle had brought him down the chimney into her house.

Tall, handsome, he moves with such grace as makes your pulses pound; yet he is thoroughly masculine and a great actor. He himself should be grateful that he was discovered by Warners who know how to handle men stars.

There is no lot in Hollywood where you will hear such wailing from actors about casting stories or production as you hear at Warners. Yet the fact remains that Dick Powell, Jimmy Cagney, and Joe E. Brown have been put into pictures season after season which have kept them among the top box-office ten of the industry, and a record like that does not just happen.

It's Dick and Jimmy who do the kicking. Joe E. never says much; he's too happy a soul for important grumbling.

This Flynn lad has trod a serpentine path to dazzle the lights over theater doorways—out of Ireland to the South Seas, to pearl diving, to the London stage, to Hollywood, and to Lili Damita.

And Lili Damita, a star on Broadway, discovered by Goldwyn, sought after by millionaires and princes, capable herself of earning thousands, did, if the stories are to be believed, marry young Errol when he landed here without a dollar to bless himself with, just because she had fallen in love with him on sight.

I'M sure Warners won't mind my telling now that about all the real sea there is in "Captain Blood" is that which washes over Basil Rathbone's face as he lies dead on the rocks, the dastardly dog.

In fact, there could be no greater contrast in production methods than those used in "Captain Blood" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," two pictures that will be linked together from now on in unjust comparison.

"Mutiny" is the sea lust and life and even art, if you will, but "Captain Blood" is romance and make-believe and that ever-living story of the bold, brave lad and the lady in distress. Warners ran the whole thing up in the studio, but so artfully

is it directed by Michael Curtiz, so exquisitely is it photographed by Hal Mohr, that imagination has been made triumphant over reality. Deeply as I was moved by "Bounty," truly great as I know it to be, I find myself thinking this glamour-romance product, which isn't art at all, is still one of the finest films to be seen.

HOW do you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY, feel about double bills? Pictures like "Mutiny" and "Captain Blood" are the producers' attempt to try to give you bigger and better entertainment, all embodied in one picture an evening. Yet I have a letter from a reader who tells me that he and his wife went to the movies at five in the afternoon on New Year's Day and didn't leave until one-thirty at night, and yet never saw the same film twice. For their fifty cents they saw "Mutiny," "Charlie Chan in Egypt" or some place, a newsreel, a comic, "Rendezvous," and another newsreel.

In your opinion, is that a good bargain, or is it enough to drive you mad? For myself, I'm sure I wouldn't want to see another picture for two weeks, but I do wish you would write and let me know how you really feel about it.

THE continuance of the double bill means the continuance of class B pictures. Inevitably, companies make some pictures much better than others, but with double bills that's no accident, but a thought-out scheme.

It simply must be done to make the books balance and thus even major lots are driven to quickies. The same Metro that puts out "Mutiny" that takes months must do "Exclusive Story" which took eighteen days to unburden, or Warners toss off "Manhunt" to balance "Captain Blood." The only producer who can escape this type of juggling altogether is that lone wolf Samuel Goldwyn. He only makes three or four pictures a year, but those are as perfect as humanly possible.

I SAT in a preview house the other evening and remarked to a director sitting near me how the little blonde, who was playing the lead in the picture, had improved in appearance.

"Yes," said the director, "she certainly has. It was that love affair with ———," naming another leading director, "that did that for her. It broke her heart, but it certainly gave her sex appeal."

Ambitious Hollywood where all things are added up in terms of box-office! I wonder how the little blonde felt about it.

THE newest, most enthusiastic invasion of Hollywood is the English literary invasion. H. G. Wells in his hustling visit sang this sun-soaked little village's praise. Hugh Walpole, who remains here, is equally flattering. The newest recruit is James Hilton, he of "Good Bye, Mr. Chips," and "Lost Horizon." He is staying to write Camille for Garbo and his own report of what he thinks of Hollywood and Hollywood ways. Do read the enchanting article of his you will find soon in PHOTOPLAY.

WITH "Naughty Marietta" running high in the votes for the PHOTOPLAY gold medal award for 1935, it's grand to report that MacDonald and Eddy have done it again in their newest musical thrill, "Rose Marie." More good news is that Shirley Temple, who will be approaching her seventh birthday just about as you read this, and who was selected as number one box-office star of 1935 by the exhibitors of America, is doing twenty-five per cent better business with "The Little Rebel" than any film of hers has ever done.

I GOT all steamed up with pride when a youngster about Shirley's age came into my office the other day and asked for my autograph. Here certainly, after all these years, was fame. The only catch was she asked me if I minded signing my name twenty-five times.

"If I get twenty-five of yours I can exchange them for one of Betty Furness," she exclaimed. More fun!

"DESIRE"



● **MARLENE DIETRICH**, more alluring than ever, **GARY COOPER**, more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since *Morocco* . . . a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.



Just an old European custom . . . but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.



Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way . . . also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.



This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.



... A Paramount Picture
Directed by Frank Borzage
from a comedy by Hans
Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.



Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black untelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.



Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.



Such poise at the age of three months! Willie Powell makes his first appearance before a camera

The Confidential History of Bill Powell



At four, his devastating bangs and bow, forerunners of a reputation as the screen's Beau Brummell



William (Horatio) Powell at the age of six. An only child, he was called "Junior" by his mother

BILL wanted to talk about "The Great Ziegfeld." I wanted to hear about "The Great Powell." So we compromised on "The Small Powell"—the very small Willie Powell, who, at a very early age, arose in his high chair and, with appropriate gestures, addressed the world.

"I suppose my 'career,'" allowed Bill modestly, "may be said to have dated from that moment. For I've been making speeches to someone or something ever since.

"The orating tendency came, I think, from my father's side of the family. Father was a public accountant, a profession which didn't give him much chance for eloquence, but, in private life he tended to be rather expansive. I remember that it was father who always wanted his son to have a little bigger allowance than he should have had.

"Mother wanted me to have the allowance, too, but she wanted to make sure I kept on having it. Mother was the worrier of the family, the kind who peeks out the window looking for the wolf. The wolf was far from Father's mind."

"And you?" I ventured.

"I have spells of taking after both of them."

Obviously, Bill Powell liked to talk about his family, and, unlike some actors, he wasn't afraid to give names and dates. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on a very hot July 29th in the year 1892. His father and mother were both Pennsylvanians, but of different extraction: all English on the father's side; half Irish, quarter French and quarter German on the mother's. Bill was an only child.

"And still am," he added. "Mother was a little woman, and only twenty at the time. I was one of these premature babies; an eight-monther, I think. We just went along, the three of us, Father earning a fair salary and living comfortably up to it—a typical, white-collar family.

"I don't recall any especially high lights those first years, except the chair incident. Oh yes, I was found one day playing among a pile of empty beer bottles, and applying myself industriously to the dregs. And on another occasion, I bit my water spaniel in the ear, for the simple reason that he had previously bitten me! However, I refuse to admit either of these incidents as in any way significant!"

"Just dogs and beer—no girls?" I asked.

"It does seem to me that I was always girl-conscious. But I do remember one crush—a pretty heavy one, too—that I had on a tiny blonde girl of my own age, when I was fourteen. I remember I took her to the theater, a big event, and that I visited the Five-and-Ten before the performance to get as large a display of candy for the money I had (which was, no doubt, about ten cents). I bought the candy, got the girl, took her to the theater, opened the candy, held it, passed it over to her, holding it myself all the time. When the performance was over, I put the candy in my pocket and took it home. Coming

The ladies, law, Aunt Lizzie, loneliness—and love! That's the outline of this intimate history of the Thin Man—Hollywood's most debonair Don Juan

By Frederick L. Collins



At the grammar-school age of eight, Bill admits he was girl-conscious. He preferred blondes even then

At twelve, he was "the boy who spoke the piece" in school. He hoped to be another Daniel Webster

home and recounting to my mother, I pulled out the candy. Mother asked me about it. Yes, I bought the candy for the girl. It dawned on me then what I had done, what a breach of etiquette had been committed. I blushed for hours."

About this time—1907—the Powell family moved to Kansas City, and Bill attended the High School there with the aim of entering the University of Kansas to study law. The legend of the high chair was still pursuing him. Anybody who could talk as much and as loud as Bill could just *had* to be a lawyer.

"All through grammar school," explained Bill, "I was always the boy who spoke the piece. But secretly I had already begun to deviate from the idea of becoming a lawyer.

"I had never been quite good enough to make any of the athletic teams, but I suddenly developed an 'out-drop,' which gave me visions of becoming a famous 'southpaw' pitcher. I



At sixteen, a studious sophomore with a gift for elocution, and nicknamed "Shakespeare"



tried out the out-drop on the Kansas City boys, but they seemed to think that I would do better as a cheer leader—and I played that position for the balance of my scholastic career.

"In my freshman year at high school, I discovered I had always had some facility with a crayon, so I decided to cash in on this ability by taking up cartooning and caricature. At the end of the first hour, I thought I was doing pretty well. Then I made the mistake of looking up.

"On my right was a chap named Ray Van Buren, who afterward became, and still is, a hugely successful illustrator, and on my left was the boy who was to become my closest friend—Ralph Barton, cartoonist and caricaturist extraordinary. Each had done a finished piece of work which I couldn't have duplicated in a week, or in a lifetime!"

His artistic and athletic bubbles having evaporated, the boy fell back on his acknowledged gift for elocution, and enrolled in a public speaking class conducted by one Professor Dillenbeck. The Professor turned out to be a discerning man, and suggested that his eloquent pupil try out for the Christmas play, "The



After high school graduation, this ambitious young man yearned to become an actor, make big money, marry the girl



Even the pictures of Powell was an average man once. He was a telephone company clerk



Bill's first dress suit was for a leading rôle in his senior class play, "An American Citizen"

Rivals." He did so, won the part of *Captain Jack Absolute*, and was off on what did turn out to be his career.

Bill was sixteen or seventeen then, a gangling lad of almost six feet. He had always been a good student. But now everything else suffered as he threw himself into dramatic and musical work. He joined the Shakespeare Club—and, of course, the boys began calling him "Shakespeare." He delivered the class oration. It was, he recalls, "A Plea for Benedict Arnold." At graduation, he received what he refers to as a "courtesy diploma."

"I was still set to go to the University of Kansas, and become a lawyer," he reminisced. "I could recite every word the local paper dared print about the Harry Thaw trial, and followed all the other sensational cases of the day. But as the time approached for me to enroll at the University, I began to realize that it was only the dramatic phase of what I thought law to be that attracted me, and that I really wasn't interested at all in law for its own sake."

"As a matter of fact, I was probably just plain stage struck. I attended every performance of the traveling companies I could afford, and also the local stock, the O. D. Woodward Company. I even ushered for nothing at the Grand Opera House.

"I was infatuated with the theater, all right. And I suppose, in common honesty, I ought to admit that it wasn't the only thing I was infatuated with. There was a girl—and I daresay her existence had as much as anything to do with my decision not to study law. The university meant four years, law school another three. The way I felt, I couldn't possibly wait that long. Whereas all I had to do was to become an actor, make big money and marry the girl forthwith."

So young Bill didn't go to the University, but rustled himself a job in the local telephone company at fifty dollars a month. He had looked up the prices of dramatic schools, and found that the tuition for six months at a good one was four hundred dollars. On another three hundred he figured he could live six months in New York. Seven hundred dollars—that was easy. He was making fifty a month, and didn't need to pay board. At the end of fourteen months he would have his seven hundred dollars.

"At the end of five months, when I should have had two hundred and fifty saved up," continued Bill, "I had spent every cent I'd earned and owed my father thirty dollars additional."

"Of course you were in love." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]



BULL

janet

After an absence of too many months due to a long siege of illness from an accident on the set, petite and winsome Janet Gaynor will return in "Small Town Girl." Loaned by 20th Century-Fox to star in the M-G-M film, she will be supported by Robert Taylor



HURRELL

norma

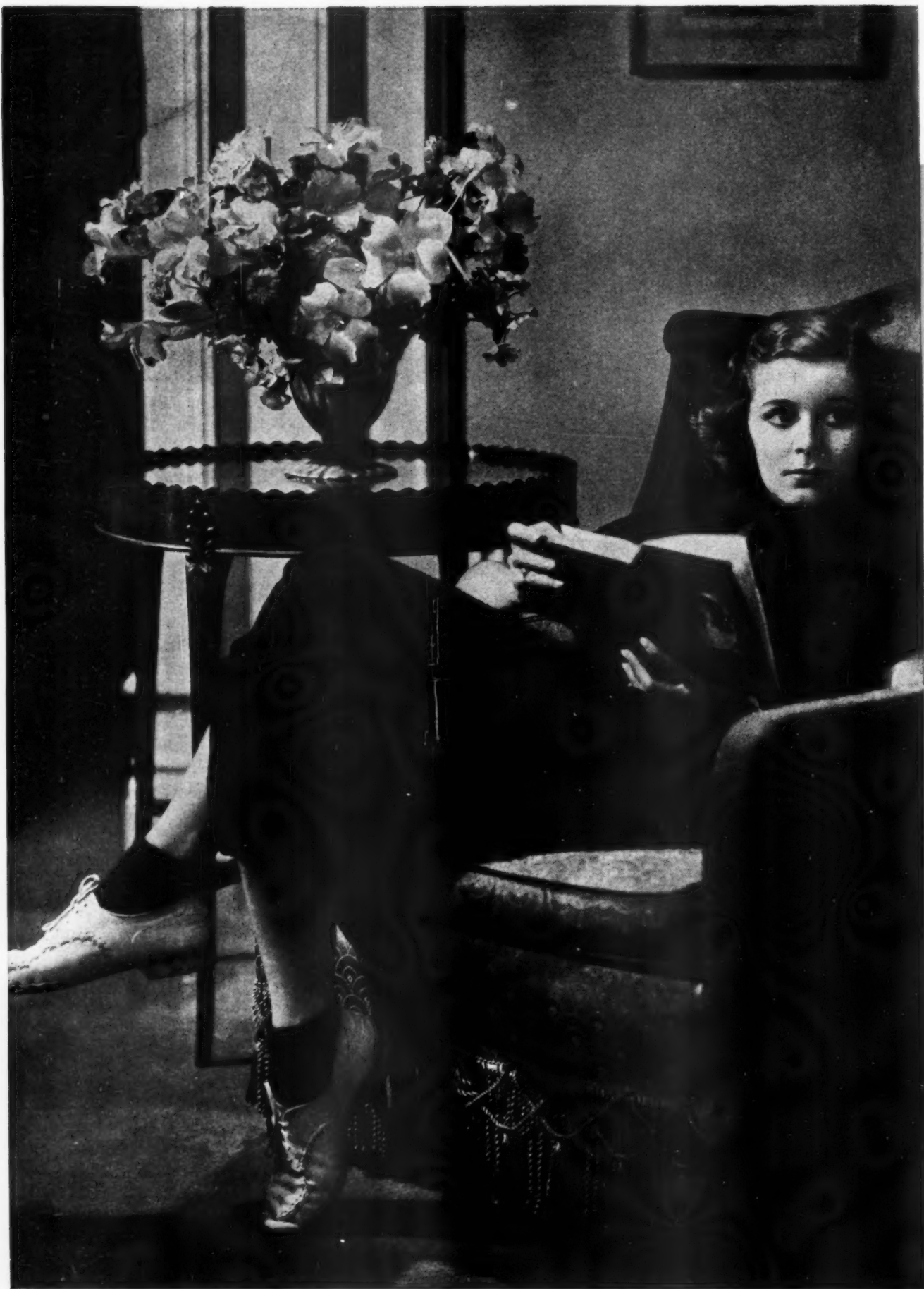
The refreshingly versatile Norma Shearer is about to add another jewel to her crown of screen glory with the portrayal of the world's best-known heroine, Shakespeare's tragic Juliet. What with Leslie Howard playing the impassioned Romeo, it's a treat to look forward to



BACHRACH

There are more rumors to the square inch as to who Fred Astaire's partner will be in his next picture, "I Won't Dance," than there are taps in one of his dances: One is, she will not be Ginger Rogers; others, she will be Harriet Hctor, she will be his sister Adele Astaire

fred



FREULICH

Off screen, she's just an ordinary girl—and a very swell one—intent upon living a secluded life as Mrs. Willie Wyler; on screen, the extraordinary Miss Sullavan looks forward to new triumphs in Universal's "Next Time We Love"

margaret

How They Got the Quints in Pictures

The fascinating inside story of how the idea for "The Country Doctor" became an actuality

By the man who had the idea

Charles E. Blake

WHEN did you get the idea of writing a screen play around Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and the Dionne Quintuplets?

This is one of the questions hurled at me by Miss Ruth Waterbury, the editor of PHOTOPLAY.

The answer is simple.

It was my good fortune to be assigned by the Chicago American to "cover" the Dionne quintuplets on the day following the miraculous birth to Elzire Dionne.

And it again was my good fortune to find the antiquated incubator in the Chicago warehouse of Sharp and Smith that became such an important factor in saving the lives of at least two of the unmentionable appearing bits of redness which human beings are at birth.

I went north, and through the last day of May and the entire month of June, 1934, I lived day and night with Dr. Dafoe. Watched him despair as his charges slipped to the brink of death. Saw his eyes sparkle after he had administered "two drops of rum" and new life returned to the babies which a wise medical world said could never live.

Anyone who ever spent more than seventeen seconds with that grand country doctor up in Callander, Ontario, would have to come out with some kind of an inspiration.

There probably is no greater personality in the world today. He radiates everything everybody is searching for in the way of human beings and humanity.

Night and day the editors of the Chicago American, also the New York Evening Journal, both my papers, were demanding hourly reports on the babies.

There was little or no time to think of anything else but the one question:

"Will they live?"

Now, Dr. Dafoe has answered that one amply, but then, we didn't know the answer.

Through many of these long hours the good doctor invited me to chin with him in his book-walled library. The friendship that began there is today my greatest possession.

With the babies well, happy, cherubic and installed in their own private hospital with competent nurses to watch over them, it was suggested that we give "doc" a vacation, a week in New York to see its many wonders.

That week added to the doctor's long list of loyal friends. Those people between the two rivers will never forget him. His presence in the Big Town was magnetic . . . police forced paths through crowds that he might swing an arm in a natural walk.

The vacation was over and the party had retired to their Pullmans for the return trip to Toronto and Callander.

The doctor asked me to join him in the club car for a few more words.

In my pocket I had a flattering offer for him from one of America's great magazines. An offer for his life story.

A nice piece of change accompanied the offer . . . as I recall it now the amount was \$5,000 or near that figure.

And as he has always done—he just shook his head and said "No."

The talk then turned to his life. We went over a lot of it from his boyhood. Most of it I had written for my two papers during the early days of the Quints.

As we talked the thought first came to me that here was a new "country doctor" story with a great climax . . . in fact a quintuplet climax.

I outlined the story—a purely fictional life of a fictional country doctor—and shipped it to Hollywood—where it was shipped back—quick. Sometimes with thanks and sometimes in the same envelope in which it left Chicago.

Last summer Harry Brand, the press agent de luxe for 20th Century-Fox Studios wanted Dr. Dafoe to come to Hollywood to act as a technical

director for one of their pictures. A handsome piece of change was offered plus the lure of a trip around North America by boat.

I passed the offer on to "doc" and he, as usual, said: "No thanks."

I reported Dr. Dafoe's refusal to Harry Brand in a letter and concluded it with my shop worn outline of the "country doctor" story.

"Try to sell the idea and I will work it out," I said.

I don't know whether Harry Brand did sell it or not, but I do know that Darryl Zanuck, the genius of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, did buy it.

I obtained a temporary release from my paper and went to Hollywood for the great adventure.



Jean Hersholt, in the title rôle of "The Country Doctor," and the real Dr. Dafoe, chat at Callander, where Hersholt suffered a minor leg injury



It was necessary to build a fence around the camera to keep the Quints from climbing the legs. Then they would scramble under their cribs and peer out, screaming with laughter!

A story "conference" was held with Zanuck, Nunnally Johnson and that grandest of grand writers, Sonya Levien.

Zanuck outlined the story and we went to work.

At that time it seemed impossible ever to have the Quints appear in the picture.

However, before a hundred words were put together, a report hit the newspapers that the world's most famous babies might appear in a feature length film for Harold Lloyd or Mary Pickford.

We heard the report at four o'clock in the afternoon and at midnight I was flying towards Toronto for a conference with Ontario's Minister of Welfare, David A. Croll, Dr. Dafoe and Joseph Sedgewick, deputy attorney general of Canada.

There would be a chance . . . and just a chance . . . that the babes might be signed up . . . and the price? Plenty

ANY time Dave Croll makes up his mind the Quintuplets are entitled to something you can depend on it he will wring every last cent he can for their trust fund.

The meeting with Croll, Dr. Dafoe and Sedgewick started at noon on a Saturday and concluded at two the following afternoon.

The price was fixed, but complications with an exclusive contract held by Pathe for newsreels and shorts made it impossible to go through with the deal at that time.

So back to Hollywood while Joseph Moskowitz of the New York office for 20th Century-Fox continued the negotiations.

For five weeks, Sonya Levien had



Illustrated by Cole Bradley

patience with me as we worked out the first "rough draft" of the "country doctor" story.

Zanuck seemed pleased with our efforts . . . at least his final check had most of the earmarks of being pleasant.

Still the Quints were not signed up.

Moskowitz kept after Croll, though, and the deal was finally made with a list of "don'ts" as long as the Zephyr.

And that is the birth of the quintuplet story. But that was only the beginning. Zanuck organized his company for the trek to Callander early in December.

I BOARDED the train in Chicago to meet the most nervous group of Hollywoodians that ever emerged from the shade of a palm tree.

Reporters, photographers boarded the train at every stop.

They counted the noses of the twenty-two people . . . they interviewed director Henry King, actor Jean Hersholt, actress Dorothy Peterson.

Reports sifted into the private car that the company would not be permitted to enter Canada; that Dr. Dafoe would not permit the babies to be photographed for at least ten days; that the baggage car of equipment would not be permitted to enter the Dominion; the babies were sick; a blizzard was raging . . .

On and on, deeper and deeper came the rumors and reports.

The first worry was dispelled at the border. . . .

Canadian Immigration and Customs officials broke necks as they cooperated with the company in going through Customs.

The blizzard turned out to be a picturesque snow fall.

Dr. Dafoe spent a day with Miss Peterson, Hersholt and King. He did everything he could to set them at ease.

Fred Davis, photographer for the Toronto Star, who alone takes all "still" pictures of the babies, worked with the party and gave his efforts in bringing the company members closer to the doctor, nurses and others.

Instead of a first day of complications, it turned out to be a love feast

But the second day was different.

Shooting of the Quints, the \$50,000 starlettes was to begin the second morning.

Moskowitz, in his rush to get through to Callander, had forgotten to engage Canadian labor to assist in making the picture.

The labor union heads in Toronto demanded quick action.

A meeting was called in Toronto and Minister Croll requested that I act as arbiter to settle the alleged differences.

Dire threats of deporting the whole troupe kept the little company in Callander at a nervous tension.

But there were no differences to settle once it was learned that Moskowitz intended to engage the six Canadian film technicians.

Report on the first day's shooting was told to me by director King in a telegram directed to me in Toronto. It read:

"The quintuplets were amazing and took the Hollywood unit by storm when they appeared before the camera for 49 minutes in their first scenes.

"Yvonne clung to crib and jumped up and down in rhythm while Dorothy Peterson softly sang strains from 'Jack and Jill went up the Hill.'

"Cecile pulled Hersholt's fountain pen from his pocket and tried her best to remove his steel rimmed glasses. Marie took the comb from Miss Peterson's hands and endeavored to comb her own hair much to the consternation of Miss Peterson whose part called for her to comb the young ladies' hair.

"Annette had the company on the verge of hysterical nervousness part of the time.

AS one of the scenes was being shot, Annette noticed that Emilie was in the arms of Miss Peterson.

"So Annette climbed up on a chair and teetered back and forth as she tried to reach her sister.

"Each second it looked as though she would fall. Every member of the company was afraid to move. We were all petrified. She had us scared to death.

"But the little vixen seemed to enjoy our discomfort and screamed merrily until nurse Yvonne Leroux saw we were unable to move, came in and set Annette back on the floor where the script called for her to be at that time.

"We were a group of very stage struck, nervous, worried people while Annette was doing her balancing act.

"The entire operations during our one hour stay in the hospital room and their nursery were conducted under the personal supervision of Dr. Dafoe.

"At nine o'clock this morning, trucks and automobiles bearing cameras and other equipment were pulled up half a mile from the hospital. The equipment was then carried by the men to the hospital as quietly as possible so children would not be disturbed during their morning slumber on the open sleeping porch.

"Dr. Dafoe personally

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

John Barrymore—
"peripatetic association"

Charles Chaplin — "budding
love that never bloomed"



Thelma Todd—"toll-
gates on the highway"



Ruth Chatterton—"taxed
in terms of popularity"

GOD'S INCOME TAX

A LONG time ago, I had a nodding acquaintance with a very young girl who had just "gone on the stage." Daniel Frohman told me about her. "She has a large family," he said; "all commonplace, hard-working people. They're surprisingly happy. Our little friend"—she had just left us—"is on the verge of a contract at an hundred and fifty dollars a week. That's a fortune to her, and she's worried about the income tax!"

We both laughed. As I recall it, the tax was very new then, and worrying seemed funny—especially when you hadn't the hundred and fifty a week yet. "No way of evading it, I guess," D. F. concluded. "You have to pay for success."

The girl got her contract, and made a big hit. A few years later, hers was one of the great names of Hollywood. Her brother went in for wine, woman and song in a large way. One of his successive wives killed herself. The next divorced him. All his sister's money and influence having failed to get him anywhere, the boy died pitifully. A large part of the girl's huge earnings went to her family, who gave her very little but trouble in return. Finally, her own "glamorous" marriage went on the rocks. God had collected His income tax.

What do I mean by that? Just what "D. F." said: "You've got to pay for success." Burdens have to rest somewhere, so inevitably they slip from weak shoulders to those that can bear them. Government taxes are assessed on this theory; the more you make, the more you must pay. If you work harder, save harder, have greater "luck" or ability than the other fellow, the Bureau of Internal Revenue penalizes you and lessens your lead. Some of the higher-salaried film stars are taxed four-fifths of their earnings, the amount being divided between the state of California and the United States. Those who happen to be English, yield an additional sum to Britain. That is the governmental method of keeping them from being too rich.

But there seems to be a higher law against being "too rich"—in money, or happiness, or anything. Envious people say: "Those who have, *get*." My observation, put coarsely, is that those who have get—soaked. Almost every family consists of a breadwinner surrounded by more-or-less no-good relatives. The more prosperous *he* is, the more no-good *they* are, and the more has to be done for them. I used to think this was outrageous; now I know it's God's income tax. There's a Celestial Levelling-off Department. The Head Accountant looks at his books. "God gave you capacity," he says. "God gave you brains. God gave you industry, and thrift, and self-respect. He wasn't so liberal with these other fellows, so you've got to divide. It's hard, of course, but—come across!"

Hollywood comes across—plenty. Joan Crawford, I am pretty reliably informed, supports five complete adult families. The same oracle tells me that Norma Shearer takes care of seven. Ann Sothorn, who is young and fragile, and, until recently, earned a comparatively small salary, has some heavy responsibilities, and so, I imagine, has most of Hollywood, including the children who have won stardom. That's only natural. Screen money is easy money, most people think, and certainly big money. If Jessica's a star, why should any of Jessica's relatives ever work again? And, if Jessica's relatives have an income without working for it, why shouldn't *their* relatives be taken care of too?

Mary Astor had turned over to her parents about half a million dollars when they sued her for non-support. She had bought them a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house, given them a thousand dollars a month for expenses, and actually signed a contract to pay her father 50 per cent of what she earned, and to put in his hands 50 per cent of the remainder for investment. After the tragic death of her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, Miss Astor repudiated this con-

**This divine law governs movie success:
"Here is the world;
take what you want
—and pay for it!"
By Channing
Pollock**

Joan Crawford—"payment
for self-improvement"

Lee Tracy—"little
Mexican mix-up"



Mary Astor—
"parental meddling"

Ann Harding—
"an eloquent example"

ON HOLLYWOOD

tract, contending, during the trial, that her salary had been cut because of parental meddling in her business affairs. The court decided in favor of the actress, who now is reputed to be paying an allowance of an hundred dollars a month. This probably would have seemed generosity itself in the days before success made her a shining mark.

Shining marks are many in filmdom, and such contracts as Miss Astor's are tucked away in a surprising number of maternal safe-deposit boxes. Years ago when—heaven help me!—I owned a small cruiser, I discovered that a sprocket-chain for a bicycle cost three dollars; for a motor car, thirty; and for a yacht, three hundred. Life assesses us on a sliding scale. If John Jones marries Bessie Smith, and they find living together disagreeable, Bessie asks for separate maintenance, and probably gets it. But Bessie's ideas of being maintained swell fantastically if and when John lands in Hollywood. How much they swell depends upon how hard he lands. What screen stars, male and female, have paid as the price of liberty would make a large hole in the national debt, or, placed dollar bill end-to-end with dollar bill, stretch several times around the navigable globe.

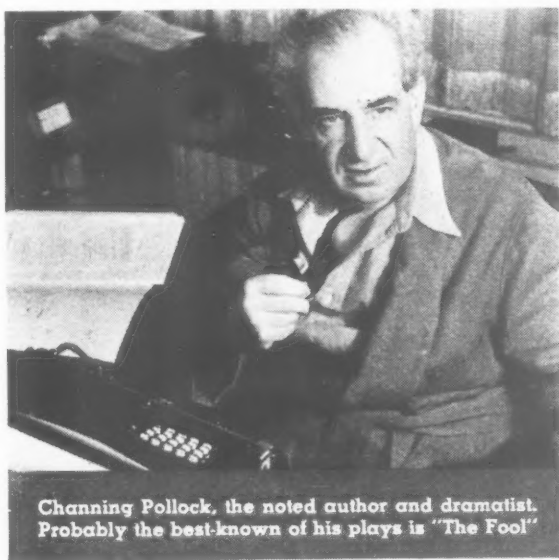
Nor is money the only part of this income tax. On one side or the other of every marital chasm are disappointment, disillusionment, and emotional devastation. "Charlie" Chaplin loves his work. If that had been his only love, he would have saved at least a million dollars. When Mildred Harris decided to go her own way in 1920, she is said to have taken with her a settlement of over \$150,000. Then followed a couple of budding love affairs that never bloomed, but are supposed to have cost more than all the blooming orchids in the universe. When Chaplin and Lita Grey were divorced in 1924, the arrangement included \$600,000 to Mrs. Chaplin, a trust fund of \$200,000 for the children, and \$1,000 a month for their support

and education. John Barrymore's affectionate nature, too, has left him richer in experience but considerably poorer in legal tender. Barrymore has been married three times, and never with conspicuous success. All three wives were "glamorous"—Mildred Harris, Blanche Oelrich (Michael Strange) and Dolores Costello. "Glamour" is taxable. Believe it or not, girls, your chances of connubial felicity are better in the glow of the kitchen fire.

LOVE is taxable in Hollywood. Make whatever allowances your convictions dictate for "temperament," spoiled children, and the influence of sudden transition, Cupid's record isn't any too good around Los Angeles. There are quite a lot of sad little stories that belong under our heading. In "The Fool," Daniel Gilchrist told Jerry Goodkind, "God says, 'Here is the world; take what you want—and pay for it!'" If what you want is career—a film career, anyway—you seem rather likely to pay for it in the wreckage of other dreams. "You can't have everything," thunders Fate—or that Head Accountant "You want your picture on the screen, and in the newspapers and magazines. You want to be followed in the streets, and recognized in the shops, and you want a big house, and servants, and, perhaps, a yacht, and certainly 'glamour,' and romance, and love. That's a large order. Suppose we leave out the last item."

So much Hollywood "glamour" has been tinsel, so much Hollywood romance has been tawdry, and so many Hollywood loves have proved not very durable. People have paid careers for them, too; "falling between two stools," as our grandmothers used to say, and finding themselves without either love or career. John Barrymore's peripatetic association with Elaine Barrie must have cost him a fair share of his popularity. But many of filmdom's heart-stories are more serious, and far more

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



Channing Pollock, the noted author and dramatist. Probably the best-known of his plays is "The Fool"



Left, About a quarter to nine, slick-looking Robert Taylor strides with dimpled Irene Hervey into The Cafe Seville, newest of Hollywood's night clubs



The sybarites above are Frank Lawton, Michael Bartlett, Evelyn Laye (Mrs. Frank Lawton) and Johnny Weissmuller. The man standing is Mr. Steinberg, manager of the Troc, one of the Coast's best night spots



Rumors of a marriage between eye-filling Joan Blondell and Dick Powell reach a new high with each appearance together. They are dancing above at the Screen Writers Guild dinner

cal york's gossip

LEE TRACY likes his shut eye. Edward Arnold knows it. The pair were on one of those early morning call locations for "Sutter's Gold." And Lee has been wondering who has been sending him those telegrams which arrived about four in the morning to roust him out of the downy.

"You have one more hour of sleep," they read, "Universal Pictures Corporation."

IF you would care to poke Carole Lombard in the eye—please choose the proper eye. They had to change a movie script and buy a new hat the other day because Carole got in the way of a "door" with the wrong peeper.

It was a fight scene (as far as Cal can gather, "Love Before Breakfast" from the very start has been one big fight scene) and Carole was supposed to emerge with the left eye shaded. But someone couldn't resist the temptation and let her have it for keeps—but in the right one. So—when it became the hue of a Scandinavian sunset, they had to change the script around, alter her makeup and fix her a new hat. The old one was to dip over her left shiner—but she went and got one in the right!

Sounds like a gag—eh? Well, it happened. Honest.

THERE are some cruel people in Hollywood who will still tell you the very unwarranted fact that Fred Stone is cashing in on his friendship with Will Rogers.

Cal doesn't often get all burned up—but this one stirs the old blood of resentment.

As a matter of fact, Fred Stone has turned down a fortune—yessir—a fortune in offers to do just the things those people say he is doing.

It would amount to about \$150,000 anyway. There was a picture part at Fox, bought for Will and offered to Fred. He refused.

There was an offer for a weekly national radio broadcast.

There was a \$25,000 check waiting him to do a national magazine story on Will's life. And there was a syndicated column offer for which he was asked to name his own price. He wouldn't listen to any of them.

Yet the silly and odd belief exists in some circles that Fred is capitalizing on his best friend's passing. There's nothing more untrue.

IF you put down all the good fairy acts of the stars here—there wouldn't be much room for anything else—but Cal has to tell you about this one.

It's about Barbara Stanwyck—a big hearted



Above, at Santa Anita before the old cry, "They're off!" two gay blades, Ricardo Cortez and Al Jolson look over their racing sheet. Mr. Jolson seems skeptical of any "inside dope"



Above, Joe E. Brown, world's widest smiler, is a horse owner too. He is saying a mouthful to his wife and had to talk fast as he lost this particular race at Santa Anita



To the left, at Santa Anita, Robert Ritchie is still very much the persona grata with Jeanette MacDonald despite the gossipers. Shortly afterwards, Bob sailed off to London

of hollywood...

gal if there ever was one. She saw a gloomy face on her set and asked the wearer what made him sad.

"My mother just died," he said, "and I can't go back."

"Why?" asked Barbara.

The man shrugged a sad smile and poked his pockets.

After lunch Barbara came on the set with a package. She slipped it in his hand before quitting time. It was three hundred dollars cash money.

"Aw, no—I can't take that," protested the man.

"Why not?" said Barbara, "that's what I make it for."

WE live in a great motorized age. Yep—you'd know it if you saw Warren William roll into the gates of the Warner Brothers movie factory in his dressing room trailer.

The darned thing hauls him from his Encino ranch—twelve miles away—every morning he works. He parks it right next to the set and goes to work without taking an unnecessary step. You ought to see it—all the makeup business, of course, a radio, books, running water, telephone—all the comforts of home.

Oh yes,—and a sign—"No Riders."

FOR all he may still be "Caliban" to laughing America, John Barrymore is just "Brother Jack" to Lionel.

John's status at MGM where he is working in "Romeo and Juliet" entitles him to a star dressing room, but John and Lionel have elected to bunk together in Lionel's. And rather nice, Cal calls it.

AS sweet a bit of the milk of human kindness flowed over at Sam Goldwyn's studio the other day as Hollywood has seen in many a moon.

Naomi Childers, a Goldwyn \$3500-a-week star fifteen years ago, was discovered working as an extra on the "These Three" set. She was introduced to Merle Oberon and was asked to pose for a picture with her. The cameraman suggested they face each other. Miss Childers was seen to whisper in Miss Oberon's ear.

"No," Merle spoke up firmly to the photographer then, "we'll both face the camera."

"But Miss Oberon," he protested, "that isn't the pose I want."

The usually tractable Merle flabbergasted everyone within hearing distance by her determination. "No," she said again, "we'll both face the camera—or we won't have the picture. That's final!"

They both faced the camera. Apologizing later to the cameraman for her action, Miss Oberon whispered that Miss Childers had whispered that profile views showed the sag of her chin.

TO the victor belongs the spoils.

Ann Harding was riding in an elevator in a Hollywood building en route to her dentist when the elevator suddenly stopped between floors. After a moment, being the only passenger, she said nervously: "Something broken?"

The elevator girl blushed and then took a small black book and pencil from her pocket.

"No," she said, proffering them to Ann. "I've been tryin to get your autograph for two years. I'm going to get it now if I lose my job for it!"

Ann was a good sport about it. She signed the book and added: "To a courageous youngster who will get places in the world."

BE-RUFFLED furbelows may add to the mystery of a woman but they certainly play hob with walking.

Irene Dunne, clad in the voluminous ruffled, long-legged panties, petticoats and skirts of the bridal costume she wears in "Show Boat," was hobbling along a walk at Universal.

A studio employee asked solicitously if she had hurt her foot.

"No," Irene said forthrightly. "It's the darned pants I have to wear. They impede my locomotion by making me practically knock-kneed."

On these pages:
Clifton Webb's
party, exclusively
photographed for
PHOTOPLAY

Photos by Fink



Marlene Dietrich, Elsie deWolf (Lady Mendl)
Carole Lombard, J. Walter Ruben, the host and
Ronald Colman at Clifton Webb's unique party



What's the gag, Ronald? Mr.
Colman chats with Merle
Oberon and David Niven



Above, two sons of Britain
exchange pleasantries: Bart
Marshall and Ronald Colman

SOME fun Bess Meredyth and Gene Fowler wangle out of each other. Fowler is one up on the string of practical jokes they insist on perpetrating on each other as result of his coup the other day.

Bess sat down at her typewriter to work on the script on which Gene is collaborating with her. As she struck the first key, amazed eye-witnesses said, a stirring blast of "The Washington Post March" blared forth from her desk, followed by the opening of her office door through which marched, in single file, a string of trained Pekinese.

HERBERT MARSHALL is casting an evil eye in Ann Harding's direction these days. Unwittingly she unmasked one of his pet foibles and proved it a phoney.

Seems as how Bart 'llowed he could smoke one brand of cigarettes only, that all others made him ill, and in view of this, *must* be supplied with that brand for the scenes in his new picture which calls for smoking.

Believing him, Ann wagered a dollar with Stephen Roberts, the director, that a substitution of cigarettes of another brand would not go undetected by Marshall. His sensitive taste would revolt at the first puff, said Ann.

The substitution was made secretly—and Bart puffed happily away with his health remaining unaffected! Roberts insisted on collecting.

THERE is little doubt but that Shirley Temple is already revealing a maternal instinct.

She has a quintuplet complex. When the "Country Doctor" company came back from Callander with the Dionne darlings safely registered on celluloid, Shirley started pestering every Twentieth Century-Fox biggie she saw for a peek at the picture. They said she'd be first in line—and she was.

Coming away from the big peek Shirley glowed.

"Darling babies," she decreed with motherly warmth, "just darling!"

TAKE a lesson from Rosalind Russell—and never disport yourself incognito. You never can tell.

Rosalind, bored with Hollywood, slipped off one week-end not long ago and took a tour of the mining camps up on the Mojave desert. In a dance hall, she and her adventurous girl friend saw life in the rough and ready and even took a turn around the floor with a couple of picturesque pick and shovel gents.

A week later the booted and bewhiskered partner showed up in Hollywood and wanted to see Rosalind. He had seen her picture in a magazine and recognized her. At the studio gate he complained, "She danced with me, didn't she? She *musta* fell for me!" The code of the desert, no doubt.

BILL POWELL was uncovered, gentle reader, doing a Garbo the other day. He finished "The Great Ziegfeld" and announced to his bosom pals that he was off for an unknown spot miles away to get away from it all.

Not even Jean Harlow knew where her boy friend was. And then someone did some sleuthing. Bill was unmasked, the trickster, reposing in his own mansion in Beverly Hills, with the phone disconnected and the door barred.

That's what the wear and tear does to you.

THERE was a super salesman who wanted to sell Clark Gable a new car. Clark couldn't be reached and when he could he wouldn't listen. So the auto peddler used a little psychology. He parked the shiny wagon right outside the gate at M-G-M for nights on end. When Clark came out he tooted the horn. After a couple of weeks of this, Clark drove it home one night. Yep—he's only human. The car's really something to dream about nights. So he bought it.



Above, a charming group: Valentin Parera and his wife, Grace Moore, Countess de Maigret, Gladys Swarthout, and composer Cole Porter



DON'T know whether or not you ever knew it before, but your old friend, Joe E. Brown, is one of those teetotaler fellows. Never touches a drop. Doesn't have it around the place. Doesn't serve it.

Therefore, his close pals were a bit amazed when the word seeped out that Joe E. was building a bar in his Beverly Hills place. Even more surprised were they when they were asked in to christen it. "The old boy has slipped at last," everyone thought, "it's the fast pace of this age. Too bad."

They arrived. There was the bar all right.

"What'll it be, boys?" yelled Joe, "Chocolate, pineapple, or strawberry ice cream soddy?"

And darned if it wasn't—of all things—a fountain! Probably the only soda fountain that ever was or ever will be found behind a bar in Hollywood.

YOU won't ever see George Raft hoofing in on the screen again. Fred Astaire has scared him off.

George used to be known as "the fastest dancer on Broadway," you know. When he came to Hollywood, he always managed to run a little of the old flying feet stuff into his pictures. Then he started glorifying the dance side of his personality with "Bolero" and "Rumba."

But never again. George says Fred makes him look silly, and he doesn't like to look silly.

IF you're still superstitious about that "death always comes in threes" which uncannily proves out in Hollywood, you might notice that Thelma Todd's strange passing completed the shadowy trio. First Sam Hardy, then Gordon Westcott, and then Thelma. Not very far apart, either.

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Above, constantly together, gay and lovely Marlene Dietrich was taken to Clifton Webb's party by John Gilbert. This is probably the last picture taken of Mr. Gilbert before his death



It was a glittering throng that gathered on that memorable evening at Mr. Webb's. Above, left, are Heather Angel (Mrs. Ralph Forbes) and the suave Basil Rathbone

Left, looking more lovely than ever, Gloria Swanson chats with smart young Mervyn LeRoy whose directorial successes make him one of Hollywood's Napoleons



She's a siren of the simple life; she still lives in the little gray, framed bungalow from which most movie stars graduate into grandeur!

BEHIND the trappings and the frou-frou of Hollywood—there lives a woman, who, if I chose to be slightly melodramatic, I might term the least understood woman in Hollywood.

Kay Francis is a woman so simple of taste, orderly of mind and habit, honest in emotion, human in mistakes, that people completely miss the pattern of her altogether. Deluded by a throatiness of voice, a hottishness of promise, a mysterious

OKAY

something that seems to beckon and call, they fail to pierce to the woman beneath these enchanting veils created by their own imaginations.

For instance, a woman, neat and orderly to the point of driving strong men to drink or to Harlow, somehow doesn't fit in with a pair of dark, slumberous eyes, full red lips, midnight hair against a creamy skin.

Yet, I swear to you that a match box placed one-tenth of an inch from an ash tray by Kay on her dresser on a Monday late in January, is exactly one-tenth of an inch from the same old ash tray on a Tuesday in March, in the heat of an August afternoon at four o'clock and on a rainy midnight in December. Expect no deviations, no gladsome change however little. No slightest break in the monotony of the match box world for none there will be.

MULTIPLY, now, the match box incident by her every possession, large or small, from slipper to davenport, and you have some idea of a soul devoted to orderliness. And a face like that!

What, for another instance, has a long slim leg, a graceful body, a swinging step got to do with exact promptness? None you say, and none is right. Yet here she goes to that seven o'clock appointment—seven in the morning, remember—and arriving there not at five minutes to seven or five minutes after, but seven.

The house in which she lives speaks more eloquently of the woman than all the words that one can pen. She is one of the few stars who still live in Hollywood and she likes it. The Beverly Hills movement, the Brentwood Heights Ho-Ho (twice as smart) trek, and even the Santa Monica ocean front transitional daunted her not at all.

In fact, the rise of most stars can be traced step by step from the little gray, framed bungalow in the modest section of Hollywood to the mansions far beyond.

Kay Francis is still in her little gray, framed bungalow. In fact, if you live in anything more elaborate than a tiny six-room gray house all on one floor with the grass not so hot in the front, you live more elegantly than Kay Francis. If you sleep in a room larger than 9x12, if you entertain in a living room no larger than the average, if you drive a more elaborate car than a Ford in need of paint, you've got it all over Kay Francis.

Which is all right if only she didn't look that exotic way.

No trains flow out behind her expensive hostess gowns. No vulgar possessions, no trappings of the *nouveau riche*, no anything all in white to clutter up the orderly mind of a really simple soul.

Going on the theory that no man is a hero to his valet, and therefore no woman could remain a heroine to her hairdresser, we went to see Perc Westmore who has coiffed and made up the beautiful Kay, lo, these many years.

FRANCIS!

The story of a little-understood First Lady of Hollywood

By Sara Hamilton

She's the best friend he ever had. He spoke first of her loyalty. I had heard about that from other sources.

Loyalty! How few of us know the true meaning of the word. Kay Francis does. She's loyal to those she loves or just likes, until—well, people are compelled to turn their faces from the sight of this woman whose trust has been betrayed over and over.

"I can see the other fellow's side," she cries. "I can understand a slighting remark made on the spur of the moment, or a slighting deed on the spur of another moment." And so she goes on understanding, taking back, believing, until she has to turn her back forever.

And then she is heart-broken over some nincompoop who isn't worth two lima beans.

LET me lay bare for you, if you please, a section of the lady's heart for your inspection.

Ida, her colored maid and secretary who has been with her for many years, was taken ill, and Kay was frantic. There were no mere phone calls to a doctor to look after her. Instead, Kay sat by her side with cold towels. In the ambulance to the hospital, a faithful colored maid lay on a cot of pain, while beside her, soothing and comforting, knelt Kay Francis.

And then the operation. Outside the door, waiting, handkerchief torn to shreds, eyes wide with suffering, stood Kay Francis.

Five o'clock of a cold rainy morning. The studio gate man dropped back at the sight of a white strained face. Pacing Perc Westmore's office 'til he came at seven.

"Look, Perc, I—I just want to talk about Ida. You think she's going to be all right? Talk to me about her, Perc. Should I call in any other doctor?"

This was at five in the morning, remember. To talk about her maid. Oh, I could tell you about that woman, Kay Francis, so I could.

"Look, Perc," the look of worried abstraction noted all day on the set, growing even more so as evening came on. "About that poor woman and the baby. How much do you think we will need?"

"We'll" need, you notice, only it's Kay Francis' name that goes on the check.

I could tell about trips to San Bernardino, miles away, where one of the girls from the publicity office lay ill—a girl Kay knows but slightly. Time out of Kay's busy life to drive there.



Here's Kay at a recent exclusive party given by Clifton Webb. The other lady is, of course, Carole Lombard; the man is THE man, Delmar Daves

"A glamorous, unapproachable woman with all the sophistication of the world behind her." And yet, in the next moment—

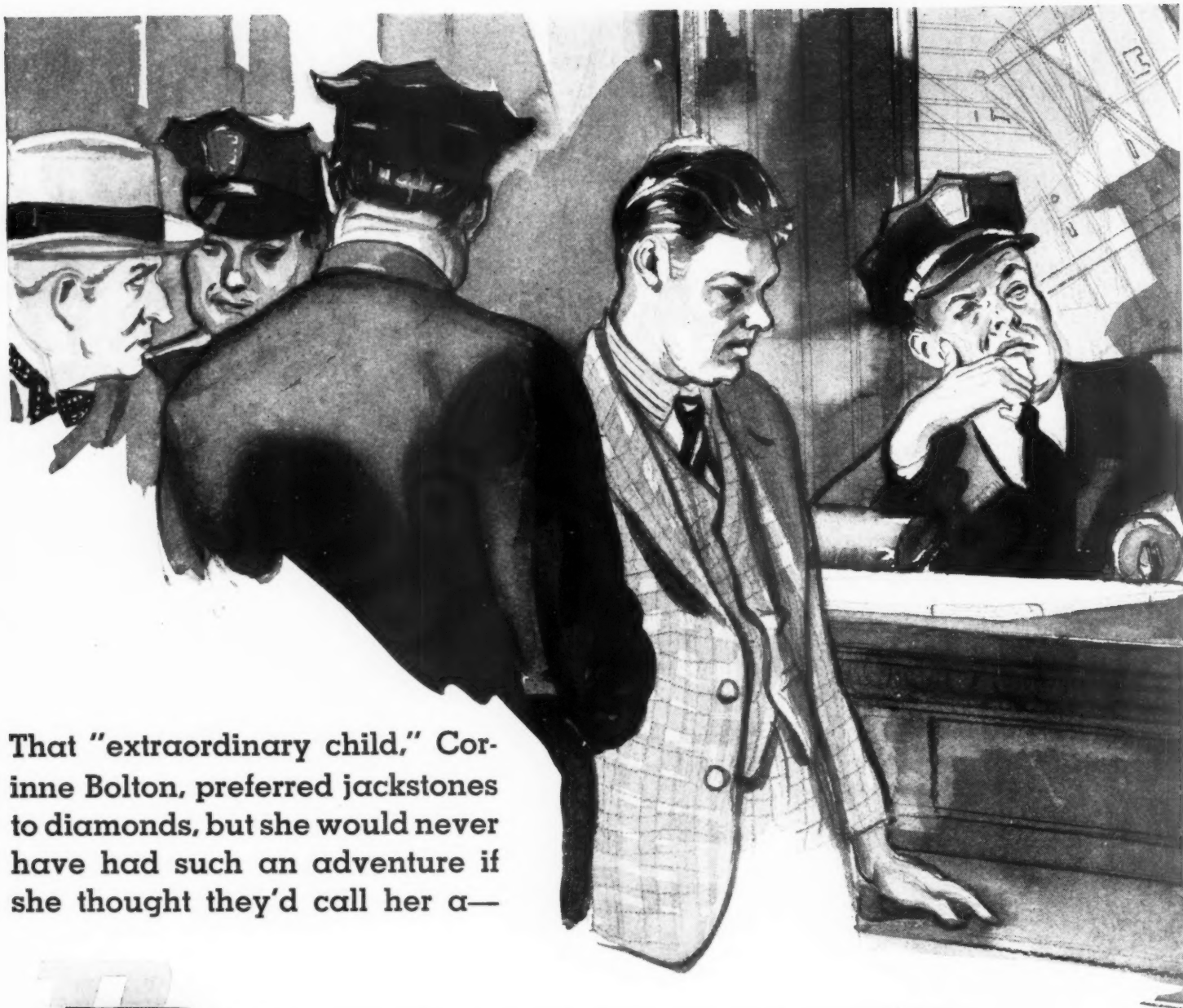
To be a comforting presence. Her love life?

Well, she was married to an artist and then to an actor and now she has a new beau, Delmar Daves. He writes pieces for the screen and seems grand.

We spoke to Perc Westmore about that appeal to men Kay flings forth like a magnet from the screen.

"The reason," he explained, "is that sub-consciously men always respond to the real article. It's the mother—wife—sister complex that can't be downed in the shimmer of bleached hair, cupid lips, arched brows. The blonde may dazzle and even catch, but something in the deep heart of every man applauds the *real* in every woman."

That's Kay's appeal analyzed. Let's study that face for a moment. Note the clear, direct | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104 |



That "extraordinary child," Corinne Bolton, preferred jackstones to diamonds, but she would never have had such an adventure if she thought they'd call her a—

Runaway

By Hagar Wilde

BY the time the clock had struck eleven, thirteen people had said, "Extraordinary child," five had kissed her with care, on the cheek, at least a dozen of the eighteen had jounced one of her black curls saying, "Lovely, too lovely," pictures had been taken of her unwrapping her presents, pictures had been taken of her hugging the life-size doll fashioned to look like herself (a gift from Monumental Studios), her mother had prompted her through four interviews and Corinne was tired.

It was her birthday and she'd wanted, more than anything, to go on a picnic.

Two interviewers were plying her mother with questions about how she managed to have a picture career of her own and still, so capably, manage to give as much time as she did to Corinne's career. Her mother was Alyce Bolton and very popular in pictures too.

Alyce Bolton was delicate and fragile, but she had the energy of a new coil spring. She was saying now in her sweetest and most bell-like tones that she had always maintained if a woman

decided to have a child, she must decide as well that nothing can be left undone, no stone unturned to give the child every chance in life.

And now, proudly, Corinne's yearly income exceeded her own. In a trust fund, but of course Corinne would never want for anything.

Jane Carroll, Corinne's governess, standing in the doorway, thought: "Never anything but a childhood. Against a couple of million dollars, what's a childhood?" She signalled with her eyes to Alyce Bolton that the house would have to be cleared if everything else planned for the day were to be accomplished. Alyce flickered her eyelids, rose and smiled enchantingly at her guests. Wouldn't they drop in for tea later in the week? She was so sorry, but . . . a helpless little gesture of her long, almost transparent hands . . . she'd promised faithfully to read Corinne a story before she kept her afternoon appointments and if she was to do so and have lunch . . .

As the front door closed behind the last of their callers,



The brute might lunge at her when she identified him. Softly, he prompted the little girl: "Corinne, is this Bobby?"

Illustrated by Edgar McGraw

Corinne jumped up and tugged at her mother's sleeve. "What story, mother? What story?"

"Hush, Corinne," Alyce said. "Miss Carroll, I'm completely worn out. I'll have my luncheon in my room and see that I'm not disturbed until one, will you? I'll go over my part during lunch."

Corinne wailed, "Moth-er!"

"Darling," Alyce said, "don't make things harder for mother. She's so tired. Now what is it you want, darling? Don't bob about that way."

Corinne's lower lip trembled a little. "The story," she said in a small voice. "You said . . ."

"Miss Carroll will read you a story, won't you, Miss Carroll?"

"Yes," Jane Carroll said.

Alyce Bolton started from the room, then turned back and said, "By the way . . . I had another of those letters this morning, Miss Carroll."

Jane's hand closed over the small hand that crept up and clutched hers. "The same as the others?" she said.

"On the same order. I think perhaps you'd better get in

touch with somebody and see that there's a guard around the house. Inconspicuously, of course. Kidnaping should really carry a worse penalty than it does. Death is too merciful considering what those people put parents through, *really*." She went on out and up the stairs.

Corinne tore her hand loose from Jane's and ran out to the foot of the stairs, stood there looking up. She said loudly, "Happy birthday, mother."

Alyce Bolton turned. "It's your birthday, Corinne," she said, "not mine. You have it wrong."

Corinne went back in and Jane Carroll took her on her lap. Jane said softly, "Happy birthday, darling."

Corinne touched the white organdy collar of Jane's dress lingeringly. Jane always looked so soft. She wasn't as beautiful as mother, but she said things in such a nice way. Corinne said, "What is kidnapers, Jane?"

Jane's arm tightened around Corinne's waist. "You mustn't think about kidnapers."

"But what are they?"

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The Tragic Truth about



He will be remembered as the boy of "The Big Parade" and for those tender love scenes with Renee Adoree



If John Gilbert had known what it was to lose Garbo, he later discovered, he would have made any sacrifice to continue this great love of his life. Why did they part?

THE boy of "The Big Parade" has gone West. And in your heart, and mine, we sound taps for Jack Gilbert, because we loved that boy, and because he brought glamour and romance and adventure into our lives.

Thirty-eight is young to die.

Thirty-eight is so very young to lay down the glory and the burden of living.

But into those thirty-eight years Jack Gilbert had packed more living and loving and fighting and working than most people ever know in three score years and ten. And I think he rests quietly and if, somewhere, he hears an echo of the taps we sound for him, the music of it will be pleasant to his soul, for life without the woman he loved and without the work he loved, had ceased to be worth living.

It is hard to write of Jack Gilbert as dead. There is an emptiness in the very words. He was my friend. To him, the word

was vital, and beautiful, and not to be used lightly. He was one of those friends that are always there in the background of your life, an anchor to windward, a port in a storm. Maybe you didn't see him for months, or think of him for weeks. But you knew he was there. If you were in trouble, Jack would be in your corner—and he was a great guy to have in your corner. If you needed something and Jack had it, you could have it. Whatever you did, he'd understand.

That kind of a guy, part of your life, something to be counted upon.

It is hard, in this little crowded difficult life, to sound taps over a friend like that.

I am poorer today than I was yesterday, because Jack Gilbert is dead, dead in his prime, and maybe glad to be dead.

Doesn't matter much to you or to me where he was born or where he went to school or how he happened to get into pictures. He used to say he was born in a theater dressing room somewhere in Utah and cradled in a wardrobe trunk and that he made his first stage appearance at the age of one year. He was married four times and he was one of the really great stars of the screen and one of the three or four great screen lovers—Wally Reid, Valentino, Jack Gilbert, Clark Gable.

But those things aren't the measure of the man.

It's cold outside today. There's snow piled



Slim young Virginia Bruce tried her best to make the moody artist happy the few years they had together

John Gilbert's Death

One of his dearest friends tells you the heart-breaking facts

By Adela Rogers St. Johns



In the last days, John Gilbert was seen everywhere with Marlene Dietrich. What did it mean to him? Was it an echo of the one great love?

up and the trees are black against it. I would like to keep my own little memorial service for Jack here beside my fire—he so loved an open fire—and I think he would want me to, talking about him to you who loved him for his triumphs and his failures, his strength and his weakness, the boy and the man who came through to you on the screen.

Times I've cried over him.

Times I've cheered for him.

Times I've wanted to break his neck.

"There is only one code I have, only one creed I know," he said to me once. We were walking along beside the ocean, and the wind was strong with salt from the sea, and he flung his head back as though he challenged it.



At twenty-one, he played the juvenile lead opposite Mary Pickford on the old Ince lot

"He was one of those friends that are always there in the background of your life, a port in the storm"

"Honesty. What good is anything if it isn't honest? My faults, my frailties, my virtues—if I've got any—they've got to be honest or don't exist at all." And once he himself wrote—he loved to write, he was always full of plots and ideas for stories, bubbling over with them, he loved the company of writers—with somewhere, latent perhaps, but ever present, a determination to struggle onward, and upward toward honesty.

Well, he did. It landed him in jail a couple of times. It got him into jams at his studio—for speak his honest mind to the powers—that-be he would!—it cost him friends and got him in the headlines—but he was honest.

And right or wrong he lived to the top of his bent; loved hotly, drank deep, suffered more than he needed to suffer. And died young, as such men often do.



He married Olive Burwell from Mississippi in 1917 when he was making eighteen dollars a week as an extra



Gilbert gave up a good job as a director to elope to Mexico in 1922 with Leatrice Joy. They had one daughter



He had only known the witty Belasco star, Ina Claire, three weeks when they were married, in 1929

When his love of life died, that was the end of Jack Gilbert. For that was all of him, the thing we loved him for. That began to fade when he lost Garbo.

How can you write or think or speak of Jack without Garbo?

I cannot. Nor would he wish it. For she was all of life and love and work to him from the day he first saw her on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to the day his heart stopped beating. He told me this less than a year ago!

"There may be many women in a man's life," he said. "I have cared for—many women. But a man loves but once, with all of himself and to the top of everything in him. Just once. It's worth any price you have to pay to have known that one great love. Lots of people live and die without knowing it. Thank whatever gods there be—I didn't. But there's never been a day since Fleka" (that was his pet name for Garbo, the name he always used, the name he must have used when they were together) "and I parted that I haven't been lonely for her. And I think she has always been lonely for me."

As you go through life, you wonder about love. Is there such a thing, as the poets sang it?

The greatest love I ever knew a man to have for a woman was Jack Gilbert's for Garbo.

The heart that stopped beating the other day broke long ago. For that's the kind of a man Jack Gilbert was.

Not a happy love. But a magnificent one. Heartbreak at the end of it. But that was Jack Gilbert. There were no safe and sane middle grounds for him. Crash if you must, but fly toward the moon and the stars while you can.



Blonde Virginia Bruce was twenty-one when she married him in 1932. She bore him a child, Susan Ann

One night when Greta and Jack were very much in love, when they expected to marry, they had been on a cruise aboard his yacht. They had quarreled and when they came back Jack came right up to my house—and we sat before just such a fire as this—rather I sat and he paced up and down, for he was restless always, he could never sit still, I never saw his face in repose. That is why I cannot think of him now as still and dead and his face only a quiet, white mask.

He talked about Greta, and his love for her, and the terrible differences of thought and desire and character that divided them.

"Why couldn't I have fallen in love with someone who'd be a good wife to me, make me a home, bear my children, give me peace and contentment and——?"

"And bring your carpet slippers?"

I said, watching his face very intently.

He turned on me swiftly and then that shout of laughter that I can still hear, above the taps sounding in my heart, rang through the room.

"You're right," he said. "I'd rather have one hour with Fleka than a lifetime with any other woman."

It was Garbo he loved. The glamour of her, the strangeness of her, the very things he couldn't possess nor understand. The mystery of her that he could never solve. Yet there was nothing between them but love—and in time they parted. I asked Jack once if he really knew why, since they had loved each other so much, since they were both free, since there was nothing outside themselves to separate them.

He told me. It took him all [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]



A breath-taking scene—eight thousand feet up in the Sierras! Here Paramount is filming "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," the first all-color picture made in a natural setting. Sylvia Sidney plays June and Henry Fonda is Dave



Fryer

An expert actor, Leslie Howard best typifies the wistfully romantic. As the dreamer-poet in "The Petrified Forest" he is more satiny, disarming, and magnetic than ever. He is also to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet



Morigold

Fredric March as Anthony Adverse. Equally at ease in the gilt tailoring of other days, or as modern as they come, Freddie has given the screen some of its best drama. He will next appear in "Wooden Crosses," a French war story



Immense charm emanates from this quaint picture of our "horse and buggy" days. Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart, in "The Prisoner of Shark Island," an American saga of the aftermath of the Civil War



As a contrast to the opposite page, the electrical George Raft and Rosalind Russell are the ultra in sophistication in their smart modern comedy roles in "It Had to Happen," 20th Century-Fox film



The exceptionally talented little Southern star, Gertrude Michael, was pianist for the Cincinnati Symphony before she went on the stage. In Paramount's "Woman Trap," she is an American girl kidnapped and taken to Mexico—hence the Spanish costume



Fast-stepping, effervescent Ginger Rogers in the unusual pose of a clinging vine. She adores her dog, and the feeling is mutual. Made a real Admiral in the Texas Navy by the Governor, she is to be seen in "Follow the Fleet" with Fred Astaire for RKO-Radio



Figure, features and flair are judiciously mingled in this blonde Thais, Virginia Bruce. Energetically she has carved a name for herself in films. An original Follies girl, she plays one of the glorious glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld"



Above, an unusual and rare photo of Lily Pons and her family taken two years ago in Paris. In front is Nanette, Lily's married sister; in back, with Lily: her mother and sister "Kiki" who teaches dancing and gymnastics. Left, the characteristic Pons pose of hand was a habit even at nine; right, at fifteen, after her recovery from her long and serious illness of a year

Songbird In A Gilded Cage

EVERYBODY everywhere is drinking a toast to Hollywood's latest discovery, a great soprano, an excellent actress, an adorable childlike personality, all rolled into one—Lily Pons!

As for the bare facts—the tiny singer was born in Cannes, France, on April 13, 1905, is exactly five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds when she is "fat," and has sung and romped her way into countless hearts since her first picture, "I Dream Too Much," was released.

But a lot has happened to Lily Pons since she discovered, in 1928, that her voice wasn't the sort with which it is possible to live quietly at home, a voice that must be her master and control every moment of her life. Except for brief interludes in the theater she lived the normal life of a sheltered French girl until she was twenty-three and married. She is today entirely without affectation—as simple, natural and affectionate a person as you could find anywhere.

Lily's father, who died in 1925, was an engineer whose work kept him away from his family for months at a time. Maria Pons, his Italian wife, brought up her three little girls in a high white house at the edge of Cannes and overlooking the blue Mediterranean. She brought them up strictly, but well. To this day when Maria says: "Lily!" her daughter's quick "Maman!" is like an instant echo, and it is no famous diva but

The tiny nightingale, Lily Pons, must always heed the commands of her magnificent voice

By Josephine LeSueur

a properly trained French daughter who rises automatically when her mother enters the room.

Last fall, Lily's mother joined her in New York when she returned from Hollywood, and remained with her for her first appearance at the Metropolitan on December 23. The day after Christmas she sailed for Paris to the home she maintains there for Kiki, Lily's younger sister, who teaches

dancing and physical education in a school. The older sister, Nanette, married and living nearby, also receives her fair share of maternal attention. One daughter is not favored to the exclusion of the others simply because that one happens to be known and loved around the world.

When Lily was nine, the family left Cannes, where the children had been attending *L'Ecole Normal*, and removed to Paris, but they kept the high white house on the Riviera and every year, during the three coldest months, they returned there. Soon, in Paris, Lily began studying piano at the *Conservatoire*, for she had inherited a decided talent from her mother and was to be prepared for the concert stage. She would have finished at the *Conservatoire* at fifteen and the world might have known her today as a great pianist had not something happened to change completely the whole course of her life.

At thirteen and a half Lily [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



LAST CHANCE

To Vote for the Best Picture of 1935

Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth	Les Miserables
Alice Adams	Love Me Forever
Anna Karenina	Last Days of Pompeii
Annapolis Farewell	Midsummer Night's
Black Fury	Dream, A
Broadway Melody of 1936	Mutiny on the Bounty
Becky Sharp	Naughty Marietta
Bright Lights	No More Ladies
Barbary Coast	Oil for the Lamps of China
Clive of India	Old Curiosity Shop, The
Call of the Wild	Public Hero No. 1
Case of the Curious	Rendezvous
Bride, The	Ruggles of Red Gap
Crusades, The	Roberta
China Seas	Scarlet Pimpernel, The
David Copperfield	Scoundrel, The
Diamond Jim	Steamboat Round the Bend
Escape Me Never	
Farmer Takes a Wife, The	She Married Her Boss
G Men	A Tale of Two Cities
Gay Deception, The	39 Steps
Hands Across the Table	Top Hat
I Dream Too Much	Three Musketeers, The
I Live My Life	Vanessa—Her Love Story
Informers, The	Wedding Night, The
Little Minister, The	Woman Wanted

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"

THIS is your last chance to cast your ballot in the signal contest of the year—the award of PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL for the Best Picture of 1935.

All ballots must be received on or before March 10! The polls definitely close on that day!

It is the last chance to place an order for more fine productions such as the one you feel should be given this prize. We know that the picture you will add to the PHOTOPLAY Honor Roll will be worthy of being in the ranks of the memorable dramas of past years.

To help you remember the pictures you have seen during 1935, we list fifty outstanding ones. There were others, so you are not limited by this list. Any picture YOU think should be the winner, VOTE for that one.

We print below a convenient form of ballot to use, or you may write your choice on a piece of paper and send it to The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Don't forget that the GOLD MEDAL goes to the picture adjudged best by the "greatest number" of PHOTOPLAY readers . . . so send in your vote today. Watch for the announcement of the winner in an early issue of the magazine.

Remember, your ballot must be in by March 10!

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1935

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins



Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song" raised the cry of "The movie-going public wants no hi-falutin' music!"



Garbo had the movie world jittery when she sprang her first "I tank I go home." Above, when she returned



Jeanette MacDonald, darling of the musical comedy stage, became Chevalier's partner



Warners set the world agog with talkies. Al Jolson and May McAvoy in "The Jazz Singer"

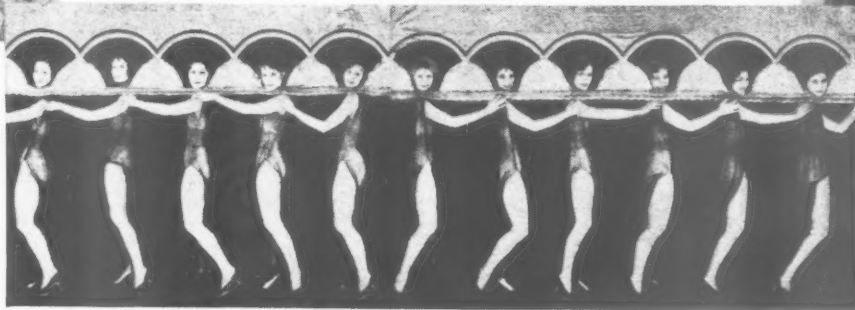
Above, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor became the leading screen lovers in the film "Seventh Heaven"



Above, the Farrell-Gaynor team scored again in "Street Angel." But within a year came a new order—the talkies



Probably the most popular screen pair of the day was Mr. Rin-Tin-Tin and his very comely spouse, named Nanette



Studio vied with studio in the new medium—articulate movies. M-G-M's bid—a dozen beauties as a living curtain in "The Broadway Melody"



Eddie Cantor, with the "It" girl, Clara Bow, in his first movie, "Kid Boots." Critics saw him as "promising material"



Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn," the film which sent Miss Booth on her daring adventure to Darkest Africa



"Hell's Angels" introduced a sensation, Jean Harlow (with Ben Lyon), and platinum as a shade of hair



"The Tower of Lies" had in it the new star, Norma Shearer (with Bill Haines), and Lon Chaney without make-up



The prize picture of 1931 was the great epic "Cimarron," with Richard Dix in the leading rôle of Yancey Cravat



Ruth Chatterton (above with Ulrich Haupt) in "Madame X." No less a personage than Lionel Barrymore directed her



Right, Charles Rogers with Clara Bow in "Wings." He had not yet been nicknamed Buddy



Left, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward G. Robinson from the classic "Little Caesar." It made movie history



Von Sternberg brought his "find," Marlene Dietrich, to America. In "Morocco" with Gary Cooper



"Beau Geste" (with Ralph Forbes, Alice Joyce, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton) opened the week Rudolph Valentino died



Marlene Dietrich and her famed legs were seen in America for the first time in "Blue Angel," a German picture



Nils Asther and the ill-starred Mary Nolan between scenes of "Sorrel and Son," which was photographed in England



Although the movies had become articulate, Chaplin stuck to silence. With Myrna Kennedy in "The Circus"



Charles Rogers was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl." Recent rumors link them romantically

Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen were being cheered for their fine acting in Owen Wister's "The Virginian"



Left, Marian Marsh, looking like Dolores Costello, was Trilby to John Barrymore's sinister Svengali



The new talkies turned to the stage for "voices." Miriam Hopkins was a talented acquisition



F. W. Murnau (of "Tabu" fame) was a master of Art. He produced "4 Devils"—Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton and Barry Norton in 1927



"Anna Christie" introduced beloved Marie Dressler. She stole the picture from the great Garbo



Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood?"—a title strangely significant



In "Grand Hotel," with Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery showed the world that he was a great dramatic actor



From the great stage hit, "Lilac Time," came a great film, with Gary Cooper and Colleen Moore

Louis Wolheim, after a two-year absence, came back in "Two Arabian Knights" with Mary Astor



One of the first and greatest of its kind, "Scarface," with Paul Muni and lovely Ann Dvorak



Drawing by Robinson

" . . . and be it resolved that Robert Taylor will inevitably supplant Clark Gable in our hearts . . ."

The Private Life of a Talking Picture



Above, Mother Coulter, veteran costuming expert in charge of "aging" dresses to make them look old, such as clothing worn in street scenes in "A Tale of Two Cities"

Left, Oliver Hinsdell, director of M-G-M's drama school, tutors embryo stars for big rôles. He is testing Eleanor Stewart, winner of M-G-M's talent contest, for voice control

IF you read the first of this series you know that PHOTOPLAY is telling you in detail how the modern talking movie is made because it found out, through questionnaires, that almost no one at all knows what actually goes on behind the walls of a Hollywood studio.

If you read the first of these stories you know that they deal with the 5,000 unheralded employees of just one concern whose daily lives are spent making the motion pictures you see at your theaters; that they glorify the carpenters who build the sets, the technicians who mix the sound, the needle-women who sew the gowns, the painters, the prop boys, the make-up artists.

You were told that this writer spent three months, working one day each in every department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the world's biggest studio, in order to learn at first hand the facts you read here. And you were shown a verbal map of M-G-M—a city governed, policed, fed and sheltered within itself.

Voilà! We dealt roundly with "story," probing its progress through selection by readers from the great books of all time; through treatment which turned it from novel-form into a script with dialogue and continuity; through polishing and a final okay. Now regard the people who will read that script—

the stars, the extras, the bit-players—and watch the titanic machinery of Metro clothe them, make them beautiful, in preparation for immortality on film.

There is no need to write in detail about the individual stars, themselves. You who read this magazine and others of its ilk already know an incredible number of personal facts about M-G-M's roster of famous names: Garbo, Barrymore, Beery, Crawford, Montgomery, Gable, Bennett, MacDonald, Shearer, Tone, Swanson. . . .

But there is one story about them that you do not know. It comes under the head of "how and why" in the making of movies, and is therefore fair meat for this article. It is about another department—the department that *makes the stars!*

How do they get where they are? How are they trained? Where does the species grow? Why and what and who?

You've heard of talent scouts and you've been led to believe that these legendary shadows slip incognito down the streets, reach into crowds, and toss the best-looking specimens onto the screen from the pavement. You've been led to believe that that's all there is.

There *are* talent scouts—true; and they *do* play a very important part in the discovery of great actors. But they're only the first pawns in a game that in the last few years has become systematized, scientific. They bring in the raw



Above, Jack Dawn, head of 52 make-up experts. This phase of the movies demands scientific and artistic skill. He is giving finishing touches to Reginald Denny

Right, Joe Rapi, head of the Women's Wardrobe Department, inspects a new creation for "Queen Christina." 2,600 dresses are made a year, using 28,000 yards of cloth



The second of a series of brilliant and revealing articles covering the inside workings of a titanic machine, the modern moving picture studio

By Howard Sharpe

material, and Metro's drama shop, directed by Oliver Hinsdell, does the rest.

As a matter of fact most of tomorrow's stars are recruited from college-play casts and from small time theatricals. Unused to the complicated processes of motion picture acting, these embryo dramatists—no matter how talented, no matter how charming and attractive—could not possibly step suddenly into stardom. Until recent times they got their experience before the camera in small parts, gradually gaining fame with polish. But the heartbreak and error of that system is lost in a better one. Hinsdell teaches them *first*, and thus when they reach the screen they are ready at once for big rôles—for greatness, if the public sees fit. That's why there are more overnight stars today than ever before.

Robert Young, Virginia Bruce, Irene Hervey, Jean Parker are some of the new luminaries hatched in Hinsdell's efficient actor-incubator. Robert Taylor has just emerged, Russell Hardie, Henry Wadsworth, and Bob Livingston are scheduled for early maturity.

The process depends mostly upon the students themselves. In the first place, they've got to be first class subjects replete with talent, intelligence, vitality, poise, a natural dramatic spark, and individuality. They must have good taste, or develop it. They must have a good cultural background, or

develop one. They must want very much to be *good actors*

Training stars immediately after the screen test, and includes everything from actual work in small plays to the study of lighting. There are rehearsal halls and in them the young starlets do exercises in voice, recite poems, read their favorite plays. They are allowed to get over "mike fright." They learn details of a "take" so that when the time comes they can know how to stand for the best camera angles.

Each student is handled separately, of course, since any hint of routine would produce a brand of actors alike as cookies; but it is hard work. When they have finished the training they know as much about screen work as the most seasoned veterans—and to this knowledge they can add the freshness, the vital enthusiasm of new blood.

Thus the stars and featured players. You must know, too the Story of the Extra—casting.

You've been told enough in novels and short tales the melodramatic situation of the pretty extra girl starving in Hollywood; let's review, instead, the problem of atmosphere players from the studio's standpoint.

If you've got a sense of humor, you'd have a good time at the filing cabinets where 17,000 individuals are listed as to type and capability. There's a good

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]

Face Down

This gripping Hollywood murder mystery is concluded with an avalanche of action more thrilling than ever

By Charles J. Kenny

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

MERLA SMITH screamed and jumped forward. Her fingers clawed at the gun, deflected the muzzle of the weapon. Dead-Pan Peters stepped in and crossed his right fist in a thudding impact to the jaw. Jerry staggered backwards. Peters grabbed the gun from the limp hand. Dick Brent jerked the door open. Stan Whitling stood in the doorway, a gun in his right hand. Behind him, Hoppy Dixon held a .45 automatic level with his shoulder.

"Sorry, Jerry," Brent said, "but the party's over."

Peters inspected Jerry's gun. "I wish you wouldn't b-b-b-be so im-p-p-p-pulsive," he said to Dick Brent. "Why didn't you let him g-g-g-go? We could have n-n-nabbed him on the fire escape."

Brent caught Jerry by the necktie, jerked his head forward and said, "Start talking."

"Nix on the rough stuff," Ruth Gelder said wearily. "You won't need it. I'm finished with the big cheese. Look at the way he tried to smoke his way out. Shows what a goof he is. He didn't care whether he got Merla's neck in a noose or not, and she's been dead square with us."

Dick backed Jerry to a chair, slammed him down into it and said, "When I get tired waiting I'm going to really get rough."

Ruth Gelder's voice was a dreary monotone: "Jerry Edwards is the guy I took my first rap for. I was nuts about him. He took a rap after I did. He was in when I got out. Doc Copeland picked me up. He had a big front but after he lost his wad in the stock market he started a line of blackmail. I did his dirty work. A girl with a record can't be choosy. Jerry was still in stir."

"I was handy with a pen. Doc Copeland came to me one day and told me I had to marry a man by the name of Carter Nixon. He told me I was to get a license under the name of Margaret Fahey. He gave me Margaret Fahey's signature to practice up on. We slipped across to Yuma and went through the ceremony. I was coached what answers to make to questions about my parents. I was told to take Nixon to a hotel and give him the slip."

"I don't know what it was all about. I never did know. It was a crooked game, that's all I know. I took Nixon to a hotel, bribed the bellboy to open the door from the bedroom into the connecting room. I went into the bathroom and twisted the lock in the door. So far as I know, Nixon's still in that hotel bedroom, waiting for me to come out of that bathroom. I came back to Copeland's office. He gave me some money and told me to take a trip to South America for a

couple of months. When I came back I went to work for him again. He tried some blackmail on Merla Smith. It was too low and I wouldn't stand for it. I

helped Merla out. She's never forgotten it.

"Jerry got out of stir and went nuts. I wanted to get away from him. He was going to kill me and he was going to kill Copeland. I hid from both of them. Last week I heard Jerry had sailed for China, so I got this place, and was foolish enough to get it under my own name. Then Jerry managed to bump Copeland off and came here. He was hot and I couldn't turn





Circling her with his good arm, he crushed her in an embrace. The door opened, the butler stood on the threshold. "Oh, my God!" he cried. "Show the police in," said Dick

him over to the cops. That's *all* I know."

"Did Jerry kill Copeland?" Dick Brent asked.

"Of course he killed him."

"The hell I did!" Jerry broke in indignantly. "She can't pin that on me! I've told her a hundred times I didn't."

Ruth Gelder said in a voice of utter weariness: "You were there with a rod, Jerry. Merla knows you were there."

"I *tried* to kill him," Jerry admitted, "but I didn't have the chance. I followed him down the corridor. Some fat guy stepped out of the Pixley Paper Products Company and followed him out. I'd got as far as the door to the courtyard when

I heard the fat guy's gun. I saw the sawbones do a jack-knife and the paunchy bird started back toward the corridor. The stairs were near and I took a powder, and so help me, that's the truth! I'd have bumped him if the other bird hadn't. He had it coming."

"Ain't he a God-awful liar!" Ruth Gelder said wearily. "He's told that so many times he gets so he believes it himself."

"What a sweet pal you turned out to be!" Edwards exclaimed. "After all I've done for you, too. . . ."

"Nerts!" she interrupted. "All you ever did for me was to start me on hop and get me in the Big House. I know what a liar you are from sad experience. Remember that line you told me about the ring you gave me being your mother's and how I could count on a real marriage because you'd made a solemn promise on your dead mother's wedding ring. . . . I felt cheap when the desk sergeant showed me that ring had been stolen from. . . ."

"Aw, forget it," Jerry interrupted. "I was nuts about you—I still am. Cripes! Wasn't I gonna bump this guy off because he'd. . . ."

"Done the same thing you did!" she said bitterly.

Brent whirled to Ruth Gelder. "Remember that marriage license?" he asked.

"What about it?"

"What was Nixon's occupation?"

She frowned and said, "A technician in some motion picture studio—I don't remember just what one."

"What was his contact with Dr. Copeland?"

"Copeland was treating him. He'd been in a sanitarium. We didn't have a case history on him because I looked it up."

"Curious?" Brent asked.

"After all," she said, "I married the guy."

BRENT motioned to Peters, drew him over to the corner of the room. "Listen, Bill," he whispered, "I'm going to give this bird a chance for a get-away. You go downstairs, drive your car up in front of the lobby and leave it with the door open and the motor running. Hide under the blanket in the back. When this bird comes down it's a cinch he'll grab the car as a heaven-sent opportunity. When he gets to a nice quiet side street, throw off the blanket, stick a rod in the back of his neck and put him under your wing."

"Then what?"

"Then hide him someplace."

"K-k-k-kidnapping?" Peters asked.

"Probably," Brent said laconically. "After the stuff you've pulled, you couldn't get in any deeper with a steam shovel."

"I ain't k-k-kicking," Peters said. "I just w-w-w-wanted to k-k-keep a list of the c-c-c-crimes I c-c-c-commit. S-S-Say, that P-P-Pixley P-P-Paper P-P-Products outfit was one of Alter's p-p-p-pets. I saw the p-p-papers when I was going through his f-f-f-files. He was the whole b-b-b-business—owned all the s-s-s-stock."

Brent frowned thoughtfully. "That'll fit in someplace and make sense," he said. "I'll think it over after we get this thing straightened out."

He strode to the center of the room, raised his voice and said, "If I give you a chance, Ruth, to turn this guy up, thereby squaring yourself on the charge [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]



★ ANYTHING GOES—Paramount

ANYTHING goes in recommending this smartly insane musical comedy. It's a paralyzing pippin of sparkling songs, and what makes a good show—good talent.

With Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's sophisticated lyrics, Charlie Ruggles and Arthur Lupino leading a parade of clever clowns, and Ida Lupino for an eye-full, it's a full course entertainment blowout.

Imagine playboy Bing's plight when he stows away in tails aboard ship to rescue a damsel in distress, borrows Public Enemy Number One's passport and falls in with a gangster gunman disguised as a bishop. Such embarrassments—and such fun!

Bing surprises with a delightfully impudent comedy performance. The whole picture has a charming pace.



★ MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Universal

"MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION" is directed by John Stahl so quietly that you are led into its provocative drama and the sweep of its love story in such a mood that you accept gladly its semi-religious atmosphere.

It concerns *Bobbie Merrick*, Robert Taylor, a rich boy who has never had a serious thought until he meets Irene Dunne, the widow of a Doctor, whose life had been lost in the same drowning accident when Bob's life had been saved. Trying to woo the young widow, the boy drives her to the country where she is struck by another car and blinded. From then on, Bob devotes his life to surgery, hoping to help the woman he loves.

The whole cast is very fine in this tender story. Don't miss it.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ROSE MARIE—M-G-M

VIGOROUS, tender, melodic, and polished as you expect it, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Under W. S. Van Dyke's guidance, this lovely seasoned operetta has the satisfying flavor that distinguished "Naughty Marietta."

Striking scenery, Indian dances, an effectively told story, plus operatic snatches from "Romeo and Juliet" and "La Tosca," give it a production which is well worthy of the haunting Rudolph Friml score.

This is one motion picture that's on the bargain list for everybody.

The story takes an opera star into the Canadian wilds to aid her brother, a fugitive from justice. There her love for a handsome mountie forces him to choose between love and duty.

But it's not as tragic as it sounds, with pleasantly injected humor and exquisite song.

Jeanette, as the opera star, and Nelson as the Royal Mounted policeman, will be as satisfying to their host of admirers as they were in "Naughty Marietta." They're not only delightful to watch in their romantic scenes, but are both in perfect voice throughout.

Reginald Owen and Allan Jones and others of the cast contribute to the first rate entertainment.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ROSE MARIE	CAPTAIN BLOOD
ANYTHING GOES	THE PETRIFIED FOREST
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION	STRIKE ME PINK

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest"
 Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest"
 Humphrey Bogart in "The Petrified Forest"
 Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie"
 Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie"
 Bing Crosby in "Anything Goes"
 Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes"
 Eddie Cantor in "Strike Me Pink"
 Sally Eilers in "Strike Me Pink"
 Ethel Merman in "Strike Me Pink"
 Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession"
 Irene Dunne in "Magnificent Obsession"
 Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood"
 Basil Rathbone in "Captain Blood"
 Conrad Veidt in "The King of the Damned"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118



★ THE PETRIFIED FOREST—Warners

ALL the elements of powerful drama join to make this Broadway hit a superbly artistic picture. Its setting is stark and barren; its motivating dramatic figures are harsh and ugly. Yet its theme is tender and its chief character a poetic idealist making a supremely gallant gesture. You'll find it an effective dramatic dose.

Leslie Howard, a futile artist of life, wanders into a lonely Arizona desert "Bar B Q" oasis, where Bette Davis yearns for outside expression. Love comes, but it is a higher love for him, and when Humphrey Bogart, a fugitive killer desperado, makes the place a fort, Leslie makes a deal with him, involving a life insurance benefiting Bette. The situation is tense, the dialogue at times exquisite, the direction sure, and the acting uniformly superior.



★ CAPTAIN BLOOD—Cosmopolitan-Warners

GREATER than any of its stars, although it boasts a brilliant cast and introduces a new screen lover destined to sit firmly on the box-office heights, is this smash epic of 17th century piracy.

Crammed to the hilt with he-man action through which is threaded a beautifully tender love story, the picture is magnificently photographed, lavishly produced and directed with consummate skill.

Sabatini's story of Dr. Peter Blood, the English physician, sold into slavery during a political rebellion, who escapes and becomes the most daring buccaneer of the Caribbean, is faithfully followed.

Errol Flynn is in the title rôle. You who have yearned for a new movie hero with dash, charm, good looks and outstanding ability have your answer in this tall, slim, whimsical Irishman.

Proof positive of his tremendous personal appeal lies in the sublime way he rises above his wigs and elaborate costuming.

Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone, to mention but a few, were outstanding, but each of the 29 major players well merits a salvo of applause.

For grand excitement and adventure, don't miss "Captain Blood!"



★ STRIKE ME PINK—Goldwyn-United Artists

NOT since "Whoopie" has an Eddie Cantor extravaganza, dressed up as they always are with the Goldwyn trimmings of beautiful girls, lavish costuming and magnificent sets had the full-bodied plot of "Strike Me Pink."

It concerns a timid tailor *Eddie Pink* (Cantor) who begets himself a thriving amusement park, Dreamland. With Dreamland, goes the comely secretary, *Clarabella* (Sally Eilers). Gangsters try to muscle in using *Joyce*, a night club entertainer (Ethel Merman) for Cantor bait. Eddie is driven from timidity and gives battle royal.

The "Rhythm" number with tapper Sunnie O'Dea, Merman torching, and the famed Goldwyn beauties strutting is supreme. Its hit tunes, with Merman and Cantor romancing, you'll long remember.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

★
**KING OF
BURLESQUE—**
20th Century-
Fox



DARRYL ZANUCK hasn't missed one bet with this knock-out show, crammed with mirth, clever dances and a slick sliding story. Warner Baxter, a sharp burlesque producer wows Broadway with his gorgeously, and then fails with his avaricious wife, Mona Barrie. It's Alice Faye and pal Jack Oakie to the rescue, with Gregory Ratoff's hilarious help.



**THE PASSING
OF THE
THIRD FLOOR
BACK—**
GB

THIS once famous play is an enthralling modern allegory which drives home the lesson that selfishness is "the root of all evil." The production is handled with great skill and Conrad Veidt gives a moving performance as "The Stranger" who rents a room in a boarding-house, and after some exciting action, including a murder, all ends well.

**CHATTER-
BOX—**
RKO-Radio



AS charming and disarming as Anne Shirley's smile, this story of a stage struck country girl's heart-break forces a tear then deftly dries it with a chuckle. Anne is superbly appealing as the romantic lass with Nineteenth Century ideas who hears the city's laughter in her big acting moment. But Phillips Holmes is around to comfort her.



**PROFES-
SIONAL
SOLDIER—**
20th-Century-
Fox

A BOY king, a Graustarkian revolution and a tough soldier of fortune—mix and season with the talent of Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew—and the result is both charming and amusing. Victor kidnaps his young majesty for plotter's gold. Freddie loves adventure and proves a regular guy. The melodramatics are old, but you will like it.

RIFFRAFF—
M-G-M



YOU may not like your glamorous Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor uprisings and penitentiaries, but with Spencer Tracy around it's not so bad. Jean can't help loving that man of hers, even though he's an incurable trouble maker. Many battles and tender moments, too, before Tracy sees the light. Joseph Calleia great and Una Merkel is in form.



**THE LEAVEN-
WORTH
CASE—**
Republic

THE germ of a unique angle in this murder mystery concerning the doing-away with one Mr. Leavenworth on the eve of his giving his millions to charity instead of his none too deserving relatives was ruined by making everything pretty obvious. Norman Foster is weak as the detective and even Donald Duck could have spotted Donald Cook for the villain.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

ROSE OF THE RANCHO— Paramount



THE perfection of Gladys Swarthout's voice, looks and acting hold this slightly creaky old-timer together. As a daughter of Spanish California she rides with a Vigilante troupe to protect her property from landgrabber Charles Bickford. John Boles as a disguised Federal Agent, helps her. Willie Howard and Herb Williams provide the merriment.



COLLEGIATE— Paramount

COMBINE the antics of Funnymen Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, Ned Sparks and Lynne Overman with their assorted brands of humor and you're bound to get a generous helping of laughs. That's what happens in "Collegiate" which is the 1936 version of Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School" in which a gay young man inherits a girls' school.

EXCLUSIVE STORY— M-G-M



THIS mildly exciting film of a metropolitan newspaper fight on racketeering is interesting because of Franchot Tone, Madge Evans, and Stuart Erwin. Stu as a crusading reporter gets the goods on the crooks but legal adviser, Tone, spoils the catch until Madge Evans and her mistreated merchant father enter the picture. Joseph Calleia is No. 1 gangster.



THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO— Warners

DOLORES DEL RIO, Warren William, Louise Fazenda and Warren Hymer act their parts bravely in this tedious picture to try and lift it to acceptable screen fare. The mixed-up story concerns a widowed duchess who seeks escape from her boredom in a flirtation which ends in true love. Warren Hymer, as the gangster, steals acting honors.

TWO IN THE DARK— RKO-Radio



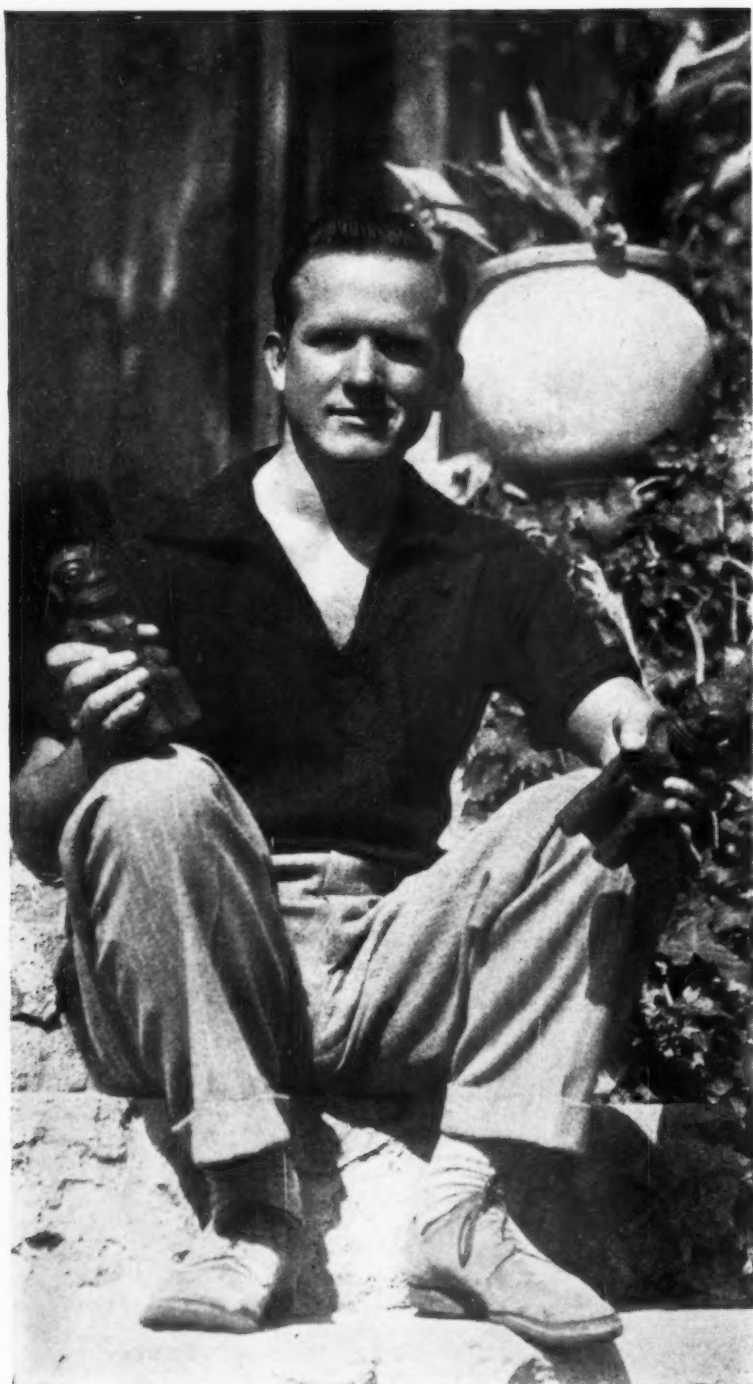
ADAPTED from the best-seller mystery novel "Two O'Clock Courage," this plot is as clean-cut and easy to follow as it is novel and fast moving, the perfect score for this kind of thing. Walter Abel, suffering from amnesia, finds himself deeply embroiled in a murder without knowing who he is. Margot Grahame, an actress, helps him solve it happily.



MAN HUNT— Warners

YOU'LL be tickled rather than thrilled by this rustic criminal hunt. William Gargan, a hick reporter, and schoolmarm Marguerite Churchill plan to tackle the Big City when escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez draws the G-Men and crack city newshawks to their town. Chic Sale gets the bad man.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]



Perhaps Eric's household gods, from the Easter Islands, are proof that now, after "Ah, Wilderness," he's in Hollywood to stay!

Life Begins for Eric Linden

New paths to glory have
opened for the tortured
boy who fled from himself

By Kirtley Baskette

some people said it only proved what they had thought privately for a long time—that the boy was a little odd. Others smiled, sighed for their lost youth, and chose to voice a much more engaging theory—that he had loved Frances Dee and lost, and couldn't stand to stick around.

This was a shame, they said, even if it was amusing in an adolescent way—because there was no tragedy like the tragedy of young love, especially when a boy was as romantic and high strung as Eric Linden and the girl as lovely as Frances Dee.

Everyone had said, when he first shocked his way into Hollywood's consciousness, that Eric Linden was a great young actor.

Later, when he had been here a while and they thought they understood him, they agreed that he was a hyper-sensitive young genius working his life into an unnecessary fury—a poet out of place—and that it was too bad.

They said all these things about Eric Linden because they were the obvious things to say, and because no one knew him, because he never let anyone know him.

And everything they said was wrong.

I talked to him the other day; that's why I know they were wrong. They overestimated what he was and they never even faintly guessed what he was going through. I saw then why no one had ever got beneath the skin of the boy, whose eyes, soft as a setter's, and whose brow, wide as a dreamer's, oddly betrayed the go-to-Hell challenge of his desperate-generation rôles on the screen. I saw why he couldn't let them get him right. Why he couldn't let them know him or what was going on inside him. Why he couldn't tell them then what he could tell me now sitting easily in a canvas backed chair on the set of "The Voice of Bugle Ann" and grinning as he told me.

It is hard to grin at yourself at twenty-one. It is easier when you're a little older.

"I was bluffing," he said. "I was acting on my nerve—and it was tearing me to pieces."

Eric Linden ran from Hollywood because Hollywood had put him in a helpless, hopeless, punishing spot and he had to flee to save himself from despair.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

ERIC LINDEN is twenty-four now and already he is starting his second sensational Hollywood career.

Out of the limbo of forgotten Hollywood flashes—from that sad and lonely land into which so many young screen sensations disappear to be lost forever—this startling boy looms up again, twice as shining, to picture poignantly youth's eternal anguish as the son in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

He moved in on this prize juvenile part of the year facing the wild bids of the best young actors in the world. He took it without the aid of any influential connections, a lone wolf of the Lost Legion, an orphan of the past.

He battled a Barrymore, playing one of the ripest rôles ever to come from O'Neill's pen, to a draw. Some even say Eric Linden sweeps the picture into his pocket. Whatever he does, he brings Hollywood its greatest young thrill in years—and it can't stop talking about him.

Behind all of this is a story you may not believe.

When Eric Linden ran out on Hollywood two years ago,



PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

WINE RED VELVET FOR JOAN BENNETT
Joan's delicate coloring is enhanced by a gown of red velvet of superb quality. The tiny sleeves are folded into squares at the top and cartridge pleats fasten the wide skirt to the low waist line. Joan cleverly allows the richness of the material to speak for itself, with the exception of discreet ruby and diamond clips. After Paramount's "Big Brown Eyes," she goes to GB
Direct color photograph by James N. Doolittle



The Long and the Short of it

Dolores Del Rio wears a cocktail dress in the new short length with a peasant blouse of black velvet and flaring taffeta skirt. For a more dignified mood she has a severe ankle length gown of black velvet. She knows the value of beauty unadorned and adds a huge ring and souvenir bracelet as her only ornaments

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Adapting Hollywood Fashions To Your Own Needs

Nathaniel Hornand

IF you are to be a bride this spring you may find ideas in the photographs of Ilka Chase and Gail Patrick. Metal cloth, of course, is particularly lovely for screen purposes, but either of these gowns would be perfect in simpler fabrics. Gail wears the rather severe veil to advantage because of the beautiful oval of her head and I think the absence of bunchiness in its draping may well be studied.

Picture this gown in motion, in stately progress up the aisle and you will agree that its classic silhouette has been carefully planned.

Ilka Chase's evening coat might also be made in other fabrics. I saw one recently in woolen material, the hood outlined in black fox.

These hoods, while no longer absolutely new, are finding more and more acceptance.

At a party the other evening, Hedda Hopper wore a frock of black crêpe with a cowl-like drapery round the neck which was studded with tiny copper stars.

Hedda made her entrance with this cowl pulled over her head like a hood: a charming effect.

No matter what climate you may live in, tweeds are always good. Ann Sothern gives you a variety of models to choose from.

It is no longer smart to turn up at a cocktail party in a tweed suit, unless of course you have come straight from the country, but otherwise a suit of this sort may carry you right through the day. And how they wear and wear! It is particularly easy to give them accent this season with colored gloves and scarfs and a hat to match.

I saw one suit in gray English flannel, worn with a gray hat and vivid scarlet gloves.

Another was in leaf brown with a dull green sweater, green scarf and hat and matching suède gauntlets. Bright yellow gloves are good with black suits and perhaps a yellow blouse, if you wear that color well.

Marlene Dietrich knows nothing is more distinguishing than pale gray. In the chiffon costume she is wearing on this page you may notice that her hair is dressed in a new way, with the curls much flatter to her head than she has recently worn them. She has also ordered a pale gray soufflé dress from Irene for her private wardrobe, which she will wear with yellow velvet violets.

Tiny hats seem indicated.

I had tea with Mary Ellis the other day, newly arrived to work in "Brazen." She showed me two minute hats, each curving over one half of her head only. Both were in black felt and one had gray-pink silk roses in a row above one eye, while the other showed long blue tendrils of ostrich feathers in, as Mary said, exactly the wrong place, directly in front.

The result was an extreme perkiness and freshness entirely suited to Mary.



Marlene Dietrich Loves Misty Gray

For a formal afternoon costume Travis Banton of Paramount has chosen gray chiffon lavishly trimmed in platinum fox. The clever drapery preserves the slim silhouette. Lily Dache hat. Note Marlene's beautifully coiffed head

Ann Tells The Soth



Black and white tweed in great squares, used on the bias, makes this swagger coat fastened with square buttons of black leather. Ann adds heavy white pull-on gloves and a rakish hat of black felt

In a man-tailored storm coat of bold herringbone tweed, in brown and white, brown felt hat and wrist-length chamois gloves, Ann Sothorn is ready for any surprises that the weather may have in the offing

Clothes I. Magnin
Candid Camera Shots
by Victor Haveman



e Sothern Tweed Story



Presenting an exceptionally smart four-piece ensemble. The sweater is of turquoise blue and brown lacings. The coats of reversible tweed in turquoise and brown. The skirt is made with the brown side out

Ann loves color, so she adds a brown and orange scarf to her rough and ready suit of brown and beige tweed. Have you seen Ann in her latest picture, "Hellship Morgan," produced by Columbia Pictures?

Pour le Sport



A cleverly cut blue angora vest is worn over a white crêpe frock. Gail Patrick adds a deep blue gob hat

Loretta Young's three-buttoned jacket suit is of white sharkskin. Her blouse is of soft blue crêpe



On the edge of her own tennis court, Dolores Del Rio in a burgundy sweater and white skirt. Anita Louise is snug in a natural suède coat, hand-laced in brown leather. Natural nail polish for both girls



Fashion at the Santa Anita Race Opening



Edmund Lowe is sure of winning. And Rita Kaufman is sure her hat and scarf are correct



Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, Dolores Del Rio to you. Note, Dolores has adopted the short skirt

Carole Lombard is hanging on to Bob Riskin's arm. Her fur-lined coat is short and sweet

The sensational tap dancer, Eleanore Whitney, escorted by Luther B. Davis. Pretty, isn't she?



Ilka as Maid of Honor

Shimmering metal cloth makes this gown, designed for Miss Chase by Bernard Newman of RKO. The wide hat is of the same fabric and both are trimmed with sable. The clips are diamonds and emeralds and the spray a shower of white orchids

Bachrach



The Beauty of Silver Simplicity

Travis Banton designs a bridal gown for Gail Patrick in silver lamé. The bold leaf pattern inspires the use of silver leaves to edge the severe simplicity of the veil, which is notable for its lack of drape





Bachrach



Ilka Chase Personifies Chic

White metal moiré makes this sumptuous evening wrap. Gloves and muff are of the same fabric. Bands of sable as hood and muff trimming. Ilka's jewels are precious diamonds and emeralds

**Photoplay's
Hollywood
Beauty Shop
Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck**



**Achieve
beauty by
following the
very latest
trends in
make-up**



Gladys Swarthout, the brilliant star of opera, radio and now to be seen on the screen in "Rose of the Rancho," has a radiant smile essential to beauty



If you have the type of blonde beauty such as Ann Sothorn's, appearing in "You May Be Next" you will make the most of your eyes. Emphasize them by one of the exciting new eye shadows and shape your brows to a natural line. Her new coiffure is swept back to cluster ringlets, softly curled



You may wish to study another star of brown-eyed blonde appeal. Astrid Allwyn in "It Had to Happen" has a gardenia-like complexion which you may acquire by smoothing on one of the new powder foundations, to give a warm glow to your skin and a smooth translucency

Anita Louise, to appear next in "Brides Are Like That," expresses the young idea. Her eyes are brown and her hair like honey. She wears a lipstick of warm rose tone and a subtle eyeshadow

New Lines for Old



Rita Cansino, who just completed her first leading rôle in "Paddy O'Day," is shown exercising to eliminate another type of "roll"

At the right, Rita practices a metatarsal roll which strengthens her arches and ankles. She is posed at the end of the routine



Increasing the distance between the ribs and hips through stretching exercises, is Rita's method of maintaining her slender waistline



HOW are your contours lining up with the new fashions? Will you be able to wear the sleek, nipped-in-at-the-waistline mannish suits without bulging in the wrong places or being padded in others? A lush new evening gown may give you a thrill, but unless you show it to advantage, where are the admiring glances that really make you and your costume a social triumph?

That's the question. Now what to do about it! Certainly don't sit back and moan. Corrective exercises are the answer. With a will to follow through a daily routine for a few weeks, there are few defects of your figure that can't be overcome, simply and joy-

ously. But don't forget the "regular." There's where character plays its part.

Here are a few exercises which were given to me by a famous exercise authority in a New York salon, illustrated by Rita Cansino and Molly Lamont. I can give only a few of the routines here, but if you write to me of your particular problem, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, I shall gladly send the proper corrective exercise for you.

To eliminate that unsightly roll that will appear, despite you, just above your waistline, try this. Place your feet well apart, stretching arms out horizontally from the shoulders at the same time. With feet and hips remaining stationary, swing your upper torso as far to the right as possible. Back to position; then to the left. Repeat

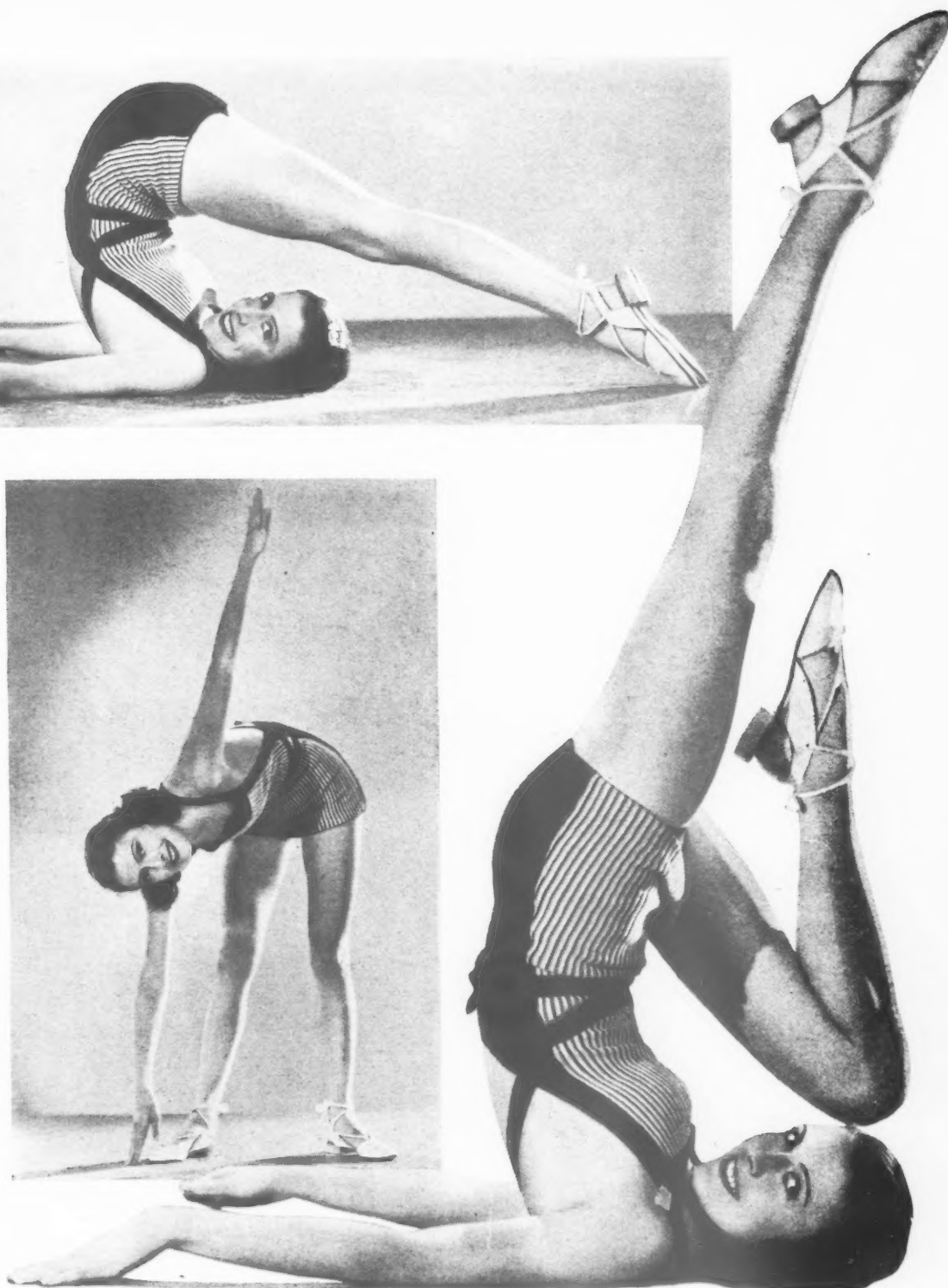


Molly Lamont, soon to be seen in "The Green Shadow," is one player who exercises to gain weight. Above she is seen in the middle of a perfect "spinal roll"



At right, the "pectoral stretch" which Molly is doing is excellent for slender girls who may wish to enlarge their chest measurements and flatten shoulder blades that are conspicuous

Extreme right, Molly is shown in perfect control of the difficult task of defeating gravity. This exercise is a builder-upper of relaxed "tummy" muscles, fine for the slim girls



twenty times. Lift your chest, flatten your shoulder-blades and lower and relax your shoulders. Breathe rhythmically through all your exercises.

The reason that many of you have large waistlines (slim girls, too) is because few stand or sit correctly. You sit slumped down on the base of your spine. You stand like a question mark. Sit tall and stand tall. Give your vertebrae and spinal cord a chance to stretch. Pull up your ribs from your hip-bones and see how much slimmer your waistline becomes.

Try Rita's routine. With arms above your head, palms out, bend far to the right, from your waist. Keep your knees straight and feel the stretch from the tips of your fingers to the tips of your toes. No half measures.

Walk and dance or swim if you wish to add weight. Flex your knees to keep them limber. Wear sensible medium heels and strengthen your arches. More women develop prematurely lined faces from foot troubles than from worry.

Exercise for your arches. With feet apart, toes straight ahead, start on heel of right foot; roll along outside of foot to the ball; rest on ball of left foot and roll on outside of left foot to heel. Back to right and repeat.

The "spinal roll" releases nerve strain, loosens the vertebrae and stretches the spinal cord. It must be done slowly. Lie flat on your back; draw your knees up under your chin; straighten your knees and swing on over your head, until your toes touch the floor. Then reverse the roll, coming back to original position.

Molly shows you how at the top of the page.

For the "pectoral stretch" to develop your chest muscles, place your right hand at your right toe; stretch up and back with your left hand as far as it will go.

Repeat, with the left hand at left toe, stretch back with right hand. You'll be amazed at the splendid results in actual added inches.



dinner at eight for eight

Hyman Fink

- China—Ivory, Bavaria, by Rosenthal
- Crystal—Belgian cased
- Candelabra—Sheffield silver
- Service plates—Russian Imperial
- Cloth—Irish damask in conventional rose pattern
- Table—Duncan Phyfe
- Chairs—Chippendale Ladder-back

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Jeanette MacDonald entertains

THERE is a quality of fresh, unspoiled gaiety about Jeanette MacDonald. That same quality characterizes her entertaining in her Brentwood home where an air of unstudied graciousness pervades throughout, the perfect complement for its early American period.

Recently, amid the low undertone of conversation and the tinkle of fine crystal touching in pleasant toasts, a small golden clock over the hearth chimed eight, one stroke for each of the guests seated before the tiled fireplace, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and Robert Ritchie, and the final one for the hostess herself.

Lamplight and the blazing logs softened the colors of the pale blue walls, the ivory wainscoting, the glazed chintz draperies in rose and white floral pattern, the mulberry rug, and the soft, roomy furnishings in dull greens, golds and rose.

On a black onyx coffee table a gleaming silver platter held caviar, pate de fois gras, tiny pearl onions and crisp hors d'oeuvres biscuits. The men were drinking Martinis, the women fine Royal Amontillado sherry.

John, the MacDonald butler, silently appeared in the arched entrance to the room on the eighth stroke and announced dinner. Through the wide entrance hall with its panelled walls of knotty pine and chartreuse carpeting Miss MacDonald led her guests to a formal dinner table as beautiful as it was perfect in detail.

The MacDonald dining room is not a large room; rather it suggests intimacy. The carpeting is of the same mulberry hue as in the living room and the walls, with the same ivory wainscoting, are papered in silver, gray and white landscape wall paper. Glazed chintz drapes in dull gold and ivory hang from ceiling to floor and the wall lights are of shimmering cut crystal.

Centering the oblong Duncan Phyfe table, on which lay a spotless cloth of Irish damask in conventional rose design, was a long, low bowl of orchids, lilies of the valley and gardenias, the delicacy of their coloring throwing into bolder relief the brilliant cobalt blue Belgian cased crystal standing before each of the eight places.

Around the table were ladder-back Chippendale chairs upholstered in gold rep with the host and hostess chairs covered in an unusual gold, green and rose plaid.

Two three-branched candelabra lighted tapers of ivory with warm gold tones, their polished silver complementing the flat silver lying at each place. The only other decorative note, aside from the magnificent service plates, were two cigarette boxes in cobalt blue crystal and silver and blue salt dishes and over-sized pepper shakers at opposite ends of the table.

The service plates are among Miss MacDonald's most cherished possessions and are priceless in value. They were, until the downfall of the imperial regime in Russia, the private dinner plates of Czar Nicholas I and his son, Alexander II, and bear, on the underside, the royal monograms. Of the finest porcelain, they have borders of cobalt blue and gold leaf floral

bouquet and were made in the middle of the 18th century in the Russian Imperial factory organized under Catherine the Great. This factory sold none of its ware; the sole output was for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The dinner, carefully selected by Miss MacDonald who never leaves such details to her servants, was cooked by Hilda, a Finnish cook whose praises the lovely star sings most enthusiastically.

Tomato bouillon with crispy Melba toast came first, and then, in order, crabmeat *en coquille*; roast duckling with minted apple rings, wild rice with currants, and green peas; special mixed greens salad with Miss MacDonald's original French dressing; apricot mousse; and, in the drawing room, coffee and liqueurs.

The same discrimination was obvious in Miss MacDonald's choice of wines for the dinner. Chablis (T. Jouvot, 1928) was served with the fish, and burgundy (Pommard, 1928) with the fowl. Champagne cognac (Eug. Ballet, 1875) was the liqueur choice.

After leisurely coffee, Miss MacDonald and her guests adjourned to the "play" room in the basement of the home where the men played billiards and the women a few rubbers of contract. Then, in the drawing room again, Miss MacDonald sang, accompanying herself at the grand piano.

To make crabmeat *in coquille* you may use the Brown Derby recipe as did Miss MacDonald, and the following proportions will serve eight:

Chop 3 shallots very fine and fry in butter until brown. Add 4 cups of rich pastry cream and boil slowly until the mixture is reduced by one-third. Add salt, cayenne pepper and chives to taste and 4 cups of shredded crabmeat. Combine all this with one-half cup Hollandaise sauce and heat the mixture again but do not boil. Fill small crab shells which have been thoroughly cleaned and border them with finely mashed white potatoes to which has been added the uncooked yolks of two eggs and a generous piece of butter. Sprinkle grated cheese on top of the crab mixture and dot with a piece of butter. Broil quickly under a hot flame for 5 minutes and serve garnished with greens.

For the salad Miss MacDonald combines as many greens as can be obtained on the market including chives, endive, water-cress and tomatoes cut in one-inch cubes. Toss together lightly and place on a deep lettuce leaf.

Her special French dressing, she revealed, is made as follows:

½ cup sugar, 1 cup catsup, 1 cup salad oil, ½ cup vinegar, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 tbs. onion juice and 1 tsp. salt. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, then add the catsup and lemon and onion juices, and then the vinegar and oil alternately, stirring slowly.

Some of these dishes are old—some new. All are delicious additions to any dinner, and go far to enhance Miss MacDonald's well-deserved reputation as a hostess



At home, Jeanette MacDonald is as inspired and vivid as a hostess as she is in her screen rôles



Above, Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Ann Durkin and Al Bridges in "These Three," from the stage hit, "The Children's Hour." One scene upsets the whole cast!



Rod LaRoque returns to do a big picture. He's been busy lately making his hobby pay. With him, left, in "Preview," are Gail Patrick, George Barbier, Ian Keith

OUT in Culver City, not far from the M-G-M glamour factory, is the loveliest of all the studios. As you drive up to the entrance, past a gracious expanse of neatly clipped lawn, it seems as though you are arriving at an old, but well kept, Colonial home. The building is frame, brilliantly white with green shuttered windows and tall, stately pillars supporting the front porch. This studio was built for Thomas Ince, formerly an independent producer, then it was taken over for a while by C. B. DeMille. Now it is owned by RKO, who rent it out.

The chief tenant these days is David Selznick, the brilliant young producer of "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities." And here Mr. Selznick's prize discovery, Freddie Bartholomew, is submerging his tiny self in a rôle that was once played by Mae West, who is not so tiny. Mary Pickford once played this part, too. It's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Mae did the perfect little gentleman on the Brooklyn stage when she was six years old, and Mary, as probably you remember, made a picture of it some years ago.

In this new version, the misty-eyed Dolores Costello plays *Dearest*, the long suffering mother. This is her first picture since her recently-terminated marriage to John Barrymore. Her face has the same sweet sadness, the same fragile beauty

We Cover

that made her once a great star. In this scene, she wears a quaintly picturesque costume of the period (1885) and while the lights are being adjusted she stands with her arms around Freddie. They have a genuine affection for each other. She's a bit lonesome for her two children, who don't quite understand why mother goes away every morning.

Freddie doesn't wear the traditional Lord Fauntleroy outfit of velvet knickers and sash that at one time set a style for little boys and probably caused more school-yard fights than anything else. He wears a rather natty and quite sporty grey-checked, long-trousered suit and carries a black sailor straw hat with black ribbons hanging from the brim. Nor does Freddie have the traditional blond curls.

This scene takes place in the Court Lodge, on the edge of the estate where *Lord Fauntleroy* is to become master. It is a scene of well-mannered cruelty. Because she is an American, the little Lord's mother has no claim to a title and is now being politely informed that she is not to occupy the main building.

This is a fairly simple take, yet because it involves an element



Do you remember your history? What did a man named Sutter do that set the world afire? Above are Montagu Love, Edward Arnold, Mitchell Lewis in "Sutter's Gold"

Housewives are going to sigh with envy over the "Wife vs Secretary" sets, it would seem. In the picture, Clark Gable double deals with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy



the Studios

'Round and around, o-ho-o, and we go in here and come out there

By Michael Jackson

of timing, director John Cromwell, Kay Johnson's husband, has it reshot three or four times. The trouble comes from a cat. While attorney Henry Stephenson is presenting the servants to Miss Costello, Freddie's business is to walk as fast as he can, without seeming to hurry, pick up the cat and call, "Look, Dearest!"

The reason you so seldom see cats in pictures is that, unlike dogs, they refused to be trained. The only thing this one can do, its owner shamefacedly admitted, is to be still while the cameras are shooting. A prop boy, hiding behind a chair, hands the cat to Freddie as he passes. It's a tricky business because sometimes the cat scratches and sometimes Freddie

giggles when he doesn't get a very good grip on it.

We left for "The Call Of Bugle Ann" set at M-G-M to see what the conversation on this extra-packed

stage had to offer—also to see the dogs.

This is a courtroom in the Missouri hillbilly country where Lionel Barrymore is being tried for murder. He killed a man who killed a dog. There are about three hundred people on the set, all ages of rural types. In the first row of the courtroom is Maureen O'Sullivan, quietly crying. To help her cry, she sniffs a strong penetrating odor.

"This is fine," she says, "because I have a cold and it clears up my head and helps make tears at the same time."

Her father, Lionel Barrymore, is the one on trial. And if you think it is odd that a man should kill another man over a dog, then you know neither the men nor the dogs of this community.

These dogs are found only in a certain section of the Missouri Ozarks. They are bred for fox hunting, though the fox is never killed, just chased to his hole. Sometimes the same fox is chased year after year, and even gets so he knows it's all a game. They have a peculiar bark and while it's not exactly like a bugle, it's not like a bark, either. A funny [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

Hollywood at the Mike



Al Jolson tells a fish story to Joan Blondell, visiting Shell Chateau, while Lee Wiley and Victor Young look at the birdie

Lots of excitement recently when Eddie Cantor arrived at the Grand Central station, New York, with Ida and daughter



EDDIE CANTOR threw Jimmy Wallington, Parkyakarkas, Ida, and the four girls into a trunk shortly after New Year's and shoved off for New York, bursting with an important announcement. At a dinner at the Waldorf he told an assemblage of writers that he was contributing five thousand dollars to the winner of an essay contest he was sponsoring on his Pebeo Toothpaste program. The subject: The Best Way to Keep America Out of the Next War. Later on, when no one was looking, Eddie added, "It's good to be back in New York where the people are like the weather in Hollywood." And vice versa, Eddie? Incidentally, Eddie has signed a young movie star, Bobby Breen, for his Sunday night radio program. He'll join the cast as soon as he's finished his newest picture, "The Show Goes On."

Pssst! Hollywood may forget, but you and I and radio keep on remembering. Mae Murray is on the verge of signing a contract for a

By Dan Wheeler

thirteen week series of broadcasts. She's asking \$1500 per show, so it is said, and once that small item is agreed upon, she'll start work.

The opening of Congress, marked by the sensational broadcast of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's night message to both legislative branches, worked a hardship on a good many stalwart movie and radio fans. That same night, at nine o'clock, New York time, and in answer to a flood of requests, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall were going to preview their newest film, "The Lady Consents," for Hollywood Hotel. Dick Powell's Campbell's Tomato Soup show. This was the same hour the President picked, so no preview. Film talent has been going strong since then, though, with Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes signed up for February 7th, as we went to press.

If you think radio sponsors are just being mean in not giving you more of your favorites from Hollywood, consider the case of Paul Muni. Programs like the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Yeast Hour have been after Paul for months to guest star, but Paul is interested in a series of dramatic shows. So interested, that he's turned down fat offers of a one-shot salary check.

Your comedian, Ernest Truex, was all set for a nice radio program, when divorce reared its ugly head. Originally, he was scheduled to go on the air in some kind of continued script called The Jones Family, the cast being made up principally of himself, his son, and Ruth Roland. Then the script was rewritten to provide a part for his wife. Just about the time that was done, Ernest announced all plans were off. His wife, it seems, had decided to sue for divorce. As it stands now, her part is going to be taken by a radio veteran, Agnes Moorehead.

Jimmy Durante, whose first attempt at being a radio star wasn't all it might have been, has for some time now been on another sponsored show—The Texaco presentation of Jumbo. A short time ago, Jimmy announced to the press that acting in the stage version of Billy Rose's mammoth circus was taking all his energies. So once more he's off the air. When he's going back to Hollywood, no one, not even Jimmy, knows. It seems that producer Rose has a contract with Durante good for eighteen months.

Radio shows on which you're likely to catch a movie star head-lining as a guest artist almost any week:

Bing Crosby's Kraft Hour, at 10 Thursday nights.

Shell Chateau, Al Jolson master of ceremonies, 9:30 P.M. Saturdays.

Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann's program, 8 P.M. Thursdays.

Hollywood Hotel, with Dick Powell, 9 P.M. Fridays.

Lux Radio Theater, 9 P.M. Mondays.

Parties at Pickfair, a national ice association's presentation, time not yet determined, but over a CBS network. The starting date is early in February. Mary Pickford is the permanent star.

(All time given is Eastern Standard)

"Girls with soft
smooth skin
have appeal..."

says
MARGARET SULLAVAN



**Don't let
Cosmetic Skin
steal away
good looks—romance!**

YOU want the
charm men find
so irresistible.
Margaret Sullivan,
lovely star of
Universal's "Next
Time We Love," tells
you how to win it.

"**U**SE all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullivan advises. This charming star knows it's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops . . . dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullivan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to

keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.



Ask The Answer Man

PATSY (Sarah Rose Mary) Kelly opened her smiling Irish eyes in Brooklyn on January 12, 1910. Attending public school she exhibited such a remarkable proclivity for being banged around by all the trucks in the environs that her mother sent her to Jack Blue's dancing school at the age of ten to keep her busy. Her first stage appearance was with Frank Fay in vaudeville at the Palace in New York. After that, she was launched as a comedienne in numerous successes, among them Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar," Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book" and other revues.

She invaded the cinema through the modest gateway of the two reeler in 1933 when she signed with Hal Roach to appear in skits as a foil for Thelma Todd. She was very fond of Thelma and they used to carry on their crazy antics even off the screen. Their pictures were very successful and Patsy has gotten bigger and better parts in "Page Miss Glory" and "Thanks a Million."

This little feminine clown is five feet four inches tall, weighs 134 pounds and has reddish brown hair. She is generous, honest, intelligent and original; cares nothing for parties; refuses to wear hats on or off the screen, never fakes her falls in pictures, and her hobby is golf.

Under contract to Hal Roach, Patsy will soon be starred in a full length comedy, "Kelly the Second."

E. YOUNG, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Fay Wray was born September 15, 1907. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 111 pounds. She is married to John Monk Saunders.

JULIE ARPIN, BERKELEY, CALIF.—John Arledge was born March 12, 1907 in Crockett, Texas. He weighs 140 pounds, is six feet tall, has blonde wavy hair, and grey blue eyes. He attended the University of Texas and was a piano player in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. He is married. His latest appearance is in "His Majesty Bunker Bean."

M. D. J., NEW JERSEY.—Frank Lawton was born in London, Sept. 30, 1904, and made his stage debut in vaudeville. His first success was in "Cavalcade." He will soon appear in "Romeo and Juliet," Norma Shearer's new starring picture.

MRS. CONRAD JOHNSTON, PILLSBURY, N. D.—We no longer publish "Stars of Photoplay."

BETTE LONGSDORF, OMAHA, NEBRASKA.—Jean Parker was born Aug. 11, 1915. Her real name is Mae Green. She is a brunette with hazel eyes, weighs 109 pounds, is five feet three. You may write to her in care of Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif. Tom Brown was born Jan. 6, 1913. His hair is brown, his eyes blue and he has freckles. He weighs 150 pounds, is five feet ten. He is not married.

His address is 20th Century-Fox Studio, Western Ave., Hollywood.

MARCELLA WORK, KY.—The above will interest you, Marcella.



Contending for the crown of the screen's craziest comedienne, it isn't at all necessary for Patsy Kelly to be as pretty as this

BILLIE LEE GORE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Francis Lederer's current picture is "The Gay Deception." His name is his own. He was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia on November 6, 1906. He is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is not married. He will soon star in "One Rainy Afternoon," and may be addressed in care of Pickford-Lasky Productions, United Artists Studio, Hollywood.

VERA GISKEE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Rene Adoree died on October 5, 1933. Perhaps if you wrote to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California, they would have a picture of her.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

The **ANSWER MAN** is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

In fairness to all, The Answer Man will not wittingly answer "contest" questions.

DOROTHY DILLEY, ALLENTOWN, PA.—Irene Dunne was born in Louisville, Ky., on Dec. 20, 1904. She weighs 120 pounds, is five feet four and a half inches tall, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. She does not have a double for her singing rôles, as she has a lovely voice—she graduated from the Chicago Musical College. She was married to Dr. F. G. Griffin of New York in 1928 and entered pictures in 1930. She played the part of *Magnolia* on the stage as well as on the screen in "Show Boat." She has also sung in "Roberta," "Irene" and "Sweet Adeline."

BETTY JANE FELIPE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The above answers your questions, too, Betty.

MISS CURIOUS, NEW YORK CITY.—Lovely Vilma Banky is no longer in pictures. She was married once only—to Rod LaRoque. They have no children.

OCTAVIA McCABE, DAVENPORT, IOWA.—Billie Burke is no relation to the late Will Rogers. She was Florenz Ziegfeld's wife. Mary Rogers is Will Rogers' daughter.

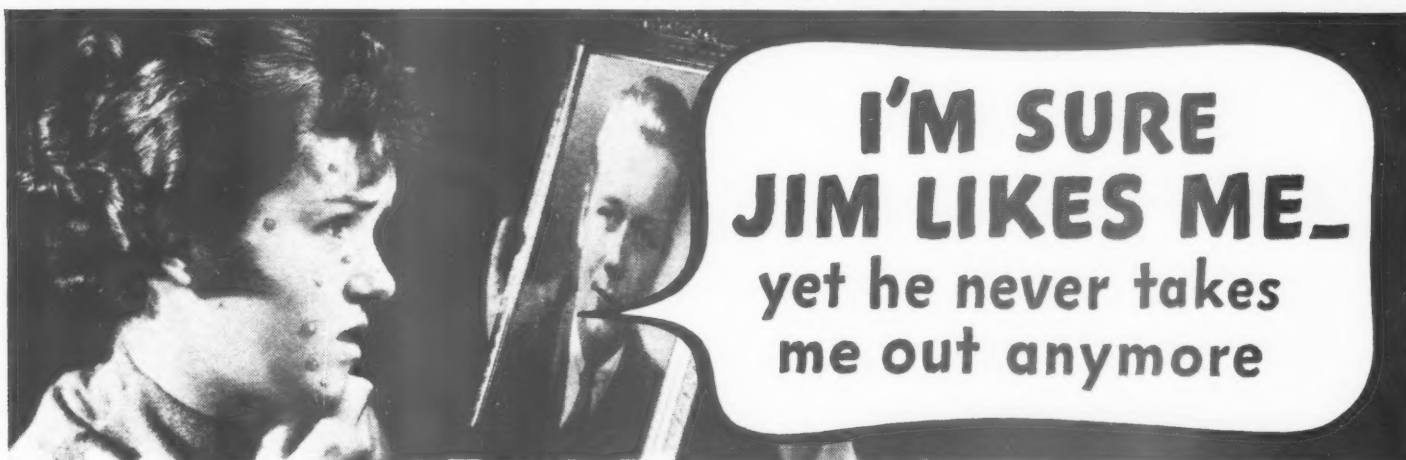
PHYLLIS MOHR, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The part of *Flavius* in "The Last Days of Pompeii" was played by John Beal. You may write to him in care of RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

EVELYN WRIGHT, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—May McAvoy has not been in pictures since 1927. She is married to Patrick Cleary and they have one child. Viola Dana occasionally plays small bits in pictures now. She is married to Jimmy Thompson, a golf professional. Anna Q. Nilsson appeared last year in "The Little Minister" starring Katharine Hepburn. Dorothy Jordan is married to Merian Cooper, the producer, and they have a small daughter. Rosalind Russell's name is her own. William Haines is not married. Thank you for your compliments on the column.

RHEA WORDEN, SALMON, IDAHO.—Frankie Darro's real name is Frankie Johnson. He was born Dec. 22, 1917, in Chicago, Ill. His first appearance was in vaudeville when he could barely walk. He weighs 111 pounds, is five feet three, with dark brown hair and eyes. His last pictures have been "Stranded" and "The Unwelcome Stranger."

MAE, GARDINER, MAINE.—There were two William Boyds in pictures. The William Boyd who died last year from a gastric hemorrhage was better known for his stage career than in pictures. The other William (Bill) Boyd is the one playing in "Hop-A-Long Cassidy" pictures. He is married to Dorothy Sebastian.

FRIEDA SWART, BATAVIA, ANTRUM, N. E. INDIES.—It's nice to hear from a reader so far away. Frances Dee is married to Joel McCrea. They have two small sons, one born in 1934, and the other one last November. Miss Dee's latest picture is "The Gay Deception." Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles on January 8, 1910.



BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—



Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again...

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Face Down

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

of harboring a fugitive from justice, will you keep my name out of it and keep Merla out of it?"

"Would I!" she exclaimed.

Peters unostentatiously slipped from the room. Jerry said sneeringly, "Don't think I'm going to play fall guy in this thing, boys."

"You don't count," Dick told him.

"I can *prove* I didn't do the killing. That's my gun there on the table. The bullets that killed Copeland didn't come from that gun."

"I hope the judge who hears you pull that hasn't got a cracked lip," Dick said.

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, except every crook who makes a kill could carry two guns, ditch the murder gun and have the same sort of an alibi. With a rap in the big house back of you, you'd make that story sound swell—maybe!"

Brent strode to the telephone, called police headquarters, handed the phone to Ruth Gelder and said, "Do your stuff, Ruth."

"This is Ruth Gelder," she said to the desk sergeant in a firm, clear voice. "My address is number 3892 Beachwood Drive. I've just found out that a man who's been visiting me in my apartment killed Dr. Granville Copeland. I'm holding him here."

Brent beckoned to Stan Whiting and Hoppy Dixon. "Come over here, boys," he said, "I want to give you the low-down."

The two operatives crossed the room to him. Dick put his hands on their shoulders, said, "Get your heads closer, boys, I want to whisper something I don't want anyone to hear."

Ruth Gelder hung up the telephone. Merla Smith screamed, "Look out!" Jerry made a flying leap for the table. His hand closed on his gun.

"A hot bunch of dicks!" he gloated, backing toward the door. "I'll drill the first guy who moves!"

Dick Brent's grip tightened about the shoulders of his two men. "Put 'em up, boys," he said, "the guy's nuts."

Their hands shot up into the air. Jerry jerked open the door, slammed it shut behind him and raced for the stairs.

Dick Brent turned a face filled with chagrin to Ruth Gelder. "Wouldn't that stop the clock!" he said.

SHE was watching the door, her face filled with consternation.

"What a big help *you* turned out to be!" Merla Smith exclaimed indignantly.

"Wait a minute," Brent said, "it's going to work out swell. When the cops come, Ruth, say he was in the bathroom when you telephoned, that he heard the conversation, pasted you on the chin and beat it."

"A sock in the eye would be better," Ruth Gelder said thoughtfully. "If I had a shanty hung on me it would show up swell in the pictures for the newspapers. Sock me, Big Boy."

Brent hesitated. Ruth Gelder, with an exclamation of disgust, said, "I wish the guy that stuttered was here. He'd do it in a minute."

She turned to Merla Smith. "Sock me, Merla," she pleaded.

Merla Smith's fist shot out. Knuckles thudded against flesh and bone. Ruth Gelder staggered backwards.

Brent jerked open the door.

"Come on, boys," he said.

The district attorney allowed Vilma Fenton to leave the building by a rear exit, thereby avoiding the newspaper reporters who had been patiently waiting for her to emerge from the regular exit. The night was clear and with a slight tang in the air. The stars blazed steadily down. There was a stir of motion in the shadows. Vilma Fenton drew back in momentary alarm as a man came toward her. Then, chin in the air, she tried to walk past him.

The man swung into step behind her.

"On your way, Johnny!" Vilma Fenton said, without looking around to see who it was.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DETECTIVE DICK BRENT was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to keep Vilma Fenton, also known as Mary Smith, lovely film star out of the investigation of Dr. Copeland's murder. Dick questions Vilma, goes to Alter's house, sees debutante Merla Smith run in screaming. "It tried to choke me!" They find Alter's body—face down—with a knife in his back. Merla denies the murder, says Copeland was a blackmailer, suggests nurse Ruth Gelder knows something. Brent says Alter's murderer was barefooted. He falls in love with Vilma, saves her from death when an unknown shouting "Revenge!" hurls a huge steel spotlight down to murder her. She is questioned by the District Attorney's office about Copeland. Brent learns Ruth Gelder is hiding someone in her home, forces his way in, finds Ruth, Merla Smith, and a man—barefooted—who tries to escape. Dick taunts Ruth as a dope addict. She insists the man "Jerry" killed Copeland, not Alter. The man savagely leaps for a hidden gun, yells "You asked for it." What happens to solve both mysteries?

Dead-Pan Peters said, "The b-b-b-boss sent me."

"Oh, it's *you*," she exclaimed.

"Yes. He w-w-w-wants you to g-g-g-go with me to a j-j-joint he's p-p-p-picked and wait for him. I have my c-c-c-car parked around the c-c-c-corner."

"But I *must* get in touch with my director."

"You can d-d-do that later. The boss said this was imp-p-p-portant."

"Why didn't he meet me here himself?"

"He was b-b-busy."

"Tell me," she asked anxiously, "is he all right? They haven't questioned him, have they?"

"Not yet."

"They're looking for him. There's a turmoil in the district attorney's office. They are all at sixes and sevens, and getting mixed up worse every minute. I picked that up from remarks I heard, and the district attorney seems to think Dick is responsible for it. The D. A.'s daughter telephoned and the D. A.'s having a fit over something she told him. They dropped me like a hot potato."

"S-S-Smart man, D-D-Dick," Peters said. Here's the c-c-car. Let's g-g-go. Dick said to order him a champagne cocktail and have it ready on the table when he c-c-came."

Peters handed her into the car, drove her to a restaurant where he had engaged a private diningroom, ordered two champagne cocktails and instructed the waiter to bring three more at exactly eight thirty. Vilma Fenton tossed

off her champagne cocktail, nibbled at a cracker, waited.

Peters produced a folded newspaper from his pocket, showed her the headlines.

"EX-CONVICT KILLS DR. COPELAND."

"D-D-Dick did that," he said.

"What?"

Peters warmed to his subject. His words flowed smoothly. "Fixed up those headlines," he said. "If it hadn't been for this convict, *your* name would have been the big news on the front page. But Dick p-p-pinned the job on this ex-convict and then gave the con a chance to escape, which makes him twice as big news than if he'd been in the cooler."

The waiter brought three more champagne cocktails. Peters looked at his watch and said, "That's f-f-funny. Dick's never late."

He regarded the bubbles geysering up from the long-stemmed glasses.

"Well," he observed, "there's no use letting these get f-f-flat. If Dick doesn't come in a minute we might as well kill these and have the waiter k-k-k-keep a watch and bring in some more as soon as D-D-D-Dick shows up."

"We can wait a minute," she suggested.

Peters shook his head. "No, he w-w-w-wanted those cocktails for eight thirty on the d-d-dot. We'll give him two m-m-m-minutes. That's more than he'd g-g-g-give me under s-s-s-similar circumstances."

He looked at his wristwatch gravely for several seconds, then picked up one of the cocktail glasses, tipped its brim toward

Vilma and said, "Let's go."

She drained her own glass. Peters picked up the remaining full glass, dumped half of it in his glass, slid the remainder across to her.

"No use letting it go f-f-flat," he said.

She hesitated a moment, then turned the glass bottom up.

Peters kept looking at his wristwatch and frowning.

"C-c-c-can't understand it," he said.

"Look here, Peters," she said, "you aren't by any chance, trying to make me drunk, are you? And where's my fur coat?"

Peter's face showed an expression of synthetic innocence.

Abruptly she pushed her glass to one side, got to her feet. The alcohol had flushed her face. "You're playing some game," she charged. "I'm going home."

She started for the curtained entrance.

"No, no," Peters pleaded, "you c-c-c-can't g-g-g-go now."

"Try to stop me!" she challenged.

Dick Brent gave his make-up one last critical survey.

He had crowded his shoulders into Vilma Fenton's Mink coat. The collar, turned up around his neck, nestled closely against the small-brimmed hat which perched on his head. The wig and hat were excellent. The coat, across the shoulders, seemed to his critical eyes to be as tight as the skin of a sausage.

He lowered his eyes to survey his feet, incased

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

"When choosing handbags
IT'S WISE TO STOP AND LOOK"

Says Rochelle Hudson



Rochelle Hudson in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN"

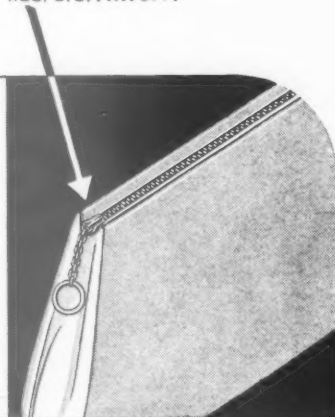
**Famous screen star chooses
only handbags featuring
the security of the new
top-lock *Talon* fastener**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

● It's an almost universal custom in Hollywood . . . picking handbags the Talon way! Screen stars refuse to bother with insecure models that make it easy to lose or drop valuables!

You, too, may enjoy the security of knowing that your handbag, once fastened, *stays* fast! The new decorative pull tabs, featured this year, make it easy for you to identify Talon-fastened models. Handbags featuring this fastener, with the top-lock, close swiftly and easily, and lock into place as they close! And when you choose Talon-fastened handbags for protection, you are bound to get a smarter, trimmer model, too.

And here's your protection — the top-lock feature! Tug at the sides of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open unless you pull the little slider.



in high-heeled shoes.

Dick dialed the number of Vilma Fenton's house. When he heard the butler's voice on the line, he said, "This is Dick Brent, the detective. Miss Fenton's been released from the district attorney's office. As soon as you see her cab pull up in front of the house, open the front door so she can run in without the slightest delay. Slam the door shut and lock it. Do you have that straight?"

With mincing steps, Dick crossed to the cab, handed the driver a five dollar bill and a piece of paper on which he had written the number of Vilma Fenton's house.

The driver swung the car into a turn, braked

the menacing body which had hurtled itself against him. He heard the swish of a knife and felt something strike his arm. Cloth ripped as the point of a dagger grazed down his arm. He freed his right hand, swung and missed.

He heard the street door open, Vilma Fenton's voice calling, "Arthur, Oh Arthur, where are you?"

At the sound of that voice, Dick sensed that the man with the knife stiffened for a moment. Dick lashed out with his left, taking advantage of that momentary opening. His fist struck the side of the man's face. He jerked his right into a savage pivot-blow, stomach high.

The man groaned once, jack-knifed for-

Dick shouted to Peters, "Get handcuffs on him, Bill."

He ran to Vilma, grabbed her arm as Bill Peters ran past the butler and snapped handcuffs on the sprawled figure.

Vilma Fenton flung her arms around Dick. "Oh," she cried, "you're hurt!"

"Forget it," Dick told her. "Keep your head. . . . Bill, the main feed wire's been tampered with. You and Arthur see if you can find the break. Telephone for the cops."

In the Jade Room a shaded candle furnished a soft, yellow light by which Vilma Fenton was bandaging Dick's wounded arm.

"I wanted to keep you out of the way," he said. "I knew Nixon would realize his time was short and stake everything on one desperate attempt. With the cunning ingenuity of an insane man, he's built some hiding place here in the house. . . . And now, young lady, suppose you tell me the truth. What hold *did* Copeland have on you?"

"He claimed I'd married Carter Nixon in Yuma several years ago. It certainly looked like my signature on the marriage license. My real name is Margaret Fahey. Nixon was violently insane. I couldn't have divorced him, yet the man's insanity didn't affect his general health. Think of what it would mean to an actress to go through life as the wife of a hopelessly insane man. And if I'd gone to court to prove the whole thing a fraud, a big percentage of my public would have thought I'd bought my way free."

HE circled her with his good arm, drew her to him. Her half parted lips sought his. He crushed her in an embrace. . . .

The door opened. The butler stood on the threshold.

"Oh My God!" he exclaimed in spontaneous dismay.

"Listen," Brent said, still holding Vilma Fenton closely, "Copeland was running a swell blackmail business. This marriage racket he ran on you was only one of his schemes."

"Jerry Edwards, Ruth Gelder's boy-friend, was going to bump Copeland off, but Frank Alter beat him to it. Alter rented offices under the name of Pixley Paper Products Company."

"Copeland was treating Nixon. He knew Nixon was incurably insane. He had his nurse pose as Margaret Fahey and go through a marriage ceremony with Nixon. Nixon had complex insane delusions, but he knew he'd married a Margaret Fahey. With the cunning of insane people, Nixon traced the real Margaret Fahey and found she was none other than you, Vilma Fenton, the motion picture actress. By that time, his disease had progressed so far that he thought you were his real wife who had denied him."

"Copeland was keeping Nixon in a private sanitarium. When you consulted Frank Alter, the lawyer recognized the possibilities of taking over Copeland's blackmail and double-crossing you. He got Nixon out of the sanitarium, held him a prisoner in his house. Nixon broke loose, killed Alter and kept trying to kill you."

Vilma Fenton laughed, that tender, throaty laughter which comes to a woman when she is supremely happy. "Let me finish bandaging that arm. *You'll* have to talk to the police. I'm half tight. . . . And get that lipstick off your face before they come."

She dabbed at his cheek with a handkerchief, her eyes proudly possessive, softly tender.

Dick said, over his shoulder, "Show the police in, Arthur," and then to Vilma, "Wipe this off too, Sweetheart," and once more pulled her warm, yielding lips down to his.

THE END



The candid camera caught Peppino and Rhoda internationally famous dancing team in the midst of their dance in "Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," the Harry Richman-Rochelle Hudson musical in work at Columbia

it to a stop, said, "Here you are, Miss Fenton."

The butler opened the door.

Dick ran down the corridor.

Without warning, the lights went out. He heard the butler stumble. Brent stopped, listening. Then he heard a slight noise. It was as though some big, powerful man, having slipped off his shoes, was stalking in grim silence down the carpeted corridor. He was reaching for a flashlight in his right side pocket when, without the slightest warning, his right hand was trapped in the side pocket of his coat. His gun, held in a shoulder holster beneath his left armpit, was jammed against his side.

He lowered his left shoulder, heaved against

ward. Dick heard Vilma Fenton's voice, raised in a scream, and running steps as someone pounded menacingly down the corridor toward him.

HE deflected the beam of his flashlight so that it showed the sprawled figure of an unshaven, bare-footed man writhing in breathless agony on the floor, a wicked looking stiletto still clutched in his twisting hand.

"Take it easy, Arthur," Dick cautioned. "The man you want is on the floor."

Vilma Fenton's voice sounded from the head of the stairs.

Bill Peters' voice shouted, "Hold 'em, Chief."

A Movie Princess sticks to LUX

"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous

BINNIE BARNES



"LUX is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed.

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders—runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

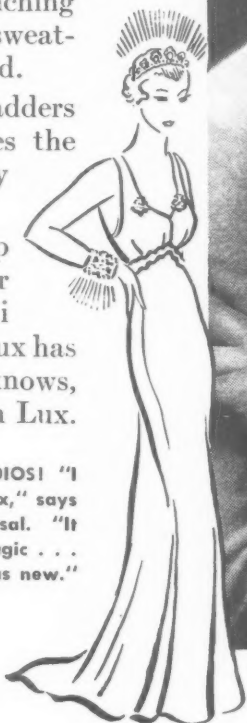
Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS! "I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic . . . colors come out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."

Hollywood says—

DON'T TRUST TO LUCK

TRUST TO LUX



Universal's "Sutter's Gold" is another triumph for Binnie. In her Hollywood home (above), she is devoted to country-house simplicity and Luxable—ranging from her own smart clothes to crisp organdie and chintz.

Binnie is keen about active sports, tailored clothes, and Lux! "It's a honey for woolens," she says. "Lux leaves them so soft! And little silk scarfs and lingerie Lux like hankies."



Top-knot Technique



Charming Helen Vinson keeps her lustrous golden hair in perfect condition by daily brushing with brisk upward and outward under-strokes



Miss Vinson uses a tonic which keeps her hair and scalp exquisitely cleansed between shampoos. Separating her hair into narrow strands, she deftly applies the clear tonic

IN between seasons is a good time to take inventory, to check your assets and liabilities.

Turn to your mirror and look yourself squarely in the face. Is your hair really doing you justice? Has it the sheen of good grooming and the aliveness of health? Is your coiffure in pleasing proportion to the rest of your figure? Does a close study of its lines make you lift your chin with proud assurance? If you can honestly answer "yes" to all these questions, go on your way rejoicing. The rest of you, please stand by.

Perhaps a new coiffure to suit your particular type is your immediate need. I'm sure we can find a flattering one. But if your hair is dull, drab and without sheen, not even the smartest coiffure can disguise that fact.

Let's divide this problem into two parts—what your hair should do for you and what you should do for your hair.

Your hair should give you individuality and charm. Blonde, brunette, auburn or in between, your hair should set you apart from the crowd. A few snips of the scissors, a soft permanent wave and a brand new hair style may alter your whole appearance, change your whole outlook on life. Isn't it worth trying?



Left, softly sculptured curls are arranged as a halo starting above a middle parting. Her coiffure is by Dumas. Miss Vinson is in GB's "The King of the Damned"

A little reciprocity now. What should you do for your hair? Are you among the strong-minded minority who has kept grandmother's rule of brushing hair for five or ten minutes every day? If not, make an investment in a good brush and really brush your hair in sweeping strokes, upward and outward from the scalp, strand by strand until your hair is polished to a glistening sheen. If your hair is dry or oily, brushing is corrective, for it strengthens the tiny muscles at the side of each hair shaft, stimulates circulation, encourages lazy or over-active oil glands to function normally. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

HOW THESE THREE HOLLYWOOD

Make-Up Secrets

Can Give You Beauty

Of course you use powder, rouge and lipstick...every woman does...but did you ever use powder, rouge and lipstick created in color harmony for your type? Read how this new kind of make-up, originated for famous screen stars, can give you youthful loveliness, too.

Hollywood Powder Secret

Gives Skin New Beauty... In creating make-up for Virginia Bruce and other stars, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius originated new color harmony shades which have proved by rigid camera tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others. This amazing discovery has enabled screen stars to know which shades dramatize their individual loveliness. Now you, too, may know exactly which colors in make-up will give you the most beauty. In powder, Max Factor has created color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade of powder will instantly enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and give you a satin-smooth finish that remains perfect for hours. Max Factor's Powder \$1.

Rouge That Gives an Exquisite Lifelike Color...

In Hollywood, where make-up is an art, rouge, like powder, is created by Max Factor in original colors that harmonize with the powder and dramatize the individual charm of blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. When you use Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade, you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, "The creamy-smooth texture makes the rouge look natural, and the color has a magic way of making the whole face beautiful." Max Factor's Rouge 50c.

New Lip Make-Up Gives

Lips Alluring Color... To give the lips of screen stars an alluring, lasting color that appears perfect even in a camera close-up, Max Factor has created a *Super-Indelible Lipstick* in color harmony shades that accent beauty in every type, and harmonize with the powder and rouge. Being moisture-proof, you may apply this lipstick to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips just as Virginia Bruce does... this gives them an even lasting color, and keeps them smooth and young. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick \$1.

VIRGINIA
BRUCE

in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"The GREAT
ZIEGFELD"



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick... mail this coupon.

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Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Postage-Free Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
NAME _____ 1-3-1
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Color <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check eye above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	

Life Begins for Eric Linden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

The history of Youth's encounter with Hollywood runs through pages that are black and crimson, golden and gray by turns. And this is because there are all kinds of youths of a million makeups and because there are all kinds of ways for Hollywood to treat them.

Yet Hollywood's eternal cry has been to Youth and Youth's answer has been eternally eager.

Eric Linden stood stiffly in the roseate circle of a pink spotlight handing out programs to the patrons of Broadway's Rivoli Theater as they shuffled to their seats. He stood thus when an acting career first crooked its fat beguiling finger at him.

He was young, impressionable, ambitious. He had worked at a dozen different jobs to scrape through two years at Columbia University. He was handy and apt, and down underneath he knew there glowed the small flame which anyone with any touch of the artist in him feels.

HE didn't know what to do about it. He had no trained talent, no skill, no flexibility of accomplished art. He had taken "elocution" at high school, and when his old teacher saw him in an usher's buttons and told him he ought to try his voice over the radio, he listened, and tried, and got a job because he had an earnest, vibrant voice with something in it.

And later, after he had shouted around in a few scenes at the Theater Guild, another friend told him he ought to run over to the RKO office and try out for a part they were trying to fill in a modern youth picture. He listened and ran over although he knew that at acting he was as raw as a March rain.

Eric Linden was that way when he came to Hollywood—raw. In the test that won him his chance in "Are These Our Children?" the only thing he knew to read was the Lord's Prayer. He was that artless in dramatic skill. He was that green.

Yet in Hollywood, when they saw him, they called him a great young actor. They said his power was polished, that he was a phenomenon of skillful ease. Ease! They didn't know. And he couldn't confess as he could now that he was terror struck when Hollywood applauded and cried for more of the same.

He couldn't tell them that he was no actor at all, that he couldn't simulate emotions without tugging at the roots of his soul, that he couldn't paint a portrait except in his own life's blood.

Naturally they fed him tragic, tense, persecuted parts. A dozen or more of them before he ran away. No other youngster could pull a hysterical, nerves-on-edge act like this young Eric Linden. The kid was something—a great young actor—you bet! Convincing.

Sure, he was convincing—why not? For everyone of the strident, desperate, tragic young bullies he played he reached down deep in his reserve of honest emotional strength and tore loose what he couldn't put back with a good night's rest.

"I had to live everything I did," Eric Linden told me. "I didn't know any other way. They said I took it all too seriously, but I had to take it that way. Nobody knew."

Many times, facing a hysterical scene the

next morning, Eric deliberately stayed up all night, drinking coffee, pacing restlessly, or roaming around town—to insure a case of taut raw nerves when morning came. He confessed this.

He couldn't trust his acting ability—he had to be hysterical.

"Life Begins," in which he played a hysterical young father, was one of the best things he did. He paid heavily for the triumph. He lived all over again what his own brother had gone through when his babies came. Eric remembered vividly the tortured moments of anxiety. The hurtling cab ride through creeping, teasing traffic to the hospital, the prayers, the pleadings, the empty, heart-gone moments of black fear, the seconds like hours.



Valerie Hobson and Binnie Barnes. Universal stars, are experts at roller skating. They exercise daily, for lo! 'tis always spring in California

He went through it all, in his brother's place. This was what they called acting.

He would try to get back to himself after each picture, walking for miles in the hills, running off up North on trips but it was a hard job feeling the natural lift of happy youth again.

"When I'd meet people, I'd drop my eyes," Eric told me, "or they'd drop theirs. I wanted to be treated like a human being."

He got to worrying about himself and fretting and stewing about life in general and whether or not all of this was worth it because really what had developed was a neurosis.

When recesses came from the heavy hysterics, the parts he played seemed like nambypamby mother's-boy parts. Eric says they were. And I guess some of them were. They made him unhappy. He didn't know how to make anything out of them. He wasn't an actor with any skill at that sort of thing. The idea grew on him that if he didn't get away his lack of training would be discovered, that he would never amount to anything, that he

would lose forever the chance of knowing himself again.

In his state, little things were big things.

He did a picture with a new, clumsy director who tried to mask his inefficiency by yelling at the actors. It tore into Eric's jangled nerves.

But he drew a new lease on his outlook, a straw to grab in his sea of despair when George Cukor singled him out to play "Laurie," a wholesome part, in "Little Women."

He banked a whole lot on it. He studied New England diction with John Lodge. He put everything he had into priming himself for what he thought might save him.

The first day he shot some scenes with Joan Bennett.

The next day Kenneth MacGowan, who was supervising the picture, called Eric to his office. He was very nice, as nice as he could be, telling Eric Linden that he wasn't going to do the part of Laurie in "Little Women." A very important member of the cast thought he wasn't quite equipped for it. Sorry.

Something bubbled inside Eric. There were too many lumps to swallow. Tears burst out and streamed down his nose. He stalked out of the office without a word and sitting straight in the seat of his car like a statue, drove away with eyes blinded by hot despair.

He went into "The Silver Cord" with Irene Dunne. He couldn't get through with it too quickly. Then he ran off to Laguna Beach to try to listen to what was going on inside him, to try to decipher the nest of noises that whirled in his head.

ERIC knew then his only hope was flight. On the drive back from Laguna to Hollywood he decided. That night he flew to New York. Next day he sailed on the *Bremen* for Paris. He stayed there just overnight, although he had never been there before in his life.

He couldn't stop running in a crowded town. On Rimiez, the highest of the hills above Nice, on the sunny Mediterranean coast of France, he found a little villa not far from an old ruined Roman forum. He could see from Antibes to Monte Carlo along the olive-terraced hills above the lacy surf line.

It was expensive, all of this, expensive for him, that is. He couldn't afford it, really. They had brought him to Hollywood for nickels and dimes, as actors' salaries go. The way they do all youngsters who haven't any name at all. They had raised him two or three times, twenty-five dollar option raises, and such. But he hadn't thought of whether or not he could afford it when he ran. He got the money, and that was that. He borrowed on a trust fund.

He thought he would write now, but he discovered what a whole lot of other young men who think they will write discover—they have lots of words but nothing to say with them.

So he collected all the books he could find, a dog, a French cook, and a bicycle and settled down to doing nothing. He did it for six months.

In all that time no one wrote him from Hollywood. He managed to think of himself as just a nice, normal, pleasant natured boy who felt the sun and saw the stars and breathed the

sea. He could laugh again with himself and at himself. What was more important, he could smile.

Only once did he hear anyone call his name, as it had been called in Hollywood. One day, picking over the fascinations of the *Galleries Lafayette* in Nice, two American girls stared at him.

"Oh," they said, "Eric Linden."

He started to drop his eyes, and then brought them up in a flicker. But he flew with long strides out of the place.

Along toward the end of his stay in Nice one of those aimless, merrily mad collections of Europe-doing young Americans swooped down on Cannes.

They were joined by a British collection from Cambridge. They met Eric and took him in on their hunt for fun.

He had never played before. They painted the Cote d'Azur a deep purple—from Spain to Italy. It was the touching off tonic Eric needed.

When the wild Indians scattered to happier hunting grounds, Eric knew he was whole again. He felt too good to convalesce any longer.

He wanted to go home. America. Work.

This time he started right—with a play in New York, "Ladies' Money."

It wasn't only the first night he was scared stiff!

"I was scared *every* night," grinned Eric Linden.

But it was a healthy fright, and he was learning things that had always before been dark mysteries to him.

How to project himself to an audience, how to get into the movement of a scene, how to employ technique, art, how to *act* without pulling his very being out and throwing it at a greedy camera.

We had lunch before we walked on the set of "The Voice of Bugle Ann."

Eric has been working pretty hard since he came back to Hollywood. On his M-G-M contract he has reeled off "Robin Hood of El Dorado" and "Ah, Wilderness," right like that.

I NOTICED that there were wrinkles in the corners of his eyes. You don't get them there from harried worry; you get them from smiles. He grinned about everything, even about the so-called unrequited romance with Cecilia Parker, which has made him out in the unhappy rôle of a discarded lover.

Eric said that now he could see a certain girl he liked in Pasadena without—thank God!—explaining away romantic blurbs in the morning papers.

I noticed too, as we ate, that the waiter wasn't exactly dozing on the job. The last time I had had lunch with Eric—two or three years ago—he had ordered a glass of buttermilk, that was all. This time he went in for solids, proteins, starches and all that, and in sizeable heaps.

That's a good sign.

A sign that this particular youth had won his particular tilt with Hollywood, even if he had to run away to do it.

If you don't think so, you should look over the plans they have for their new re-discovery at M-G-M—they open paths to glory that Eric Linden never dreamed of before.

And if you still don't think so, and are one of those material-minded people, you might steal a glance at his pay check. It's grown up while Eric was away.

Maybe the jingle is right; maybe it pays to fight and run away!



A beauty bath like **unbelievable magic!**

✿ The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate*, and it is amazingly economical.

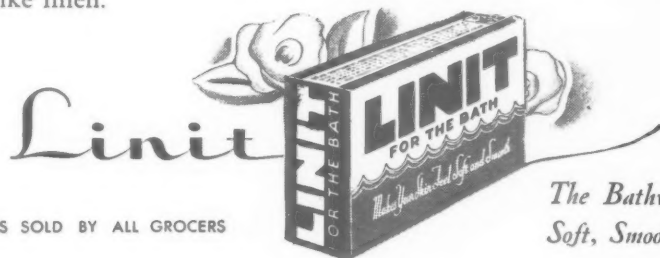
✿ Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

✿ Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin*. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

✿ And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*

Songbird in a Gilded Cage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

Pons was stricken with meningitis of the brain and very nearly died. After weeks of great anxiety, her family knew she would live, but they were told she must be sent away to a quiet place for a whole year.

After her "lost year" Lily came back to Paris, but was not allowed to return to the strenuous régime she had followed before her illness. She grew strong rapidly, however, and time hung heavy on her hands.

Lily wasn't quite fifteen when, all alone, she ventured one afternoon into the offices of Max DeArly, then in charge of the *Theatre des Varieties*. He liked her playing and her singing and the way she read lines. Also, he was clever enough to see that her complete contrast to the usual French ingenue (most of them are the voluptuous type and become ingenues at about forty!) might be a drawing card. At any rate, he told her to report for rehearsal the following week.

It took days of pleading to overcome the scandalized objections of Mme. Pons, but finally she was won over. DeArly managed to get a special permit from the government for Lily, much under the legal age for such work, to appear in "Moune," a comedy translated from the English. In this production, as well as in "Oh, Kit" and "Ohe! Cupidon" (Cupid), the diminutive Pons had the leading ingenue rôle.

HER family, however, never approved of her career and openly rejoiced when she married and settled down in Cannes, declaring she would never return to the stage.

A few months later she decided to take a few singing lessons, partly because her husband liked her voice and encouraged her to sing at home and partly because a doctor recommended the breathing exercises which would be assigned with such study. *Bon!* She would find a teacher.

Maestro Alberti de Gorostiaago soon discovered her remarkable coloratura possibilities and extraordinary range and he it was who prepared her, in six short months, for her début at the Mulhouse Opera House in Alsace-Lorraine. Alberti is still her only teacher.

A triumphant tour of the larger French cities followed that very successful début. For two years she studied and sang in the provinces of France and Italy.

During those months it became increasingly evident to Lily that fame and a career, particularly for a woman, do not go smoothly hand-in-hand with marriage. Yes, a voice like Pons' is a jealous task master. Home duties, leisure, all the accustomed modes of life, were swept away before the demands of lessons, rehearsals, concerts, constant travel. Finally, after her first season at the Metropolitan and the subsequent South American tour, Lily and August Mezritz faced the situation squarely. He was an important Dutch publisher. He could not continue to travel, as he had done so far, with his wife. There seemed to be no solution other than a complete separation of their two lives.

Lily's first trip to the United States, during which she signed a five-year contract for the Met and six-year ones for concerts and recordings, took place in the summer of 1930. She returned at once to France. By the first of the year she must be ready for the American début. Among other things, she had to learn the scores of several operas in Italian.

She is, by the way, a natural linguist. She has never studied a language. She just picks them up. Today she converses at lightning speed with American friends in a medium made up of one-third English, one-third French and one-third gestures, the last most picturesque.



After she finishes her rôle opposite Gene Raymond in "Love on a Bet," Wendy Barrie hopes to be able to take the China Clipper to see her father who is King's Counsel in Hong Kong

What she can say with those little hands! And her slang, which really must be heard to be appreciated, is guaranteed to break down the resistance of the most confirmed purist.

Lily explains her phenomenal successes in opera, films and radio very simply. "Eet ees for me," she says, "zat everyzing makes a luckee break!"

Watching the little star at home, at rehearsal,

on a shopping expedition (she loves to go out alone and buy completely mad and most becoming hats), it is hard to believe her more than a vivacious schoolgirl on a holiday. She is so tiny and always so gay and full of fun.

But one must go out to "the farm" to find Lily in the milieu she loves best, except for her real home in Cannes. The farm consists of a few acres of land, near Silvermine, Connecticut, surrounding a medium-sized rambling house of the French chalet type. Pons and Family take it by the year from Mrs. Barnum, granddaughter of the great "P. T."

The farm is headquarters whenever Lily is singing occasionally in New York. When the Met season begins, around Christmas time, she comes in to town to the Sutton Place duplex apartment overlooking the East River.

It was pleasant, last fall, to drive out to the farm, reaching there about noon on Sundays. A fire would be crackling merrily on the living-room hearth, as Lily ran through the numbers in preparation for her broadcast the following Wednesday evening. Mother Maria was there, and Maestro Alberti, and "Tiri" (Marguerite Tirindelli), Lily's invaluable secretary and constant companion.

Comfort is the keynote of the whole farmhouse. Of servants there are just enough to care for the needs of the family and the friends they love to see frequently. There is a cook who knows Miss Lily likes her salads with oil and lemon, oysters whenever she can get them, many vegetables, a bit of meat or fish once a day, but never *never* anything with chocolate lurking in it. Chocolate makes her deathly ill. There are also a butler and a chauffeur who know their mistress must be protected from extremes of temperature and from draughts, although she herself gives little thought to such matters. There is *not* a personal maid. I have never known her to have one, except in the theater for costume changes. She has a definite flair for chic dressing, buys or designs all her own clothes and can put them on in the twinkling of an eye.

LILY is not given to whims and does not pamper herself. In Hollywood she took a house with a pool and then never got into it. People thought she was afraid of catching cold. Actually, she can't swim a stroke and was ashamed to admit it.

In addition to the deadly chocolate there is but one other taboo she observes. Of course she does not smoke. But also, smoke in a room is instantly nauseating. It is probably this antipathy toward smoking which causes part of her dislike for night clubs or other public gathering places. For she loves parties and goes to many at the homes of her friends.

Not long ago I asked her what she liked most in Hollywood. She said she liked best "work . . . and only work . . . because always I did work there!" But it was work she loved. Already she is looking forward to the return to Hollywood in the fall when she is to make another picture. At this time, since all the business of film making will not be quite so new and strenuous, she hopes to find time to take a few swimming lessons in that pool on the side. So even though she must always think of her voice first, and its needs, she is able to enjoy life, fully and eagerly. The songbird in the gilded cage of operatic and cinema fame sings a gay song!

The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

chuckle in the knowledge that by calling a certain number you could bring before you a man with St. Vitus Dance; an authentic snake-charmer complete with snake and charm; a bald-headed adagio dancer; or a hag with puffy eyes and twisted mouth.

Seven thousand of these registered extras are semi-regulars—used fairly often; but 80 per cent of the entire lot fall into stock groups: Dress Men, Juveniles, bell hops, Bald Men, Comics, Police, Collegians, Butlers, Beards, Riders, Freaks, Tall Men, Short Men, Thin Men, Stunt Men, Dope Fiends (hardly genuine, of course), Military, Judges, Homely Women, Underworld Women, Pretty Women, Dowagers, Peaked Children (can you beat it?), Hawaiians, Slavic types. . . .

Finish it from your own imagination. To the studio these people are cards in a steel drawer, names that have an address, a phone, a weekly and daily salary, an age, height, weight, appearance, method of walking, a wardrobe, a beard or a double chin, maybe some experience.

YOU read, "Margaret Armstrong: 36 yrs., 5 ft. 8 in., 138 lbs.—Prim, stern, society grand dame or aunt." You read, "Mary Gordon: 45. VERY Scotch." You read about a man named Beck who looks like a Drunk; about one Mr. Melish who makes an excellent Russian Waiter.

For your disillusionment I must insert this cynical comment: tragedy and sob-stuff as linked from time-immemorial, with the word "extra" is—with the usual minority excepted, just plain hokey. These people don't eat crusts in shanties on the few-days-a-year-of-salary they draw from film work. They've got jobs of their own, most of them; they live decently, they're happy. When a studio call comes they cheerfully take a day off and spend that day dancing in a ballroom scene, or sitting in evening clothes at little tables seeing the stars work.

I watched 5,000 men and women storm the Bastille for "A Tale of Two Cities" one afternoon; and I never saw such a thoroughly delighted bunch of begrimed, painted, costumed citizens in my life. They chatted between scenes, and ran and milled about and shouted and shot off their muskets when the cameras turned. They were having fun. They loved it. Don't, as you value your self-respect, pity the extra any more.

These people, and the Garbos and Crawfords, must be correctly clothed before a foot of film may be shot. So now we are concerned with Wardrobe, situated between "Administration" and "Casting" on M-G-M's Lot I.

I spent my day of work in this great building puttering, mostly. There are rows of tables where earnest female stitchers endlessly stitch and stitch; there are more rows of tables similarly surrounded and similarly covered with cloth and patterns; and there are dresses hanging, hanging in never-ending procession past all the walls. An impression of emptiness is created by the many disembodied gowns and the hollow wire "proxies" which stand, headless, in rows.

The "proxies" are a great saving in time, and therefore in money, to the stars. There is

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one, built in exact replica of size and form, for every featured actress, so that except for final touches there is no need of tiresome fittings.

You know, of course, that the studios furnish only the women with wardrobes; the men must supply their own, except in the case of period costumes and uniforms. The third floor is devoted to these and in order that the brethren reading this feel no neglect it is well to explain that this storehouse holds 1,000 derbies; 2,000 American doughboy tin helmets; 3,500 spears; 800 Scottish kilts; any number of authentic armored pants; and 18 tailors. Larry Keethe, ex-army man, is in charge of the uniform section.

While we're on one of those amazing statistical debauches common to this series, we may as well go the whole way. Prepare then to comprehend that in the wardrobe department every year 75 seamstresses make 2,600 dresses, using 28,000 yards of cloth embracing 150 varieties and 52 color-shades; that in doing this those seamstresses use 420,000 yards or 200 miles of silk and cotton thread, as well as 10,000 buttons; and that this thread and those buttons and that cloth represent the finest product of 31 different nations visited by M-G-M buyers.

Mull it over and take a few minutes to digest. I didn't believe it at first myself.

THE actual business of wardrobing is not too complicated. Adrian, Metro's famous designer, and his associates study the script of a production and plan the gowns to be used. These they sketch in watercolors on paper and submit to the producer for approval. When the okay is returned lesser workers cut patterns of muslin and fit them to the various "proxies"; and from these evolve the striking twists of gill and genius that will set new styles all over the world in a few months.

There is so much to tell and so little space for the telling—hear my despair. You should be taken on a tour of the great cabinets in which are filed so many little feminine accessories: ribbons, jewelry, purses. You should stand for a breathless moment in the vaulted cool room where, smelling of moth-balls, a fortune in chinchilla and sable and ermine hangs.

You should go through the cedar closets, and meet Mrs. Piper who knows the glove, shoe, and hat size of every player on the lot. You should be told that two copies of every important gown are made, one hand-done from the best materials—for the star; and one machine-stitched of inexpensive cloth—for the stand-in. You should watch the hatters make hats. And you should know Mother Coulter.

Mother Coulter is a veteran costuming expert who spends most of her time on the second floor ruining dresses. The process is called "aging" and is necessary when pictures such as "Mutiny On the Bounty" and "Tale of Two Cities" are made, showing the characters dressed in old clothing. Then Mrs. Coulter and her assistants take perfectly good gowns, dip them in coffee, rub them against plaster walls, burn cigarette holes in them, and finally toss them on the floor where scuffing feet for a day or two add the last authentic touch.

So efficient are the people of this department that, given a day's notice, they can outfit 1,000 extras—in one hour.

And then they are sent post-haste for make-up.

You women who, as part of a matutinal routine, have learned to "put on your face" in the two minutes left between bath and breakfast—and even so, present to the world

a front you're darned proud of—could still learn plenty from M-G-M's make-up department head. Your peer in the realm of cosmetics is a man, named Jack Dawn, and it is his special boast that he can make any plain woman beautiful, any beautiful woman unbelievably hideous in four minutes.

Make-up, as practiced in the modern movie studio, is part art and part science but mostly genius. Its by paths are manifold and are concerned with the psychology of the individual and of the mass; its operators must have as much knowledge of line and shading and as much talent of brush as any 1936 Reynolds or Angelo; and the materials used in its process form the product of one of the world's greatest industries.

They work, fifty-two of them, in a suite of rooms along dressing-room row. Barber chairs squat in lines before great mirrors, and lights are arranged about each chair so that many different types of shadow will fall on the occupant's face. Beside every worker is a bench of materials: scores of pencils, grease-paint sticks ranging in color from light pink to deep brown. Above him hangs a rack dripping with tendrils of false hair; and on the table, round bald heads of light wood wear wigs which duplicate the famous coiffures of stars.

The white fluff there is plain cotton. The lumpy stuff is mortician's wax.

Photoplay adds another famous name to its list of eminent contributors! JAMES HILTON, author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon," has written a great feature especially for PHOTOPLAY readers. You will find his views stimulating and exciting. Watch for this interpretation of Hollywood life as seen by one of our most popular fiction writers.

In April PHOTOPLAY, out March 10th.

Tricks in this trade are many. Jack Dawn, forced to transform beautiful Jeanette MacDonald into a harridan, would douse that bright hair with water and draw it back at one side, to unbalance the face. Then quickly he would destroy the cheek-curve by painting on shadows, and make it haggard with careful spots of rouge; he would break her lovely nose with highlights, turn down her up-curving mouth with two lines, and finally shadow her jaw into slack-muscle squareness.

"I'd reverse the procedure with an ugly woman," he told me. "Of course we can't correct actual deformities—but bad mouths, thin noses, homely eyes can all be hidden by shadowing. Beauty or lack of beauty depend entirely on light and shadow, the proper relation of curves to lines. If the basic structure is good, we can do the rest."

It is in character work that the fun begins. Once, when the studios needed somebody to play Lincoln or Napoleon or any well-known historical figure, they searched about for some layman who looked like the character and signed him, regardless of whether he could act. Today, with disguise a science, the producer chooses an actor who will play the part well, and sends him to Jack Dawn.

The result: Ralph Morgan as unhappy *Czar Nicholas*, Lionel Barrymore a perfect *Rasputin*; innumerable others.

Standing beside those chairs, I watched

and asked questions—and forgot to go to lunch. I saw a deft-fingered operator work for one hour with spirit gum, hair, putty, fish-skin, sponge-rubber lips and paint; and failed to recognize in the evil-visaged medieval monk that left the room a pink-faced banker-type man who had smiled cheerily at me before sitting down.

Dawn and his assistants study historical photographs and portraits for months, sometimes, before they start experimenting with an actor's face. Such complicated make-ups take a long time—often hours—to apply, and are pretty tough to get off.

But the art is progressing every day. In the course of his necessity, Mr. Dawn has evolved a substance which has been called revolutionary in make-up circles.

It is a gelatin capable of changing the entire facial contour and yet show delicate expressions of muscle and skin beneath it. Resembling flesh, the stuff may be colored and is porous, non-injurious. Thus entire bone-structures may be built up without losing the minutest shade of meaning that may cross an actor's face.

The biggest worry to Dawn and his fellows is whether a make-up will impair its wearer's speech. The slightest stiffness or unnatural feeling even on a star's forehead causes a note of unreality to creep into his voice. And it is for this reason that false teeth are no longer plausible helps in horror-disguises.

Still, there are plenty of alternatives. Teeth may be painted out with dark enamel, pigmented cotton makes just as good scars as collodion did, and web-net toupees are lighter and incredibly life-like. There is aluminum powder to dust on hair and special shadows to be smoothed over double chins. And the public still loves to be fooled.

Do you remember the blind beggar in Garbo's "Mata Hari"? The script called for a sightless white staring eye, but M-G-M couldn't find a single person in California who had one. So it was a problem for make-up.

The only possible method was quite dangerous, so a member of the department tried it on himself. With a drop of two per cent cocaine he deadened his eyeball and then over it he spread a piece of skin from the inside of an egg-shell. The eyelid was left to slide freely up and down, the pupil was dead-white and stared satisfactorily—in fact the whole effect was so good that many theater-goers still awake screaming in the night from dreaming of it, they tell me.

I can't resist another shot at the statistics; this department uses 1,000 cans of powder, 3,000 pounds of grease-paint, 500 pounds of false hair, 20 gallons of spirit gum, and 50 pounds of assorted waxes and plastics every year. And, like the wardrobe section, it can deal with 1,000 extras in one hour.

IN the business of making a modern talkie, then, we have got the script ready, the players chosen, and everyone clothed and made-up, ready for action. But they've got to have scenes to walk across and beds to be photographed in and doors to open and exit through.

Therefore, "in our next" you will follow sets from start to finish. You will talk with Cedric Gibbons, who designs them; with carpenters who build them; with Edwin B. Willis who directs the furnishing and with Jack Moore who decorates for Joan Crawford. These people have been slaving methodically ever since the script was originally chosen, so that by the time wardrobe and make-up is complete the sets are ready too. And someone can yell, "Camera!"

The Real Truth About John Gilbert's Death

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

one long afternoon, in a New York hotel, where he was reading plays with the idea that since he was finished in pictures he might go on the stage. And he had just made what he didn't know was the fatal mistake of turning down "Men in White."

But I can only tell you that it was because if they married, he said, she wanted to retire from the screen, give up her career, buy a big ranch way away from everything, and have many children. And Jack still wanted the glamorous Garbo, and he didn't want to retire from a world which he loved so very much, nor from the life and work that fascinated him so deeply.

"If I had known——" he said, and stared out at the gray afternoon.

If he had known what it was like to lose her, perhaps no price would have been too high. But, you see, he didn't really believe that he would lose her. He thought that in the end she would come his way. She told him, when they parted forever, on the night of her birthday, "You are being a very very foolish boy, Yacky," she said. "You quarrel with me for nothing. I must do my way—as I see. But we need not part."

HE left her, sitting in her car. Without kissing her good-bye. He thought she would come back. But she didn't. And he was too proud and then—it was somehow too late. That is the way things happen sometimes.

The tragedy of Jack Gilbert is a Hollywood tragedy.

Things moved so fast. They grew so big. They came at him from all sides. And the boy never had any balance. People who give you and me what Jack Gilbert gave us don't always have balance; they aren't steady and sane and systematic. I think Hollywood never knew anyone who had so much and so little as Jack, who had so many glorious chances and so many bad breaks.

For it was just when he had lost Greta that his work, which he loved with a burning sort of passion, folded up on him, too. The talkies came and Jack got caught in them while they were incomplete.

"I was the first man ever to say 'I love you' out loud on the screen," he said moodily one night. "It ruined me. They laughed. It was something new. And the so and so and so and so machine squeaked and my voice jumped around like a so and so tenor—and you know you can survive anything but ridicule."

He fought to come back and somehow I always thought he would. We wanted him, didn't we? The boy of "the Big Parade." The dashing lover of "Flesh and the Devil." Of course we wanted him. But—things went all crosswise and Jack was partly to blame. He behaved like a temperamental idiot part of the time. Couldn't be handled. Got his feelings hurt. Fought and insulted the bosses—and all because he was so bitterly, deeply hurt inside himself. The very throbbing emotion of him, that made him what he was on the screen, defeated him because—in the end, he was just too much trouble. And when his chances came, he'd let himself go too far nervously to take them.

This young lady might
ask you a lot of embarrassing
questions

... Especially if you are in the habit of
saying, "any lamp bulb is good enough!"

ALL OTHER THINGS being equal wouldn't you prefer to protect your eyes with lamps bearing the mark of electrical leadership? *All other things being equal*, wouldn't you prefer to buy a lamp whose sight-saving qualities and economy of current consumption are protected by constant research and development? Of course you would!

But all other things are not equal. "Any lamp bulb" may easily mean one that grows dimmer and dimmer with use, though the current consumption stays the same. "Any lamp bulb" may mean an inferior lamp that burns out quickly, or that blackens easily. Buying "any lamp bulb" may mean, actually, that if the merchant who sold you the bulb wrapped it up in a dollar bill, the light it gave, for the current it consumed, would make it a costly bargain in the end.

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Funny. I can't believe he won't come back. I always thought he would. The waste of it! He had so much. But genius and that wonderful emotional charm—they don't amount to much if you can't harness them and drive them, and somewhere—after he lost Garbo—Jack lost control of the gifts God had given him.

You see, Jack had one great curse.

He knew it, because we had talked about it, often. Tried to thrash it out.

He was desperately afraid of injustice—he expected it—he was always on the look out for it.

AND that, he told me, was because he thought his mother had been unjust to him when he was a little boy.

I don't know anything about Jack's mother. I do know, that as sometimes happens, Jack loved her—and bitterly resented things that she had done to him. He carried into manhood a strange mark from his little-boy days. He never quite trusted love nor life. He was always afraid of what it might do to him. When I first knew him—I think he was about eighteen—he was all fire and defiance outside, and all sensitive shyness inside. We were kids, twenty years ago, working on the old Ince lot, and he used to come and talk to me. Afire with ambition, trembling with desire for life—and more life—but wary as a young colt. And through twenty years of friendship, I watched him grow and triumph and fail—and always I saw underneath it all that sensitiveness, that so-easily-hurt quality of him, that all his laughter—and he loved to laugh—all his acting and belligerence—he loved to fight, too—could never hide. Poor darling—he never quite grew up. And he never found in the women he loved, the mother he was always seeking.

And injustice, somehow or another, pursued him, as though the thing he greatly feared had come upon him.

He had love. He had friendship, too.

Once upon a time he was one of Hollywood's Three Musketeers. They were all young and handsome and they had decided that women gummed up a man's life and that they would not be bothered with women anymore. They lived upon a hilltop, or upon three hilltops, but in those days they were always together. One for all and all for one. That was the age-old motto of Ronny Colman and Dick Barthelmess and Jack Gilbert. They were exceedingly pleased with themselves. They gathered about them such wits and kindred spirits as Laurence Stallings (who wrote "The Big Parade") and Donald Ogden Stewart, and they had a devil of a time, doing a bit of masculine drinking, playing tennis—and talking. How Jack loved to talk. And how they loved each other, those three. As Athos, Porthos and Aramis did once upon a time.

That was a happy time.

But unfortunately they were wrong about being able to do without women.

I think it was just about then that Jack met Ina Claire—and that was a great tragedy.

I think, in many ways, that was the greatest tragedy, the worst break, of Jack's career. For had he met another kind of a woman, a woman

with more of the maternal in her—maybe not. Maybe it wouldn't have mattered.

Ina Claire, in my opinion, is the best actress on the American stage. She is also, with the exception of Dorothy Parker, the most brilliant woman conversationalist I have ever heard. She is also a most fascinating person and a charming companion.

Perhaps it wasn't her fault, perhaps it was just the way the cards were stacked. But, you see, it was like this: Jack was trying to fight his way back in the talkies. Trying to learn a new medium of expression. I remember just before they were married going on the set with him one day when he was making that terrible failure "Resurrection." And he was as nervous and as unsure of himself as a man could well be. He had his chin out a yard, he had his left up, he was fighting to keep his self-confidence, or to get it back, to find some support for the natural self-assurance and pride a man must have if he is to succeed at all. He was afraid of his lines, afraid his voice would break—it was pretty ghastly.

And Ina Claire—well, you see, Ina probably knows more about speaking lines, more about how to get shades of feeling and emotion into the voice, more about the very medium Jack was trying to master than any other woman in America. The first time Jack told me about her, and that he was in love with her, was at a luncheon in Frances Marion's hilltop home. And he called her "the most charming adult human being I ever met." But—Ina came of the New York school. She was glittering, she was brilliant. But she didn't know how to get over to Jack what she knew without reducing him to pulp. Without forcing him to defend his masculine pride. I saw it happen with my own eyes when I was with them. Everyone saw it.

Trying her best, she just didn't understand about the little boy in Jack that needed to be babied and comforted and told how good he was. She was—too adult, perhaps.

It robbed Jack of his last remnants of belief in himself—and he never got it back. Without it, he didn't amount to a damn. And that's the truth.

Virginia Bruce, his last wife, was a lovely girl, and she understood. A lot of it she understood. But it was too late, and she was too young. He told me once that he had a fondness for Virginia and an affection for her such as he had never had for any woman. But that slim, young, lovely thing, bearing his child, absorbed almost at once in motherhood—what could she do against the deep, dark depression of Jack's soul, the loneliness for his great love that grew upon him, his bitterness against life, his self-indulgence that weakened him and drove him half-mad, his idleness that lay upon him like a medieval torture?

IT was too late—and she knew it, soon. He sought peace and contentment and thought he had found it in her fair, serene loveliness, her young devotion. But the furies of the past wouldn't let him go.

It was too late when M-G-M gave him that last chance to make a picture. There wasn't strength behind that broken heart, that mortally wounded pride, to drive through. There

"The hundreds of thousands who are storming theaters to see him in 'CAPTAIN BLOOD' sense that here at last is the McCoy—a gent things could happen to as they did to Peter Blood" so says Kirtley Baskette—and then tells the adventurous history of this new star in "ERROL FLYNN'S ROMANTIC ROAD TO HOLLYWOOD." April Photoplay, on sale March 10th. Don't fail to read it!

EDITOR'S NOTE: An interesting commentary on the deep and abiding love and friendship that John Gilbert had for Adela Rogers St. Johns and her son, Richard Hyland, Jr., is the fact that Mr. Gilbert left \$25,000 to "Dicky" in a trust fund for his education . . . a truly affectionate and far-sighted gesture for the little boy of whom he once said, "I don't know that I'll ever be any good to him as a godfather."

wasn't enough fire left in the fading fires of his love of life to blaze again. The engine was worn out.

His first marriage to Olivia Burwell had been a kid marriage. "Didn't mean anything," he said.

He had been happy with Leatrice Joy. Terribly happy. But he was young and wild with success as it came and—do you remember that Leatrice separated from him just before the baby was born and wouldn't let him see his daughter? That, I said then and I still say, was hitting below the belt—and I think in time Leatrice came to know it. It marked him again, with that sense of injustice.

Jack was the godfather of my youngest son, who is now seven.

I was sitting on the beach at Malibu, watching Dicky swim one day when Jack came striding along, followed by his dogs. He sat down on the sands and we watched together, while the two-year-old battled the waves.

"I don't know that I'll ever be any good to him as a godfather," Jack said. "But, darling, don't let him be hurt while he's little. Don't ever let him think he isn't loved. Don't ever let him know what it is to be without somebody's arms to go into when things seem strange. Let him always be sure of you—and your love. Discipline isn't so important. Teaching 'em things isn't. But letting them be sure—*sure*—that you love them and will always be there and stand by, that's the important thing. Will you remember that?"

Yes, Jack, I'll always remember that.

And, my dear, I'll always remember the day you comforted me, when the best friend I had in the world had—gone where you've gone now. I'll always remember that you said, "You've lost her, but you can't ever ever lose what she meant to you. The glory of that isn't ever going to die out of your life. You had it, and nothing can take it away from you."

And I'll remember you once, a long time ago, when we were kids and I was sick and you came to the hospital and threw your week's salary envelope on the bed, in case I needed it, and in those days nobody had eating dough beyond that week's salary.

AND we'll all remember you—not as the great lover, not as the great screen star, not as the man who was hammered down by life, not even as the man who loved Garbo and whom she loved—but as the boy of "The Big Parade." The symbol of every doughboy that ever went to France and wore a tin hat.

Maybe you'll find little Renee Adoree, somewhere, in that place where you have gone, and you can sit together once more under the trees, as you did in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, and smile at each other.

And maybe faintly you'll hear the taps we're sounding in our hearts for you—*bon voyage*, Jacky. We're going to miss you desperately!

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Runaway

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"They're just a word," said Jane. "I'll read you that story now."

Corinne put her arms around Jane's neck and whispered in her ear, "Could we sit on the floor?"

"Why?" said Jane.

"We could pretend it's a picnic," Corinne said. She clasped her two small hands behind Jane's neck and tugged. "Please, please," she said, in an agony of desire. "Mother promised me a picnic on my birthday."

"We'll sit on the floor," Jane said, in a sort of strangled tone.

At one-thirty, Bob arrived. Bob, Corinne had been told, was to be her father. He was not in pictures. He lived there in Los Angeles and had a great deal of money. Corinne watched him running up the steps. He came in, threw his hat on the table in the hall, looked into the drawing room.

"Hello, Muggins," he said.

Corinne said, "'Lo. It's my birthday."

"I KNOW. I brought you something," Bob took a small package out of his pocket and gave it to her. "Is your mother here?"

"Mother's resting in her room." She stood there trying to rip the parcel open before he left the room so that they could exclaim over it together, but he was gone, running lightly up the stairs whistling to himself. She sat down and opened the parcel alone. It contained a small, shiny knot of flowers in all colors. Corinne balanced it on her hand and swallowed hard. She'd been hoping that Bob would remember what she wanted, but he hadn't. She distinctly remembered telling them all what she wanted one night at dinner. It was a set of jackstones. She'd seen somebody playing with jackstones on the set and they'd let her play and she had become quite proficient at it.

Presently her mother and Bob came downstairs together. Corinne went slowly out to them carrying the little knot of flowers in her hand. She opened the hand, smiled at Bob and said, "Thank you very much. It's awfully pretty."

Her mother's breath drew in sharply. She took the shining thing from Corinne's hand and said, "Bob, it's too divine! You shouldn't have, really. It's too much!"

"She can wear it at her next party," Bob said. He picked up his hat and looked out of doors where the car was waiting.

Alyce leaned over her and said, "How do you thank Bob for the beautiful presents he gives you?"

Corinne's two chubby arms raised themselves vertically and almost without volition. Bob leaned down and she planted a kiss on his cheek.

Alyce pulled on one glove. "Now run along, dear, and give it to Miss Carroll. Tell her mother said it should be put in the wall safe. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, mother." Corinne swung on one heel. "Mother . . ."

Alyce, half way out of the door, turned. "Yes? What is it, Corinne? Mother's in a hurry."

"Mother, could we go on a picnic Sunday?" This much was left. There'd been no picnic today, and no jackstones, but maybe, if she could look forward to Sunday . . .

"We'll talk about it," Alyce said. She was

gone, holding Bob's arm and laughing up into his face. Corinne pressed her nose against the glass pane as they drove away. Her mother was certainly a pretty mother. Nobody she knew had such a pretty mother.

She went in search of Jane. Jane was at mother's desk, bending over a list of figures. She smiled as Corinne came into the room and held out one hand as though she were welcoming her, but without speaking. Corinne stood beside her, her head on Jane's shoulder and Jane's arm around her waist, until the column had been added.

Then Jane put down her pencil and said, "Time for your nap, do you know that?"

Corinne had forgotten about the little knot of flowers in her jumper pocket. She leaned, thoughtful, against Jane's shoulder. "Mother said maybe we could go on a picnic Sunday," she said.

"That's nice," said Jane. "It'll be fun, won't it?"

Corinne murmured, without looking at Jane, "If she doesn't forget."

Jane put her in bed, pulled down the shades and left her. Corinne tossed and turned. She wasn't sleepy, not the least little bit. When you weren't sleepy, naps were terrible. There wasn't anything to do and the room was dark with the shades down. She crept out of bed softly and went to the window, pulled back the shade and peered out into the bright California sunlight. She could see the street from where she crouched. She stared at it intently. A small boy with a rent in his trouser leg strutted importantly three squares of concrete and then back, bouncing a ball. His hair was not combed. Excitement, a steady stream beyond her control rose in Corinne's breast. Perhaps he had jackstones to go with that ball. She regarded him for a long moment, then pulled up the shade and signalled frantically at him. He didn't see her. She had some wild idea of getting him up there into the nursery. But he strutted and bounced, strutted and bounced, intent on his own selfish pursuit of amusement. The horrible fear possessed her that he would go away with the ball and jackstones (she now had the deep and firm conviction that the jackstones were concealed in his grubby pocket) before he could see her signals. Her one thought was to get to him and get her hands on the jackstones. She'd trade something for them, something of her own.

SHE dressed with panic in her heart. If he only wouldn't go, if he only wouldn't go! She went down the back stairway on her tiptoes, raced across the wide lawn and crawled through the hedge. She crouched there for a moment, getting her breath. Her hand, in her jumper pocket, was sweaty and hot from holding the present Bob had given her. It had been in the pocket when she dressed, was the easiest thing to carry, and she was going to trade it for the jackstones if he'd take it. She'd made up the fiction already that it had been lost. It was an easy thing to lose. It was a lie and she knew that was wrong, but if she just said, "It's gone," that would be true, and when they asked her where she thought it had gone, it wouldn't be untruthful to say she didn't know. Because once the strutter and bouncer had it she couldn't very well know where he'd put it. Her only fear now was that he wouldn't

take it in exchange for those pronged pieces of metal which were her heart's desire.

She walked in the shadow of somebody's hedge . . . a very tall hedge . . . just opposite him and waited for him to look up.

It seemed an hour before he saw her, standing there with her hands behind her back staring at him. He strutted more pompously and bounced the ball higher. She hissed, softly, at first, and then with more volume. Presently her hissing sounded like steam escaping from a tea kettle about to burst and her face was red, her heart pounding from the effort of making so much soft noise. He looked up and seemed fascinated by the expression on her face. She beckoned, four fingers held tight together, pulling them in urgently toward her chubby little neck.

He strutted and bounced his way across the street ready to pretend that he hadn't been coming toward her at all if she made the wrong move. Corinne, in an agony of embarrassment, said, "Hello."

Then she held out her sweaty hand and opened it. "Look what I have."

He regarded the bauble with very little interest and that wavering. He said, "I can bounce this ball higher than you can because you're a girl and I'm seven years old."

Corinne said, "It's pretty. Don't you think it's pretty?" She danced from one foot to the other and her hand and the bauble pled for her. He surveyed it again. "Beads," he said, briefly and scornfully.

Corinne blurted, "Have you . . . have you got a set of jackstones?"

"Umm hmm," the boy said. He was on the point of leaving, turning around and around, for distances beckoning.

CORINNE said, agony-breathless, "I'll trade you this for them."

"I don't want it," he said.

"Could I see them? Could I play with the jackstones?"

"They're home," he said, and bounced his ball out into the gutter from where he retrieved it and continued to walk, one foot in the gutter and one out, making himself exaggeratedly lame and bouncing, bouncing, bouncing.

"Where do you live?"

Now the passion to play was upon her. There was no turning back in her perfidy, no penalty too great, she was consumed by a fire kindled by jackstones and fed by her imaginings of the slick, pronged little pieces of metal clicking one, two, three, and then scooping them all in a satisfying bunch into her small hand and feeling the hot triumph of accomplishment.

"Down here," he said vaguely, waving his hand.

She padded along beside him, her heart failing her a little when she saw that it was a great distance, and that the streets they were now traveling were narrow and dirty. He lagged, his interest caught by a thousand things. A cat, which he pursued into an alleyway and made faces at, and then, having captured it, dirty and wriggling, held it gently and stroked it and let her stroke it. A piece of chalk, abandoned by hop-sotch players, with which he laboriously drew a hideous figure and told her when he had finished that it was her picture. She dared not hurry him in these masculine diversions fearing that if she did he would run away from her, run home to his jackstones and play without her.

After a long time he led the way into a dirty little shack made of tar-paper, threw the ball into a corner. Corinne stood and looked around. "Is this where you live?"



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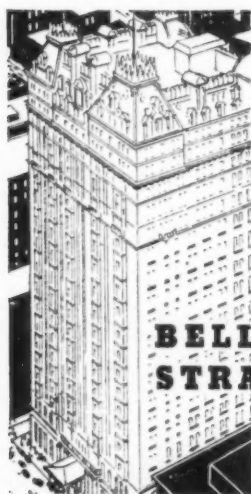
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He nodded, then went to the corner of the shack.

"Where's your mother? Is she out with your father?"

"Haven't got a mother," the boy said. He was rummaging in an old box filled with nails and bits of string.

"Where's your father? I haven't got a father," Corinne said, "but I'm going to have one. His name is Bob."

"My father works nights," the boy said. A glimmer of interest came in her new father's name. "My name is Bobby," he said.

"Mine is Corinne. Corinne Bolton. I'm a box-office sensation."

He said, "What's a box-office?" and produced the jackstones from a litter of string and bolts.

"A motion picture box-office," Corinne said, grasping for them greedily.

"I saw a moving picture once," said Bobby. "There was a man and a horse. The man got shot."

"I never get shot," said Corinne.

The sun sank lower and the Los Angeles police department was in what might aptly be termed by the unsympathetic as a state.

ALYCE Bolton, at the home of a friend, was having a proper set of hysterics lying on a chaise longue. Newspaper offices were in pandemonium. Bob Dexter was using a telephone beside the chaise longue with the desperation of a man who is trying to do five things at once without any of the necessary utensils. Between telephone calls he would assure Alyce that it was going to be all right and Alyce would burst into another long wail of terror and bury her face in lace pillows.

Jane Carroll was trying to figure it out but she wasn't getting anywhere. The bedroom was in perfect order. No huge foot had marked the windowsill or tracked dust in through the door. When the police examined the kidnap room and photographers took pictures of it, they came to the conclusion that the villain had treated the child very gently until he got her off the premises. And then . . . what? In the space of two hours a nation would be thinking . . . and then what?

While officers and detectives milled about the city, while barriers were thrown across all roads leading from the city, Corinne, squatting Indian fashion, hot and dusty, her hair disarrayed, was taking a beating in jackstones. She had lost track of time. Until Bobby threw down the ball and jackstones and said, "I'm hungry," Corinne did not know that it was dusk.

She said, "I have to go home." Panic crept up and clutched her. "I have to go home," she cried, and rose, a criminal in her own eyes, a bad girl who had sneaked out of her nap and now everybody would know it.

Bobby said, "All right."

She twisted her small hands together and stood there staring at him. "Where . . . how do I go home? I don't know the way."

"Don't you know where you live?" said Bobby.

Dumbly, she shook her head. "It's an awful long way. You brought me. You know." "I forget," said Bobby. "Will your father be mad?"

Corinne whimpered. "I haven't got any father. I . . . I just have a mother."

Her face broke and she began to cry. With a strange, awkward and embarrassed tenderness, he put his arm around her. "It'll be all right," he said. "My father comes home at four o'clock in the morning. He works nights. We'll tell him you're lost and we'll find your

mother all right. My father can do anything."

Corinne nestled against him, comforted for the moment.

He said again, "I'm hungry," and led the way out of the shack. She followed at his heels, afraid to lose sight of him. He was the one solid thing in a very unsolid world.

He turned in at another shack a few steps down the block. A woman in a shapeless dress answered his knock and said, "Oh, you've finally come. You needn't think I'm going to run down and tell you when your supper's ready. Your father don't pay me for that. You'll come when it's hot or you'll get it cold. Who's this?"

"It's a girl," Bobby said, somewhat unnecessarily. "She acts in moving pictures but she never gets shot, bang, bang! She can have half of my supper."

The woman surveyed Corinne's grimy face. "Somebody's told her she looks like Corinne Bolton."

They sat at a crude board table and ate a bowl of lukewarm stew. The woman went out of the room. She didn't come back.

They finished their stew and went to Bobby's house. Curled tight together under a blanket on the bed, they talked in whispers.

Bobby said, "Tell me about mothers. What is your mother like?"

"She's pretty," Corinne said.

"If I had a mother," Bobby said, "she'd be here now, wouldn't she? And the house would be warm."

"She might not," Corinne said. "Mothers are very busy. But Jane would be here."

Bobby was silent for a long time. Then he said, "My mother loved me so much she died for me, so I guess mothers love you a good lot."

"What's die?" Corinne said.

"It's not alive. You don't breathe any more."

"Why didn't she breathe any more?"

"Silly, it was because she died," said Bobby. "When I was born, she loved me so much that she died. My father told me. Maybe your mother doesn't love you as much as my mother loved me. Maybe it was your father that loved you and so he died."

Corinne's under-lip trembled in the dark. She said defiantly, "My mother does too love me. She . . . she kisses me. And she's going to get me a new father, too."

BOBBOY said, "Gee," and then there was a long silence. Corinne tried to think of something to say. Presently she said, "What's kidnap?"

"Men," Bobby said. "They put you in a hole and put chains on you and don't feed you. I heard about it."

"I'm going to have a kidnaper," Corinne said proudly. "They write to my mother and say I am."

"I'll come and get you," said Bobby, and then he went to sleep.

The shadows in the room were menacing. It got colder and colder. She snuggled closer to Bobby and shut her eyes, tight. Suddenly with a yell of terror she sat up. Her screams resounded in the room and she clutched the blanket and Bobby and her own little arms. "I want Jane! I want Jane! I want Jane! I want to go home!"

Bobby, schooled in the silent suffering of childhood, tried to reason with her but her screams mounted and reached a crescendo. She tumbled out of bed and stamped her foot and said, "You take me home."

"I don't know where you live. Anyway, my old man'd be mad if I went out this late. Boys that go out this late are bums. He said so."

Homesickness, at Corinne's age, is a dread disease. Home is a magnet that draws small hearts through the fire of fear, discomfort and hardship. "I'm going home," said Corinne.

"You won't find it," Bobby said fatalistically.

Corinne dug in her jumper pocket and produced the shiny knot of flowers again. "You take it," she said. "I want you to have it."

He took it and put it in his pocket. Corinne waited. He didn't say anything, so she said, "Now you have to give me something."

"What?" Bobby said.

"The jackstones and the ball," said Corinne promptly. She held her breath. She couldn't, couldn't go without them. Would he give them to her? He was delivering them into her hands. She divided the jackstones and put them in her pockets, kept the ball in her hand. Then she closed her eyes and plunged out into the dark street and ran in the direction she thought home was. She was partially right. Presently she had to stop running because she was out of breath. She trudged the dark streets hopefully, looking for a familiar landmark. She turned and twisted through dirty streets. When she heard anybody coming she hid in a doorway.

At midnight an officer found her crying in a doorway and picked her up. Corinne stiffened and cried the louder in terror. He'd put her in a hole and put chains on her and not feed her. And she was too cold to sit in a hole and she was hungry. She twisted and yelled, "Kidnap, kidnap, I've got a kidnap! I don't want a kidnaper!" He carried her, yelling, to the nearest station.

Setting her down, he said to the desk sergeant, "Another lost one."

THE sergeant took one look at the dirty face. He'd seen it many times on the screen. He bounded off his seat, caught her up in his arms and said, "Another lost one, hell! You've got the Bolton kid!" and called people, shouting until he was hoarse that she was found.

She was sleeping peacefully in the sergeant's arms when they came to get her. Kidnaping wasn't so bad. They held you and fed you hot milk and soothed you to sleep.

Her face had been washed and she was the million dollar cherub again when Alyce and Bob and Jane burst into the station. She roused long enough to say triumphantly to three haggard faces, "I've had a kidnap." They took her home and put her to bed and then the man-hunt started.

The following day they questioned her. She was seated on the nursery floor playing jacks. She scooped the jacks up now with a practiced hand. They questioned her carefully, because the poor child had had a harrowing experience and they didn't want it to make too much of an impression.

"What was the man like, Corinne?" they asked.

"O-oh, big," Corinne said.

"Did you go away in an automobile?"

Corinne shook her head.

"How did you go?"

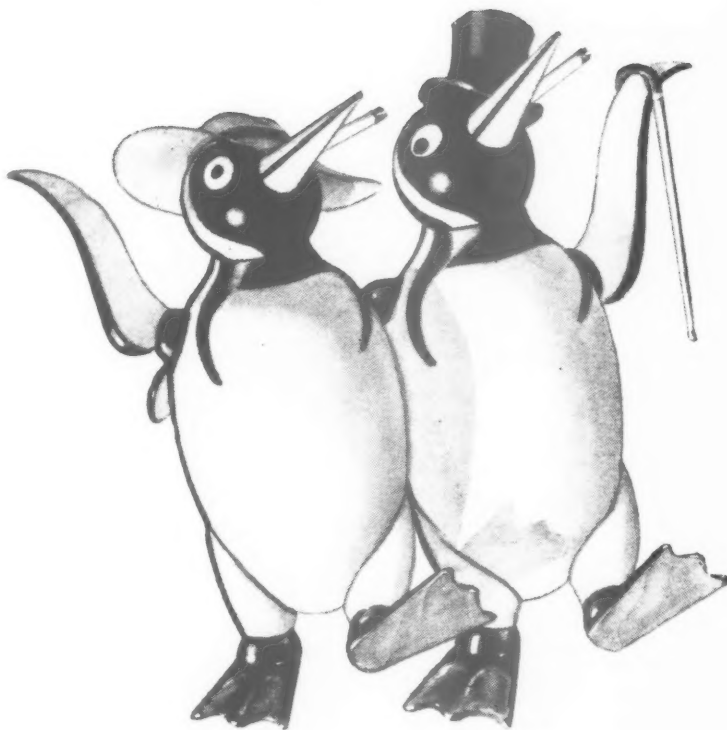
"Walked," said Corinne.

They stared at each other in amazement at the sheer nerve of the man. Corinne said vaguely, "I had a kidnap. They put you in a hole and put chains on you and don't feed you."

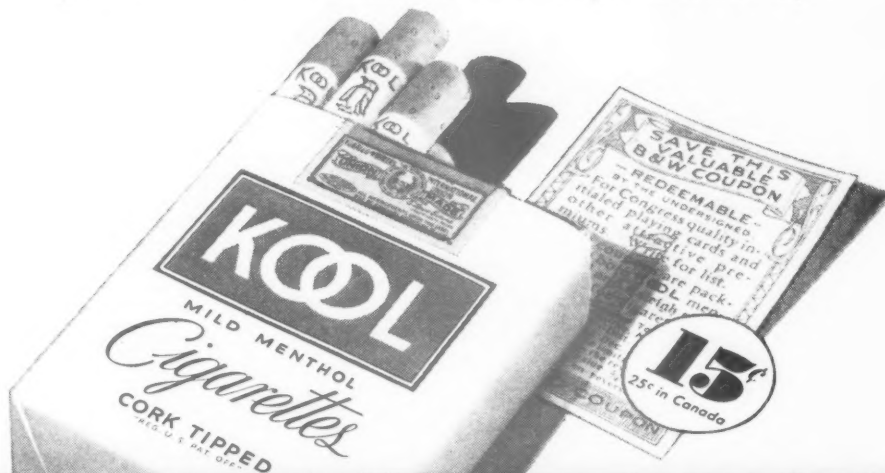
Alyce moaned and collapsed against the nursery wall. Bob said, "Did you go far, dear?"

Corinne waved them into great distances. "Oh, far away," she said.

"Where there were no houses?"



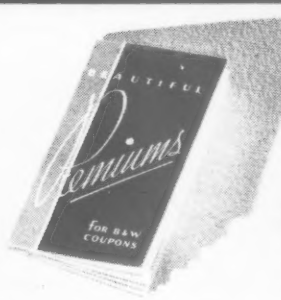
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"A lot of houses," said Corinne cheerfully. "They kept her here in Los Angeles," Bob said. "That's a start."

The police began looking for holes with chains in them.

Corinne muttered something about Bobby. "But Bob's here," Alyce said.

"No," Corinne said firmly, "Bobby."

The police started looking for a man named Bobby. A big man, who lived in, or frequented a house where there was a hole.

They had discovered the loss of the birthday gift. Corinne was determinedly blank about that. They had a description of it in every pawn-shop in the city. But it didn't turn up at a pawn-shop. It turned up at a police-station in one of the poorer sections of town. A man walked in with it, put it on the desk and said, "I found my boy playing with this. He said someone gave it to him but I think it must have been lost. I used to be a diamond cutter in Antwerp, and I know diamonds when I see them. If there's a reward..."

THEY clapped him in jail and tried to make him admit that he'd returned it out of fright. They also sent out an announcement to the effect that through tireless work and vigilance the police had captured a suspect and his confession was only a matter of hours. But the suspect was stubborn and refused to admit anything but that he was a night-watchman and they were all crazy. He also raised hell because he had a small son who couldn't be alone indefinitely. One of the officers connected with that station went to find the son.

The officer found Bobby cold and laconically resentful of a job that kept his father away from home for such a long period of time. He took him home. He had two kids of his own.

On the fourth day after the kidnaping, Alyce knelt gently before her daughter. Alyce was wearing a delicate, shell-pink velvet negligée. She had been prostrated for the press, the police department and Bob for three days, having collapsed after a brave effort to hold up in the face of the mental agony she had undergone. Interviewers had seen her, pale and wan, but smiling, amid lace pillows and satin. Tears came to her eyes effortlessly when she spoke of her dear baby and how thankful she was that it had been no worse.

Her dear baby, when interviewed, was found in the nursery playing jacks, happy, healthy and more than willing to parrot, "I had a kidnap. They put chains on you and put you in a hole and don't feed you."

Alyce knelt and said, "Darling, we're going to see a man today. You'll tell us if it's Bobby, won't you?"

Corinne said ecstatically, "I want to see Bobby!"

At the station, Alyce, Bob and Jane grouped around her protectively. The brute might lunge at her when she identified him! The erstwhile diamond-cutter-night-watchman emerged from his cell, stared at the group of

people who were staring at him and then at the officer-in-charge. Softly, Bob prompted the little girl in the center of the group. "Corinne, is this Bobby?"

Corinne said, "No." She looked around her with interest in everything except the accused.

"Think hard, now. Haven't you seen this man before?"

"Mommy's hair man," Corinne said hopefully.

There was a long silence. Alyce's hair-dresser definitely did not resemble this desperado. Alyce said, "Did this man put you..." she winced, but recovered bravely and went on. "Did this man put you in the dark and put chains on you?"

"Kidnap," said Corinne, still hopefully.

"Yes, dear," said Alyce, "kidnap."

The door opened and an officer came into the room quietly.

He took his place on the other side of the room, his hat in his hand. Corinne greeted him with a joyous yelp and lifted her arms. "Kidnap! Kidnap!"

It was Jane who lifted her clear off the floor, looked her straight in the eye and said, "Did somebody put you in a hole and put chains on you?"

Corinne grinned a friendly greeting at the officer, who had recovered from his momentary shock of being called a kidnaper and was grinning back. Corinne said, pointing, "That man gave me a drink of milk."

The diamond-cutter-night-watchman said to the officer in charge, "Pardon me... but my little boy talked about a little girl... the one that gave him the diamond pin. I've been trying to tell you..."

Jane said, "What's your little boy's name?"

"Bobby."

Alyce sank into Bob's arms with a low moan. Jane put Corinne down and said, "I think there's been some mistake. Perhaps, tomorrow the gentleman could come to Mrs. Bolton's house and bring his son?"

IT seemed only justice, the following day, that Bobby's father should be taken on as second gardener and extra chauffeur. Bobby, without effort, in the nursery, trimmed Corinne at the most exciting game of jackstones they'd had to date.

Jane paused in the doorway for a moment, unseen.

Corinne, her tongue between her teeth, grabbed the jackstones in sets of three. She was chattering, at the same time, "And we'll always live together. And Sundays we'll go on picnics and you..." here she missed her last three snatch, "you can be my dolls' father. You have to bring them presents. Fathers always bring presents..."

Jane went away again. There was a good-sized lump in her throat. It came from seeing a light on Corinne's face that nothing, not even a million-dollar trust fund, had ever put there before.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS of Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard—Next Month, in Photoplay. Joan Crawford will be on the cover and Carole Lombard will appear on the exquisite fashion color page which leads Miss Kathleen Howard's brilliant fashion section each month. You will want to save these portraits, frame them perhaps, and you will find them reproduced in such a way that they are perfect for scrap book or wall decoration. Watch for these exclusive, true-to-life natural color photos in the April Photoplay, on sale March 10th.

The Confidential Story of Bill Powell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

"Yes, and that always takes a little financing. Not that she wasn't worth it, very charming and wholesome. Beautiful, too, just the right size, and not more than seventeen. But fogged as I was by love, I could see that I was getting myself farther and farther from New York. That's when I began to think fondly of my Aunt Lizzie.

"There was no use asking my father for the money to learn how to be an actor. I might just as well have asked him to finance me into a career of lion-taming. He would simply have looked at me and wondered what kind of creature he had been rearing these eighteen or nineteen years. So, as I sat at my desk at the telephone company, slyly eating my lunch out of the top drawer, so I'd have the whole noon hour for a ten cent movie, I began to draught a letter to my aunt.

"MY great-aunt she was, and pretty well-to-do, but she had had sundry unhappy experiences in loaning money to apparently deserving young men. It was clear that she would take considerable careful approaching if she were to be persuaded to help this one. I worked a couple of weeks on the letter, and finally got it down to twenty-three pages. Then, I sat back at my desk at the telephone office and waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, after about three weeks, the phone rang. It was Mother.

"'Willie,' she said, 'there's a letter here from Mr. Gordon, your Aunt Lizzie's attorney.'

"'Well,' I gasped, 'you might as well open it and read it to me.'

"Mr. Gordon, in choice mid-Victorian language, wished to inform me that my aunt had read my letter, had discussed it with him, and had decided to lend me seven hundred dollars. Mother cried a little and I cried a little. Then, suddenly, it dawned on me that I didn't need to work any longer in that telephone office.

"I didn't even hesitate. I closed my desk, got my hat, walked up to the boss, and said:

"'I quit.'

"'Leaving?' he said, not at all excited.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, good luck to you,' he said.

"I felt fairly sure from his tone that I was not doing the telephone company an irreparable injury in leaving it the way I was, so I started for New York with a light heart."

"How about the girl?"

"Oh, we wrote regularly that first six months."

At the dramatic school, he had little trouble in passing the entrance examination. After listening to him in the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar," his professor told him that his "values" were not bad, provided, of course, he could overcome his provincial manner of speech.

This observation of the professor struck terror to Bill Powell's heart in those days; but it must amuse him now, since he not only invariably plays the man of the world in his pictures, but, because of his excellent diction, is often referred to as "one of those good English actors."

Bill's budget during his six months at the

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dramatic school included \$2.50 a week for rent, \$3.00 a week for food, and \$7.00 for miscellaneous expenses. He kept the food down to \$3.00 by eating at a Greek restaurant, where he could get dinner for twenty cents and breakfast, usually a rice pudding, for ten cents. This schedule left him \$5.00 a month out of his aunt's \$50.00 allowance—and the more or less judicious spending of that \$5.00 constituted the chief excitement of the month.

The boy knew practically no one in New York, but he soon made friends at the school, among them were Joseph Schildkraut and Eddie Robinson. Then, too, his old friend Ralph Barton followed him almost immediately to the big city. So whenever he was ready to spend his five dollar note, he always had someone to help him do it. But let Bill tell about it:

"One night, in a place called 'The Eldorado,' when we had parceled out our last \$2.00 to cover twelve drinks and a tip for the waiter, and were about to leave because we couldn't afford to stay any longer, two men and two girls at the next table asked us to sit down and have one more with them. We had no sooner joined the group than a girl employee came up and laid a small doll beside each girl's plate.

"**N**O, no!" I cried. "Bring the ladies some big dolls."

"The next thing I knew I saw in front of me a check which read '2 dolls, \$20.00.' I thought, 'What can I do about this?' My friend, Blake, was leaving the table at this point, and was laughing at me. I was mortified. The other fellow at our table had a number of checks, so, very carefully, I shoved my check under his pile while no one was looking. Blake, in the meantime, came back to the table. Soon the other gentleman started to count his checks. I began to get very warm under the collar. Finally he came to the last one, for 2 dolls, \$20.00. This started the conversation. One of the girls was wise. She said: 'Oh, that is Mr. Powell's check,' et cetera. Having let me incinerate for awhile, she then said: 'That price is atrocious,' et cetera.

"I made a feeble protest, but she insisted, so the dolls were taken back. Such humiliation!

"At the time, I was more mortified than Mr. Durante ever thought of being, but later I began to think that on the whole I had cut rather a dashing figure. At school we had a class which we called 'Life Study,' in which pupils related experiences they had had around the city, and if found suitable, the class re-enacted them into little sketches."

"I can remember the instructress saying to me:

"'Mr. Powell, from the nature of your stories, you apparently spend most of your time in a saloon!' I thought I was quite worldly, anyway, and I was fascinated by the glitter of the world."

Everything has to come to an end—and the school term and Great Aunt Lizzie's checks ran out together. Powell then returned home to renew the romance with the little girl back home.

"I often wonder what she thought of me with my city ways," he mused. "I had tried so hard to get rid of my 'provincial' accent that aunt had become 'awnt,' and car, 'cah.' I didn't wear spats, but I did swing a yellow Malacca cane, and fancied myself quite the city slicker. I stayed in Kansas City all summer, and then went back to New York to make that big money on which I was going to marry the girl."

Bill believed in shooting for the top, so he went first to the office of David Belasco. Billy Elliot, Belasco's son-in-law and a swell actor in his own right, heard the boy do his stuff, and offered him a part in "The Governor's Lady" at \$18.00 a week in New York, \$25.00 on the road. Bill had set \$40.00 as his minimum, so he stalked haughtily out. After cooling his heels in several other offices, he was offered another job at the same low figure. He then discovered that these were standard rates for dramatic school graduates, and that the only way to get more was to go easy on the schoolboy stuff.

"So when my agent, Wales Winter, sent me over to Arch Selwyn's office for a part in Hale Hamilton's starring vehicle, 'The Ne'er Do Well,' I took my life in my hands—my hope of the hereafter, too, I suppose!—and posed as an experienced stock actor from the Middle West. I got the job at \$40.00 per. But this tale, like every other, has its moral. After weeks of rehearsal, for which I received no pay, we opened in Cleveland. This was the Fall of 1912. After the first performance, Mr. Selwyn posted the two-weeks' closing notice. My career and the closing notice had started at the same time.

"I was very sad, not only because of the money, which I could use, but because the part was what I then considered a honey. It was three parts, really. In the first act, I came on as a chauffeur, and spoke three lines; this rôle I played in smooth face. In the second act, I was a purser on a ship, with moustache and goatee. In the final act, I was a Russian revolutionist in full beard. With each change, I added more hair.

"On the strength of swaggering around, and remarking casually that I had 'just closed in a Selwyn show,' I landed a vaudeville job. This lasted a week and a half. Then, another vaudeville job. A week. After each engagement, I went back to live with Ralph Barton—and after the last one, the week in vaudeville, Ralph and I went through the toughest period of our respective careers."

Barton, whom all the world was later to know as the great satirical artist of his day, had left High School during his sophomore year, and had worked first for the advertising department of a local store, and then for the Kansas City Post and the Kansas City Star. He was now in New York, full of ideas and hope, and as empty of commissions as his friend Powell was empty of jobs.

DURING this low period, the two boys lived in the old Lincoln Square Arcade Building at Broadway and 66th Street, then famous as the home of such widely different artists as Thomas Benton and Rolf Armstrong. The place was so old that on rainy days cockroaches used to come out of the walls. Bill and Ralph would shoot at them with a bee-bee gun, and after the hits, they would go around picking up the "bee-bees."

"We got down to hocking about everything we owned," Bill said, "until all we had left that was hockable were two razors, my old-fashioned long-bladed one and Ralph's new-fangled safety. The great question was 'Which should we hock first?' Finally it was mine that went, for, as Ralph pointed out, I *could* use his, whereas he might cut his throat trying to use mine.

"Among our possessions was a lead quarter. We had long debated the ethics of passing this doubtful piece of currency, but the time came when we needed food. Finally, we matched to see which would go out and try to pass the dud. I lost. So I went around to a

delicatessen store, where we traded when we had any money to spend, and bought some dried apricots and lemon wafers, also some candles, for the gas company had long since turned off the juice. The total purchases came to less than a quarter.

"VERY carefully I laid down the piece of lead on a paper, so it wouldn't ring, and as the delicatessen man started to pick it up to make change, I beat it through the front door. When I got home, I found on the mat an envelope marked 'Life Publishing Company' and addressed to Ralph. It contained a sizeable check for a drawing. The first thing we did was to lay in a stock of real food at the delicatessen, and pay for it in real money. Then we gathered our friends around us and went out on our first party in months. When we came back, we had just eighty cents!

This was the first of many checks for Barton, who began selling his sketches regularly to Life, Puck and Judge. Almost immediately, too, Powell got his first real part, that of English Eddie Greggs, the stool pigeon, in "Within the Law." After being cast for English Eddie, Bill dismissed forever the bugbear of his Middle Western "provincial" accent. "Within the Law" ran two years—and, both financially and professionally, young William Powell was now set. In the next ten years, he averaged playing forty weeks a year, which is good going in any man's acting country.

"And you married the girl from Kansas City?" I asked.

"I married, but not the girl from Kansas City. You see, the farther I went on the road in 'Within the Law,' the farther I seemed to get from the girl. It is only in poems that absence makes the heart grow fonder. It worked just the opposite way in our case, for she has long since married, and I married a girl named Eileen Wilson, whom I met in the 'Within the Law' company."

"And you were happy, too?"

"We were for a while. She is the mother of my ten-year-old boy. We weren't really compatible, though, and after a trial separation of about five years, we were divorced."

"And the boy?"

"He goes to school over in Altadena, right outside Los Angeles."

I wanted to ask Bill more about that first marriage. Why had they been incompatible, I wondered, this nice man and this girl who had been attractive enough to make him forget his first love, and had borne him a fine boy? Perhaps he knew something of what was going through my mind, for after a time he volunteered something which may account, in part, for the foundering of this early romance as well as the later one with lovely Carole Lombard.

"I never had the social instinct very highly developed. Even in my marriages, I imagine I seemed very remote. I somehow feel a tendency to isolate myself, although it is not an isolation for which I have any desire. I don't know just how to describe it."

"Loneliness?"

"NO, aloneness. I have been alone a good deal in my life, and it has had its compensations, too. I have had ample opportunity to contemplate my situation, to know when I was stuck and wasn't getting anywhere, and to figure out something to do about it. For example, after we had played 'Within the Law' about seventy-five weeks in the tank towns, I realized that I really knew very little about acting, and that I wouldn't know anything

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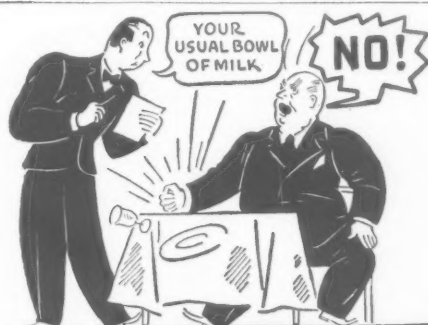
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more until I buckled down to getting ex-
perience for experience's sake. It was then
that I tackled the stock companies."

Powell's experience in this field covered
several years, and included most of the better
known companies in the United States. He
began in Pittsburgh, the old home town, with
the Harry Davis Stock Company, and went
from there to the Baker Stock Company in
Portland, Oregon. With the latter company,
he opened as a juvenile and closed as leading
man. Then followed a twenty-week season
with Jessie Bonstelle's players in Buffalo and
Detroit, two engagements with the Municipal
Stock Company of Northampton, Massachu-
setts, the only civic stock company in the
United States, and a series of other stock
engagements, which brought him back to
Northampton in the autumn of 1917.

BUT the time came in Bill Powell's "farming
out" when he decided that he should get back
to Broadway to play with really important
actors, and learn how they used "the tools of
their trade." His first and greatest teacher
was Leo Ditrichstein, with whom he appeared
in "The Judge of Zalamea" and "The King."
Then followed a series of New York engage-
ments, during which he declares he was never
farther south than Thirty-ninth Street nor
farther north than Columbus Circle.

He was getting himself well established in
the legitimate theater, when he decided to

give himself a little musical comedy experience.
There was a very successful musical play on
Broadway at the time, "Going Up," with
Frank Craven and Edith Day. The part of
Craven's friend, really his "stooge," was
open and Bill got it. He liked it so well that
he played it a year, but by that time he realized
that he was neither a singer nor a dancer,
and had better get back to something he knew.

There followed several failures, and then
the part of the menace in "Spanish Love."
This rôle really made him.

"By this time," he explained, "I had pretty
well analyzed what happens to actors. I saw
that very few people on the stage ever became
independent, or ever anticipated what was going
to happen to them in their old age. I didn't like
that. I had enough of my little Kansas City
mother in me to wish to plan for the future.
So when I ran into Director Al Parker one
day at the Lamb's Club, I gave an attentive
ear to his story of the fame and fortune that
was to be found in motion pictures.

"Al was about to do 'Sherlock Holmes' at
the old Astoria studio on Long Island—and,
to make a long story short, I went with him."

"You played Sherlock, I suppose?"

"Sherlock!" laughed Bill. "I didn't even
play Doctor Watson. But it was my start in
pictures!"

*In next month's PHOTOPLAY: the
conclusion of William Powell's fasci-
nating life story. Don't fail to read it.*

Okay Francis!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

look beneath the natural brows. The natural
unexaggerated curve of lip. The plain sweep
of hair. Compare that face with any of the
half dozen stars you know and you begin to get
the idea.

She's never acquired that smart "I'll-rap-
your-knuckles-with-my-authoritative-stand-
ing-you-underling" that permeates the cluttered
atmosphere of Hollywood. If, for one mo-
ment, Kay Francis thought she had hurt the
feelings of anyone, there would be no stone left
unturned, no trips too many to take, no deeds
too humble to perform to make amends. She
has an almost unbecoming attitude of humility
where her friends are concerned.

One day Perc Westmore facetiously an-
nounced, in the midst of one of her pictures,
that he thought he'd go away for a rest.

"What will I do?" Kay asked.

"Oh, you take Clay, my assistant," Perc
said, with a wave of his hand.

The next morning at seven, Perc arrived at
the Francis dressing room, to find Clay al-
ready at work on Kay's hair.

"Never mind, Perc," Kay dismissed him,
"I'll just keep Clay."

Perc turned and walked out. With Kay
after him like a shot.

"Look, I didn't mean it! I swear I didn't!
I was only being smart! Come back, please, I
didn't mean it!"

"Perc," she'll say, "If you've got to do
both Mr. Muni and Mr. Robinson in the
morning, supposing I come an hour earlier. I
could be here at six."

Show me the star who will not only admit
but concede the supremacy of another actor
and I'll—well, I'll show you Kay Francis.

I don't know another one.

Up to Jack Warner's office, and over to

Hal Wallis' and back to Warner's she flew one
day for the sole purpose of telling these be-
wildered gentlemen about a little girl who had
a minor part in her picture.

"I tell you that girl has something. Give
her a chance. Give her better rôles."

So if one day, little June Travis grows up
to be a famous movie star, she can well bow
her head and humbly say, "Thank you, Kay
Francis."

What makes the woman like that, I wonder,
so real in a place so unreal? Why it's almost
embarrassing! Embarrassing to behold and
embarrassing to write about. And almost
uncanny. And, oh yes. Speaking of things
uncanny, I have a story to tell you about Kay
and an uncanny something you will hardly
believe. But first:

IF, perchance, she may be, this woman, your
ideal, I'm going to jot down here a list of
things, facts not fancies, that pop into my
head about her and you can treasure them or
cast them away as you please.

She drinks more water than any man, wom-
an or child in Hollywood.

She stutters when she gets into an earnest
conversation or the least bit put out about
something.

She claims she is not well dressed on the
screen but over-dressed.

She says she is beginning to believe that
"best dressed woman off the screen" story. I
doubt if she is.

Radio microphones paralyze her. She needs
honey and tea to bring back her voice and
always manages to fall under or over some-
thing before her fright is over.

"Fruitily" is a favorite adjective. "I spend
'fruitily,'" she says in speaking of clothes.

She wears a little girl hair band off the screen.

She pretends she is superstitious, which is the only unreal thing about her I have been able to detect.

On her dressing room door over the number 47, or maybe it's 108, hangs a card numbered 66. She brought it from her Paramount dressing room, because she thinks twelve is right for her and six and six make twelve.

She won't begin anything on the tenth.

If she stubs her toe on her left foot, she immediately twirls around three times, regardless of where she is. This always makes a cozy and interesting spectacle.

She loathes soft-soapers. And knows the minute one begins

SHE never camouflages requests under "darling" and "honey." She says outright, "Will you do this for me?" (You do it!)

She radiates that feeling of companionship that is rare in a woman so lovely.

She never uses her womanly charms to take advantage. She'll argue man to man. (And loses!)

She makes people—reporters and cameramen—mad at her because she is human enough to make mistakes in judgment, and too honest to whitewash them.

She never plans one thing ahead. She's a fatalist of the deepest waters.

She'll blow up every once in a while, but can't stay mad long and won't tolerate sulkers. She'd rather be boiled in oil than take still pictures. And loathes women who can't keep away from mirrors. Primp, fluff, puff, simper. She loathes the powder brush part of her make-up. Westmore always begins some little interesting anecdote or story just before he begins to brush off the excess powder. He saves the punch of the story for the brush to keep her mind off it.

Carpenters, electricians, men on the set, go to her for advice. They or their wives want to know what Kay would do about this problem or that.

"Granny Francis with the crochet tippet," some wag termed her.

Now, that story I spoke of. In my snooping

around on the Francis trail, I kept bumping into the same strange tale about her. People spoke of it rather reluctantly for fear I'd misunderstand, I guess. Or they themselves would appear odd.

The stories all went to the effect that almost on a moment's notice, Kay Francis would suddenly appear a strange and unapproachable creature. One day she would be laughing and joking in her dressing room, with her feet tucked up under her like a kid, and the next day she would walk into the room—a stranger. A mysterious aloofish something about her that challenged the approach of anyone.

"She had become a glamorous unapproachable woman with all the sophistication of the world behind her," one lad told me.

"Well, you see Kay knows the Prince of Wales intimately," one little blonde confided. "Once in a while she's gotta act dignified."

This, of course, was too much. So I went to the man who knows her best.

"Ever hear of these odd metamorphoses of Kay's?" I asked, fully expecting to be hooted out of the place.

"Hear of them? Why, lady, I've lived through hundreds of them," he said, reducing me to a confused heap. "I can sense that mood the minute I see her, and I never speak when it's on her."

"WELL, what is it? Glamour conscious? Or dignity?"

"You want to know what's wrong with Kay then? Well, you asked and I'll tell you. It's the pain of the world riding high in her heart. She's born a woman, poor devil, in whom the tramp, tramp, tramp of the pitiful humanity finds an answering echo and the pleas of the unfortunate find a sympathetic lodging.

"Glamour? Sophistication? It has nothing to do with it.

"Oh yes, I know that mood. I know the worry and heart-ache that's brought it on. I know its climax too. It always ends with an open check book and a whispered conference of—'How much will we need?'"

"Fruitily." Tsck, tsck, what a word!



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How They Got the Quints in Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

inspected and sterilized everything that went inside the hospital.

"Our special lights were tested on the doctor and received his complete approval. The lights were evolved by cameraman Dan Clark and give a soft, blue diffused glow absolutely harmless to the tender eyes of the babies.

"Shortly before eleven Marie awakened in her baby carriage and in a short time all five of them were ready to be taken out of their Eskimo suits and be readied for the premier screen debut.

"We all had our noses and throats sprayed by Dr. Dafoe and the nurses. Cover-all gowns of sterilized cloth were worn by everyone except Miss Peterson and Jean Hersholt.

"All hands were washed with special soap, gloves were worn and masks placed over the faces of cameramen and others necessary to operate camera and sound devices.

"The first appearance of the Quints was in their unmentionables—diapers.

"Then the script called for Miss Peterson to dress the girls.

SHE was probably the most nervous person in the world as she tried to hold the girls on the table and dress them at the same time. But she came through in fine shape and it was a great scene as the little sweethearts actually played their rôles perfectly, even smiling and waving at the camera.

"It was then Hersholt's turn to dress one of the girls.

"But skip that part, we will do his scene over again tomorrow. Maybe it was stage fright as we all had it badly. One would think it was our first experience before the cameras.

"The only really fatal mishap of the day was when Hersholt was to look down at one of the babies in her crib.

"Hersholt walked over to the crib, jauntily, confident, the perfect actor that he always is...

"The camera was grinding and he was to look straight down at the baby.

"He did that all right too...

"Then the script called for him to speak a few lines...

"Precious footage was running through the camera... but no lines came from Hersholt. I looked at him and at the baby.

"The little vamp had turned her 1,000 watt, big black eyes on him and he was speechless... petrified, I believe.

"And that, I think, is the first time Hersholt has ever 'blown' his lines.

"But anyone that looks at those kids has funny things go up and down their back. It was my most thrilling hour in many years of motion picture direction."

Quite a long telegram from a director.

But that is what the Quintuplets do to people.

They are as nearly perfect as any human being ever to live.

Sweet, gorgeous, full of personality, radiant.

Henry King was not the first one to lose heart, soul, mind and feeling to the five precious kids... it's a disease. The "Quintuplet disease" that enthalls everyone and anyone who has ever had the great privilege of being near them.

The next morning I was back with the company again. And what a change!

A worried, unstrung group of people when I had left them two days earlier, the troupe from Hollywood was the happiest and the most cheerful aggregation in the world.

One day with the Quintuplets had without doubt given to one and all a new idea on life.

Through the five succeeding days when Henry King led his little band to the Dafoe hospital, the routine was about the same... that is up to the time "work" was started with the Quints.

Early in the morning, the technicians went to the hospital where they arranged their equipment in the basement.

Then at the stroke of eleven, after the babes had been brought in from the cold outside, Miss Peterson in the rôle of their nurse; Jean Hersholt as their doctor, director King, cameraman Clark and his assistants, entered the nursery to see what the ensuing hour would bring forth.

No two days were the same.

The large, bright nursery gave the starlettes every opportunity to make life miserable and joyous for the people from the studios.

On two days, Cecile became very temperamental... she refused to play with her sisters and for a short time on each of these two days, it looked as though the Quintuplets might be quads. But in the end Cecile perked up her little nose and joined in the jubilee.

Not once but a score of times, director King would place the children in position where they would appear with their pseudo nurse and doctor, but before the camera could start to grind all five of the girls would be in five different parts of the room with actor and actress hot after them... some times crawling on hands and knees in an effort to grab an elusive foot.

One of the highlights was when both Miss Peterson and Hersholt were playing with the five babies. The script called for nurse and doctor to look away for a moment from their position in the center of the floor and then pick up two of the girls.

Hersholt followed the script up to the point where he was to pick up the girls... and then there were no little girls to pick up.

EACH of the five had raced like streaks of lightning for secluded places under their individual cribs.

Maybe the camera caught that quintuplet marathon...

And possibly Dan Clark swung his camera around to show the five young actresses peering out from under their cribs at the amazed Hollywood visitors.

Certainly the sound track picked up the hilarious screams of laughter as the five starlettes seemed to take extreme pleasure in noticing the discomfort of Hersholt, King and Miss Peterson.

Both Miss Peterson and Hersholt were at their wits end most of the time as they tried to speak their lines.

They might get half way through a ten-word sentence when all five—or possibly just one—of the Quints would start a riotous clamor which would very effectively drown out the all important lines of the story.

But it was fun... especially when Dan Clark had to erect a fence around the tripod holding his cameras to prevent the babies from

beelining it to the tripod in an effort to climb the legs.

It is hard to say who was the most satisfied when the final day's shooting was completed.

Without a doubt the Quints had a merry old time and enjoyed every minute of the six hours the company was with them. Evidence of this is seen in the fact that each of the young ladies gained weight during their movie debut.

The company from Hollywood left with looks of contentment, happiness and a new glow in their eyes.

Dr. Dafoe and his two alert nurses were more than pleased with the entire experience.

Complete cooperation by film people, government officials, doctor, nurses and residents of North Bay and Callander made the entire trip one of the happiest any film company will ever experience.

AND for a simple little problem in arithmetic:

The five young ladies Dionne received \$50,000 for their six hours with the movie people . . . if my division and multiplication table is correct, these eighteen-months-old babies can easily have the title of being the world's all-time highest-paid movie stars:

Six hours for \$50,000—\$8,333.33 per hour—

The \$50,000 the babies received will be used to good purpose. Their total cash on hand now is \$123,000.

Of this amount, \$100,000 is invested in five and five and one-half per cent Province of Ontario bonds.

But it costs money to keep the babies going:

The actual monthly cost approximates \$1,000! This sum includes, among many other things: \$200 to Dr. Dafoe; \$200 to the nurses; \$100 to the parents (their former *annual income* never exceeded \$100); salaries for the two Provincial police who live at the hospital; salaries for a housekeeper and a cook (all cooking is done by electricity, so the electric bill alone each month is a healthy item); food for the staff of six which is always at the hospital; and of course the many miscellaneous items

that can always cost money for just one perfect baby.

As for Dr. Dafoe, during the nineteen months the Dionne Quintuplets have been headliners in the world's news, their modest country doctor has turned down more than \$1,000,000 in offers of varied and sundry descriptions.

A New York philanthropist offered him \$50,000 per year if he would take charge of the children's ward of a Manhattan hospital. A soap company offered \$10,000 for his endorsement of their soap; an automobile firm offered \$5,000 for his endorsement of their product.

But the doctor has spurned them all with the remark:

"I'm a doctor, and my friends and patients are up here in Callander where I expect to stay. Of course, I might be able to use some of this money that is offered to me, but after all, I am just a country doctor, and I want to stay that way."

Although the good doctor does not say it, the probable reason why he turns down the offers is that his father was also a country doctor and the thought probably goes through his mind: "I don't believe my father would have taken money from sources other than from his profession."

When that magazine offered \$5,000 for his own life story, he answered: "No, thanks. I don't see where my life would be of any interest to anyone else."

AND of course there are hundreds of readers of PHOTOPLAY who will ask the question: "What about the mother and father?"

A library would be necessary to answer this question.

But take it from one who has spent months with the mother, father, doctor and residents of Callander . . .

The mother and father are exceedingly well taken care of and—

The guardianship set up by the government of Ontario has contributed vastly to the welfare of the most popular babies in the world.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

thing is that they only make this sound while running, so on the sound stages you see little treadmills that they put the dogs on when recording is done indoors. The people of the Ozarks take great pride in these hounds, and shipped many of the best ones to M-G-M for the picture.

The hound who plays the lead in "The Voice Of Bugle Ann" is a sloe-eyed little animal named Tillie. She is a descendant of the real Bugle Ana, for there really was such a dog and this picture is based on an actual story. Sheriff Tom Basch, of Kansas City, owns Tillie and has already won prizes with her in a show at the Ambassador Hotel. When these dogs are not chasing live foxes, they have races in which a fox pelt is tied to a horse and dragged around the track to pace them.

Tillie has grown very fond of Lionel Barrymore. "My own dogs at home get jealous though," he told me. "They smell her on my hands."

The people in this courtroom scene are obviously all for Barrymore's acquittal for they can understand, even condone, this killing. But the letter of the law is just that, so while

the court clerk, out of camera range, reads the charges, Maureen O'Sullivan goes about curing her cold and crying.

From the picturesque drabness of this set, we went to watch Clark Gable and Myrna Loy perform in the midst of modern elegance. This picture is based on the Faith Baldwin story, "Wife vs Secretary." And Myrna Loy is the wife, which you might think would settle that scrap right away. But it doesn't. Because Jean Harlow, who is definitely off the platinum standard, is the secretary. What a life for that poor Mr. Gable!

IN this, he's a big shot publisher (I have some stories I'd like to sell him) who spends his nights with Myrna and his daze with Jean. I don't think the picture will be a tragedy.

Gable is still very tanned from his South American trip. He's highly enthusiastic about that land, and told me that he'd like to go back and take a crack at some of the game he could see in the mountains from his plane. He wouldn't name for publication the town down there he liked best, but he did admit that Santiago was a lot of fun.



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It developed that women knew all along that something was happening to their skins—coarsening, drying them or adding excess oil. That something is residue—oily cake left in the pores by modern dust-laden air, animal or vegetable vestiges in cosmetics. All impervious to ordinary cleansing methods! All easily softened and flushed away by a clear, pure mineral oil product, as gently as when used internally.

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This set, a New York apartment, is one of the smartest we have ever seen. In fact, Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M's No. 1 man, liked it so much that he had the girl who designed it do over his beach house. The set is done in gentle pastels, and though the color will be lost on the screen, the beauty of its arrangement and fixtures will have a lot of housewives sighing with envy.

Clarence Brown, who last directed "Ah, Wilderness," sets the camera on a little truck, pushed by men, and goes from room to room photographing the whole place. It is supposed to be early morning. First we see the butler awaken, then the chauffeur, then finally Gable and his svelt frau. Then Gable kisses his wife and goes to work and Miss Harlow. So we left for Universal.

Universal is supposed to be on the financial rocks, with rumors flying back and forth that the Laemmles, Pa and Jr., are out in the cold and the bankers in full control. But you'd never guess it from the two costly and important pictures in full swing. To get to Universal from M-G-M you drive through a canyon of the Hollywood foothills. They are still a little wild, with pepper trees and manzanita growing wild all about. And the first sound stage you enter you find the same wild growth in profusion. It's just like being outside.

FOR here is the *hacendado* of the Governor of California in the pre-gold rush days when the land was owned by Mexico. It is a handsome set, with a lot of dark and disconcerting dolls costumed for the big scene. James Cruze directs it. He's the only director in Hollywood to look like the publicized type. He wears boots, Russian riding breeches, carries a megaphone strapped about his neck and wears his cap backwards, cameraman style. He's the old harum-scarum Hollywood brought to life.

And it looks as though Mr. Cruze, best remembered for "The Covered Wagon," is going to come through with another hit. "Sutter's Gold" is the life story of the man on whose land gold was first discovered in California. Ironically, Sutter died not a rich man. Rotund Edward Arnold plays the title rôle. This is a thrilling scene to watch, being Sutter's first step on the way to fame and misfortune.

Out on the back lot, Universal is remaking that perennial favorite, "Show Boat." Just like Old Man River, this nostalgic and tuneful romance of the Mississippi keeps rollin' along. This new version has a grand cast with Irene Dunne, Allan Jones, whom you may remember from "A Night At The Opera," Paul Robeson, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger and Helen Westley. The only thing we can't understand is why the studio assigned James Whale, an Englishman, to direct this typically American offering.

For the actual showboat scenes, the studio has filled a huge ditch with water and built a complete river boat. A disillusionist at heart, we must tell you that the water is only a foot or so deep and that the boat is run on submerged wheels that glide along a track just as a train. The village, though, is surprisingly real. And all the kids in the company have a lot of fun at their work because the studio carpenters have built little rafts for them to play on.

One little child who doesn't seem to play very much is Sybil Jason who is appearing with Al Jolson at Warners in "The Singing Kid." She's a composed and precocious child. In fact, Sybil's the most serious person in the picture, which is a mad house of comedians. Sitting on the sidelines are Mitchell and Durant, who practically kill each other for laughs.

This "Singing Kid" set has so many comics they get in your hair. Allen Jenkins plays Jolson's valet and Eddie Horton is Jolson's secretary, so you can see that Al is going to have quite a time with his domestic affairs. As a matter of fact, he was in trouble—woman trouble—in the scene we watched. This is backstage—you might just as well give up and reconcile yourself to the fact that the Warner Brethren can't get away from backstage or Broadway. Anyway, Jolson is in gal trouble and he's asking secretary Horton for a bit of the smooth old advice.

Horton fidgets around with the dialogue for a while then blurts right out: "Why don't you just give women up?"

Even Jolson knows that this doesn't make sense, so he answers, "Schlemeil!" (That's Jewish for "Dope." Don't ask us how we know. We just know, that's all.)

And we must admit that Jolson knows what he's talking about when he's talking about women. You realize that when you watch the lilt and thoroughly charming Ruby Keeler dance on the next set where they're shooting the lavish ship scene for "Colleen." The scene is the interior of an ocean liner ballroom. There are about five hundred people—chorus girls and boys, dress extras and musicians—on the set. Running in great luck this month, we learned that Bobby Connelly, the dance director, is just about to shoot his most pretentious number, "You Gotta Know How To Dance."

This rhythmic and eye-filling spectacle is just about the best screen dancing since Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers started playing monkey-business with box-office records. And for once we'll stop eulogizing about the shapely morsels on the set to tell you about a young man who is quite likely to be the dancing sensation of 1936.

He is Paul Draper. He's twenty-six years old. His mother is Muriel Draper, the poet and novelist, and his father is a concert singer. So Paul became a dancer. Just like that. He says he went on the stage because he is an exhibitionist, and lazy and vain. What Mr. Draper does not say is that he has a truly extraordinary talent. His dancing is a combination of a sort of ballet and tap, a masculinely graceful skill that started the critics raving when he appeared on the stage in "Thumbs Up." If the camera fully captures his work in "Colleen," Mr. Draper is going to be an entertainer worth watching.

WRITING and arithmetic are two things we don't like. But if we ever have to return to school again, we know just the one we want to attend. It's a honey. There are only two teachers and they are Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins. As a sacrifice to her art, Miss Hopkins is wearing glasses in the film. And this is quite a risky sacrifice when you remember that the dusky Merle Oberon is her rival co-star.

The name of the picture is "We Three." It's based on the play "The Children's Hour," which shocked and thrilled New York stage audiences last season. The Hays office insisted on the title change and on many changes in the script. The picture is about a bad little girl, played by twelve-year-old Bonita Granville, who very nearly wrecks the lives of three people by her malicious gossiping.

The little girls in "We Three" have an improvised schoolroom, screened off by canvas, at the side of the set. Here they study their school work between scenes, then when Director William Wyler is ready, they have their

make-believe lessons. These children are curiously un-Hollywoodish looking and rather ashamed that they must portray such brats. While they tackled their lessons—most of them are in what is known as the awkward age—we watched Miriam Hopkins do a short, but comic scene.

She has only one line to say, it's "Oh, Aunt Lily." But quite a bit of business goes into the take. Miss Hopkins wears a simple dark business dress and over that a light blue smock. Since her feet are out of camera range, she has on comfortable old tennis sneakers.

They do everything with great thoroughness in all Sam Goldwyn pictures. Cameraman Gregg Toland held up the action for a few minutes while he had the edge of the door sprayed so that it would pick up no highlights, then Wyler rehearsed the scene a few times before he shot it.

This is what happens: Hopkins is walking down a hall when she hears a noise in a room. She opens the door to see what is the matter and finds her aunt, an ex-vaudevillean, now teaching dramatics, putting on a lavish make-up. Without saying a line, Hopkins is supposed

to register surprise, then anger, then disgust and finally, with the line "Oh, Aunt Lily," tolerant resignation. Try that on your zither sometime. Actually there is no *Aunt Lily* in the scene. Miss Hopkins has to look at the camera and the twelve or so of us draped around it. After she has done the scene about six times, she can't say anything to anyone but "Oh, Aunt Lily." It's become a stock gag with her. She sings it, shouts it, moans it and whispers it. "Oh, Aunt Lily!"

At Paramount they're making a picture with a title that might cause some embarrassing misunderstanding at the box-office. It's "Preview." The film is a studio murder mystery with Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Rod LaRoque and George Barbier in the leading rôles. This is LaRoque's first big picture in some time: But he has not been starving without the studios. He saved his money and has developed his scientific hobbies to the extent where he is visited by technical professors from all over the West. Even Einstein had a long talk with the sleek actor.

So, that's that for now. We'll see you next month.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

CEILING ZERO—Warners

WHAT this country needs is a good commercial aviation picture—and here it is! With honest characters, believable situations and flawless direction.

James Cagney is *Dizzy Davis*, irresponsible in the air, irresistible on land. Pat O'Brien is the serious, hard-driving airline boss. *Dizzy* lands at the Newark airport to steal a nice girl's heart and sends lovable Stuart Erwin to his death. How *Dizzy* makes it all up, is something you won't soon forget.

HITCH HIKE LADY—Republic

THIS is a bright, dizzy little confection with some fast and funny action. Alison Skipworth is simply grand as the poor English mother who hitch hikes her way across the country to join her convict son at his mythical "Rancho San Quentin."

FRESHMAN LOVE—Warners

NOW that college football is out of the way for another year, the collegiate movies can turn their attention to other fields of sport. In this one it's rowing—for dear old Billings and Coach Frank McHugh who bounces through several reels and much nonsense in standard McHugh fashion. Patricia Ellis' charm is employed to subsidize a couple of prize oarsmen to pull for Billings. Mary Treen contributes to the fun.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—M-G-M

WITH Beryl Mercer and Claud Allister overplaying the parts of *Mrs. Gubbons* and the bat-brained *Spoofy*, and Dick Arlen and Charles McNaughton guilty of too much restraint, this version of the three war veterans who return to find themselves officially dead and thereafter are kept plenty busy keeping out of very live scrapes proves an uninspired dud. Dudley Digges and Nydia Westman get the obvious laughs.

THE KING OF THE DAMNED—GB

THE stark staring realism and mounting suspense in this story are simply incredible. Three thousand convicts on a penal island are led to revolt by idealistic *Number 83* (Conrad Veidt) who gives up a pardon to help them, after the venality and vicious behavior of the second in command, *Montez*, (Cecil Ramage) drives them to madness and desperation.

Helen Vinson is the ill commandant's daughter who visits the settlement and falls in love with *Number 83*, though engaged to *Montez*. Noah Beery is the brutal confederate of *Number 83* who redeems himself by his bravery. The prisoners both lose and win but the ending is very satisfactory.

A hair-raising story, and not for children.

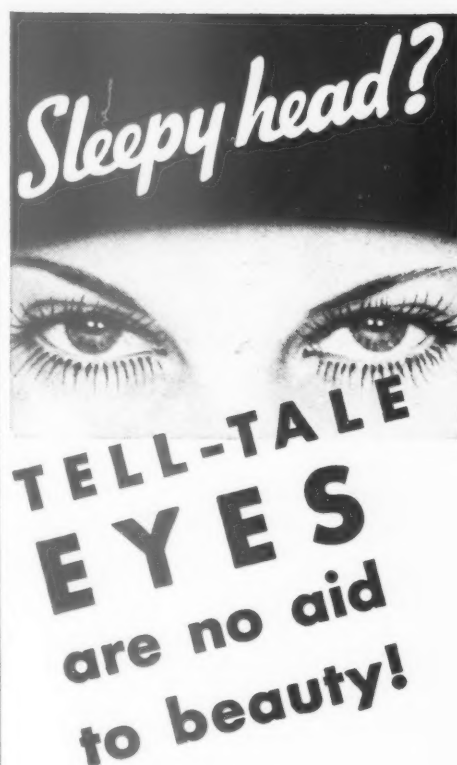
THE INVISIBLE RAY—Universal

THE Shiver and Shake Boys, Karloff and Bela Lugosi, combine their talents in this de-horrorized (by comparison with previous efforts) story of a scientist who discovers a new element astounding in its abilities to both heal and destroy. Poisoned by it so that his lightest touch is instant death, Karloff goes mad, eventually destroying himself. Lugosi is the hero this time.

THE LADY CONSENTS—RKO-Radio

YOU'LL be familiar with this one. Familiar, for one thing, with the beautiful and entirely captivating Ann Harding of "Holiday" and "When Ladies Meet." The tragedy is that this rare Ann is wasted on a too, too familiar and thread thin story—the old triangle where the understanding wife loses her husband to a scheming minx, and then, after divorcing him, sets about winning him back.

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.



OUT LATE! . . . Smoking a lot! . . . Driving into the sun! Every hour your eyes give away such innocent (but beauty-costly) secrets about you. Little lines, pink edges, cloudiness, irritation are bound to occur in a busy life — and they are ENEMIES of your appearance.

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Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

The dimples of—Shirley Temple
The smile of—Sylvia Sidney
The wit of—Una Merkel
The figure of—Jean Parker
The undefinable something of—Ruby Keeler
Forever and forever,
Amen.

DOROTHY TORRENCE, Covington, La.

\$1 PRIZE

MEDAL FOR VILLAINY

I would like to present a medal of honor to Charles Laughton for being the most convincing villain on the screen today.

His excellent portrayal in "Mutiny on the Bounty" has placed him at the head of the list.

I have never seen an actor who could make me hate him so thoroughly as Mr. Laughton does; I even forget he is just a part of the screen story and want to slit his throat or murder him in some way.

He can do more with one look, one brutal expression, than most men can do with a complete make-up of beard, spike teeth and other villain's accessories so common with the "bad men" of the movies.

My best compliments to a very fine actor and a very fine motion picture.

DORA MORRIS, Temple City, Calif.

\$1 PRIZE

THE MUSICAL'S THE THING

"The play's the thing!" That's right! We all agree on that! Today the play with the musical setting is the thing. We have had more than enough of the so-called horror pictures and their like. I think bright, snappy comedies with musical settings are the top today. The old world needs a bit of cheer to offset the unrest, the rumors and the incidental worries of the times. Isn't this so? I think so too! Give us good musicals like "Top Hat" and "Thanks a Million." That's the good old dish for a convalescent and harried world.

LEE JAMES BURT, Freemont, Ohio

\$1 PRIZE

WANTS "NATURAL" FOLK

As producers must know by now, the people who flock to see their latest achievements are ninety per cent everyday people. People who can afford a forty cent "show" a week and want to forget the darning and dishes (and sometimes themselves) for one evening.

Why then are most of the heroes and heroines such lavishly gowned and wealthy people? They seem to just hop on a yacht and arrive at some romantic spot where life is a round of cocktails and parties.

This is not the life we know. Of course, we like to see "how the other half lives", but we can read the society columns to find out.

We are interested in boy and girl romances that might happen in our own neighborhood.

"Alice Adams" is my idea of a top-notch, for it has everything happening in a natural manner and the old home looks like a dozen I've seen right on our own street

Give us more natural folks in our pictures.
MRS. R. H. BASSE, Los Angeles, California

\$1 PRIZE

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

Truly wonders never cease. When we consider that it has only been a few years since films were in the nickelodeon days it is hard to fathom the great strides the movies have taken to produce such an astonishing piece of work as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Such artistry! and such superb photography. If the immortal Shakespeare could only see his brain child now!

I was twenty when I saw my first movie. I was forty when I saw that crude effort evolve into such a miracle as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I only hope I shall live forty years more to see what I shall see.

MRS. JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

GRETA GARBO TYPED?

I saw "Anna Karenina" today, and speaking with the right of one who has never missed a Garbo picture . . . I object.

I'm beginning to believe her contract specifies unhappy endings; and I'm not one to demand a happy ending when it isn't logical. It's not the fault of Garbo, but of the producers that her box-office isn't what it used to be.

Why not give her a straight part for a change? Something like Sylvia Sidney in "Accent on Youth." Garbo is appealing and beautiful in her lighter moments, but she hasn't a chance.

Type casting has all but ruined her. If the producers are considering another costume drama for her, my advice to them is "Don't bother."

MRS. E. K. WHITESITT, Chanute, Kansas

DIVORCES BORING?

Ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience don't you agree with me that these daily divorce notices are becoming a trifle boring? Is this marriage and divorce business of the stars a game or a race such as the Canadian baby race?

One would think they could make up their minds once in a while.

It is very confusing trying to trace your favorite through a maze of marriages and divorces, separations reconciliations and what not. The actors and actresses are not helping their careers by such behavior as this.

VIRGINIA HERKOL, Excelsior, Minnesota

BOW, MISS LOMBARD, MR. MacMURRAY

Three cheers for "Hands Across the Table" that sparkling comedy-drama which captured the same elusive and delightful charm of the much lauded "It Happened One Night." So few pictures have that quality of making the audience feel that it, too, was participating in the fun.

Carole Lombard shines in all her glory in this type of rôle. Fred MacMurray rates high among my favorites. His boyish naturalness is so refreshing.

Please give us more of this rollicking team.

JOYCE SCHRET, Fargo, N. D.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDED BLISS

For *Polly Walters* and *Dr. Frederick Moran*, London physician, in Chicago.

For *Helen Keeler*, sister of *Ruby Keeler*, and *Michael Newman*, manufacturer, in the Keeler Hollywood home.

For *Ann Darling* and *Arthur W. Stebbins*, insurance counselor. Their license number was an even 20,000.

And for *Eugene (Cracker) Henderson*, *Gary Cooper's* Man Friday, and *Helen Holbrook*, *Mae West's* stand-in, after a strictly studio romance. Best man was *Sir Guy Standing's* stand-in. Matron of honor was wife of *George Raft's* stand-in.

HALOS

Sally Blane and new husband, *Norman Foster*, hope to have a gift from Heaven in June or July.

Mrs. David O. Selznick, daughter of M-G-M big shot, *Louis B. Mayer*, and her own producer husband will make it a foursome family late in the spring.

DIVORCE GRANTED

Barbara Stanwyck needed just five minutes to be legally severed from *Frank Fay*.

Mrs. Rubey Bacon broke marital ties with Director *Lloyd Bacon* after a protracted court fight.

Lina Basquette said an official good-bye to former husband *Teddy Hayes*, who used to make *Jack Dempsey* fit to fight.

Geneva Sawyer sued to discard mate *James J. Warrick*.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY

Twelve of his peers disagreed about ace dance director *Bushy Berkeley's* guilt in a triply fatal auto crash. A new trial was set. Meanwhile *Berkeley* settled \$250,000 worth of damage suits for \$95,000 cash.

Bing Crosby, *Mack Gordon* and *Harry Revel*,

tunesmiths, and *Paramount* must worry over a \$500,000 suit charging that "Without A Word Of Warning" in "Two For Tonight" was really another song, "Lady Of Love."

Carol Frink, Chicago newspaperwoman, seeks reinstatement of her \$100,000 alienation of affections suit against *Helen Hayes*. Miss Frink was the former wife of Helen's husband, *Charles MacArthur*.

Seventeen-year-old dansation, *Dixie Dunbar*, had her new \$400 a week contract with 20th Century-Fox okayed by the law.

Ted Healy spent a gray morning in the Los Angeles City Jail after a woman complained that he broke into her house and started a fire.

CANDLES

Sixty-one for thin-lipped Western hero of former days, *William S. Hart*, at his ranch at Newhall, Cal.

KNUCKLES

Flew between *Spencer Tracy* and Director *William Wellman* in an argument over a screen beauty. Kissed and made up.

NURSES

Katherine DeMille, dragged a hundred yards by a maverick parachute, skinned her arms, legs and back painfully. Laid out of *Paramount's* "Sky Parade" to patch up.

Jean Harlow sent to bed by her doctor for fatigue. Rested now.

Carmelita Geraghty suffered painful injuries and loss of blood when she fell in her home.

TRAGEDIES

Aleta Alexander, career-frustrated wife of *Ross Alexander*, ended her young life after words with Ross.

Thelma Todd found dead in her neighbor's garage to start the greatest Hollywood death puzzle since director *William Desmond Taylor's* still mystifying end.



**Lips invite
love when they're
free from**

*Lipstick
parching*

Your lips aren't kissable, if they are rough. Only satin lips are sweet—just ask any man!

Yet some lipsticks treat lips harshly. Some lipsticks actually seem to dry and parch.

The Coty "Sub-Deb" is a new kind of lipstick. It is truly indelible... warm and ardent in color... yet it smooths and softens your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



A Word to the Fashion Wise

If you feel an all-black costume is too sombre, you might add the color note as *Marlene Dietrich* did with a recent daytime frock. With a "shorter than recently" black crepe skirt she wore a printed jacket of crisp black taffeta with dusty pink figures outlined in metal thread.

The picture book ladies of Japan gave *Norma Shearer* an idea for her newest formal coiffure. The hair is parted in the center and is fashioned into smooth rolls at either side. Large chrysanthemums in copper tones (real ones, naturally) were used as ornaments.

How does the idea of velvet jewelry strike you? *Jean Harlow* has some fashioned from chiffon velvet wrapped about wire and studded with real jewels. The bracelet and necklace fasten by means of bejewelled bows. It's only for formal wear, of course.

And guess what lovely *Virginia Bruce's* newest fashion foible is? A long boa made entirely from large tea-rose silk and chiffon roses. The stems and leaves, to hold the roses together as a garland, are of taffeta. She wears it with a gown of pleated white chiffon.

Bringing the mystery of the east to the west, one of the newest trends in chapeaux is the

Chinese. Shallow coolies, tiny turbans and little mandarin bretons with chin strap effects are gaining popularity. *Marian Marsh* has one of the latter in bright red straw with a narrow black band.

Florence Rice adds color touches to her formals by a clever use of evening gloves and belts of suede in matching colors, both accented by jeweled clasps. Scarlet is most effective with gray chiffon while emerald green does worlds for black crepe.

Jean Howard's inventive mind has created an intriguing style device. She calls it her "gold belt" because of its similarity to those worn by the old "forty niners" for their money and gold dust. The belt has a number of compartments for handkerchiefs, cigarettes, powder and the rest of the knick-knacks usually crowded into a slim handbag. She carries a bag—with nothing in it!

Next time you plan to pop off somewhere by air, you can be smart as they come if you copy *Joan Bennett's* new wrap for the airplanes. It is of gay red, gray and beige tweed with a background of eggshell. It is very full in the back and plenty roomy for wearing over your tailored dresses or suits.



This beautifully illustrated guide book of the West's famous vacation regions contains descriptions of Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon-Zion National Parks, Yellowstone, Colorado, California and the Pacific Northwest. It's really a catalog of things to see and do; enables you to visualize the West and to plan a glorious vacation in the region you like best. Send for free copy today.

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A single drop lasts a week! **20¢**
To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER**, 193 Davis St., San Francisco, Calif.

God's Income Tax on Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

plainly, certain payment of God's income tax.

Ann Harding's case affords an eloquent example, and so does Ruth Chatterton's. Miss Harding began by having to choose between the career she wanted, and her father, an army-officer, who didn't approve of her wish to become an actress. Her marriage to Harry Bannister suffered the same cleavage. Bannister is an actor and producer himself—he was behind the New York revival of "The Drunkard"—but Miss Harding is responsible for the statement that the difference in their incomes finally made their union untenable. The same rub arising from the wife's greater success than the husband's, last year separated Miss Chatterton and George Brent, who declared that he couldn't bear the thought of becoming "Mr. Ruth Chatterton." I used to know Miss Chatterton pretty well in the days of her association with Henry Miller. She seemed to me shy, sensitive and restrained, and they tell me that these qualities—her dislike of parties and publicity, and her unwillingness to discuss her private affairs—has been taxed heavily in terms of popularity. She was genuinely sorry to see her second marriage go to pieces, and there are people who think her experience has put at least a temporary check upon her professional progress.

HOW many care-free chorus girls have come up from the ranks to find that the life of a movie star is not all beer and skittles? (If you can mention beer and skittles in the same breath with movie stars.) One or two of them have made the jump from my springboard. There was Mae Murray, who was screened for the first time as part of a skit I did for a Ziegfeld Follies. She was a nice girl—modest, unassuming, and light-hearted. Then she became a star, and married a prince, or something, and I wonder where she is now, and whether she laughs as frequently as she used to. Evelyn Knapp was in the chorus of a night-club scene in my own production of my own play, "Mr. Moneybags." We paid her fifty dollars a week, and she hadn't a care in the world. Douglas Fairbanks and I started together young, too. He wore his smile on the street in those days.

Joan Crawford came up from the ranks, also, tho' I'm telling that tale as 'twas told to me, as I never met her. She was sensitive about her beginnings, my oracle says, tho' I don't vouch for it. True or not, the tale is that she worked hard at self-improvement (a job few of us can afford to scorn) and became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. with what must have been a sigh of relief at having achieved marriage, home, security and a position in "the inner circle of screen society." The marriage lasted four years. Recently, of course, she is trying again with Franchot Tone, but she has remarked often that careers and domestic bliss do not go together, and, once more, she may be proved right.

Shall we hope not?

There are so many forms of God's income tax. Success always has to watch its step. The woods are full—and Hollywood no less full—of eager litigants, ambulance-chasers, fortune-hunters, and the rest of the easy-money crowd. "You go through life," an extremely prosperous author said to me once, "warding off people who think they have an

idea, and are going to be perfectly sure you stole it from them, or praying that your chauffeur won't bump into some pitiful little boy who can persuade a jury that he was the victim of wealth and arrogance." In comparison with the film stars, Irvin Cobb's celebrated goldfish enjoyed almost hermetic seclusion. They live a spot-lighted existence that has its advantages in cash and gratified ego, but there must be moments when the most avid publicity-seekers truly yearn for the peaceful obscurity of a flat in the Bronx. Maybe they don't; all I can be sure of is that twenty minutes of being a movie star would send me out shopping for machine guns.

There's another side of that, too. Spot-lights may be swell while you walk on purple carpet, but annoying when you step on a banana peel.

Greatness lives in fear of the guillotine, and, even for plain screen success, there's always that lurking banana peel. Remember Lee Tracy and his little mix-up in Mexico? "Viva Villa" was Tracy's big chance. Metro was bent on making a masterpiece. Then something happened; we needn't go into what, but the Mexicans were insulted, and the American newspapers headlined the story, and the result was a pretty general fiasco. Tracy has never really "come back." I've heard that very little of what occurred was wholly his fault, but, if it had been, that doesn't alleviate the pain. On the contrary. In a fine book, an English author wrote, "The last touch of agony is: 'I did it myself.'" Perhaps the weakness of character, the vanities and self indulgences, the incapacity for self-discipline that so often bring pride to the dust are part of the machinery of tax collecting.

THERE are collections, however, for which the payer is in no way responsible. Greta Garbo, acclaimed as the supreme artist of the screen, is the victim of a dangerous anaemia. Raul Roulien, the Latin-American idol, probably regarded Hollywood as his longest step upward to fame, fortune and happiness. Just as all three seemed within his grasp, Roulien's beautiful wife was killed by a car driven by Walter Huston's son, John. "It's all over," Roulien said—and, it seems, almost prophetically. He has done little of importance since then. Walter Huston, at the zenith of his picture prosperity, left Hollywood shortly after the accident, and hasn't returned. He has continued his stage career, but I imagine, without quite the old interest in its laurels. The recent tragic death of Thelma Todd, young, attractive and successful, is one of Hollywood's numberless examples of the toll-gates on the highway of achievement.

The fact is that, in every department of life, the higher you go, the more things can happen to you—and generally do. No one wants to stay "at the bottom of the ladder," but there isn't as much at the top as most of us think. And there are climbs few people contemplate now-a-days that—take it from an old-timer—are safer and more satisfactory. There's joy in "little" jobs, too; in doing everyday work well and lovingly; in enriching your mind, and what, for want of a better word, we'll call your soul. For these are the only riches on which neither God nor Government imposes an Income Tax.

Top Knot Technique

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Before brushing, massage your scalp, pinching, lifting and rotating with the cushions of your fingers until your scalp tingles. Never rub your scalp for you only rub away the delicate new hair. The idea is to loosen the scalp from the skull and permit the nourishing blood to reach the hair roots.

One of the foremost hair authorities cautions against shampooing hair too often. Every two weeks is often enough, so I was told. There is a special soapless shampoo which is effective in areas where the water is hard. If you have a favorite shampoo, but find difficulty in rinsing it thoroughly from the hair, there is a new product which is marvelous for your last rinse. A few drops in a glass of warm water, rub through your hair and rinse, and your hair is immaculate.

If your hair is too oily or too dry, there are specific tonics to use in between shampoos to cleanse your hair and scalp and correct the annoying conditions. Apply it as Helen Vinson does, separating your hair into strands and

applying the tonic directly to your scalp. Wipe the hair with a turkish towel to remove excess moisture, then brush, cleansing your brush often by wiping it with a towel.

There is an oil for reconditioning hair, which if used for a few weeks before or after your next permanent wave, will insure it a long and healthy life.

How is your complexion checking up? Is your skin clear and glowing or is it dry from too much exposure to wind and weather or overheated rooms? Let's freshen it up a bit with the aid of a beauty mask which will help to solve your complexion problems.

There are a number of new conditioning treatments used by the Hollywood stars that I wish I had space in which to tell you about them. I shall have to save them for my new leaflet which you may have by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

On the Spot News

Anne Shirley has finally won her mother's permission and is learning to fly under the tutelage of the 19-year-old ace pilot, Cecile Hamilton.

Dick Powell has had to build a high wall around his Toluca Lake home, shutting off the view of a lovely orchard. Sightseers won't leave his grounds alone, even going so far as to bathe, uninvited, in his swimming pool.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, spiking the divorce rumors, left for a five-weeks vacation, the first Ginger has had in more than two years. The destination is a deep secret this time, thus stymying the studio from recalling her for added work.

Walt Disney blushed when the French consul kissed him after presenting Mr. Mickey Mouse with a Legion of Honor citation.

The Dick Powell-Joan Blondell attachment was stronger than ever last time anyone looked.

Charlie Chaplin submitted his new picture, "Modern Times," to the Hays office and they cut out six scenes, supposed to be "vulgar."

Olivia de Havilland has been sent to the hospital for observation. Not feeling well.

Edmund Lowe has sold his Beverly Hills house—the last house where he and his late wife, Lilyan Tashman, lived.

Clark Gable is so thrilled about his new custom built Duesenberg car that he rides around in all his spare time honking at people he knows.

Jean Harlow and Virginia Bruce have decided to swap houses for a few months. Jean wants a smaller one and Virginia wants a bigger one.

Eric Linden went for an acre and a half near Lake Arrowhead to build a self-designed home named "Ah, Wilderness."

Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor can't see enough of each other during the day, but are keeping out of public spots at night.

After finishing "Cissy," Grace Moore deserts Hollywood until next fall. She'll do a concert tour of the East and Europe.

Wynne Gibson has bought a racehorse.

Mary Pickford's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks was final the day she started her first new Pickford-Lasky picture, "One Rainy Afternoon."

The Addison Randall-Glenda Farrell romance is much cooler.

John Boles just bought one of the choicest business corners in Beverly Hills for \$130,000 cash.

The Thelma Todd case and investigation left Margaret Lindsay with a nervous breakdown. She's out of "Murder by an Aristocrat."

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are stepping out in public again.

Shirley Temple is having lots of trouble with her loosening baby teeth.

Mary Carlisle is back from Honolulu and James Blakeley is back from New York.

Marlene Dietrich's next picture's title has been changed from "Invitation to Happiness" to "I Loved a Soldier."

Alice Faye and Billy Fiske are giving each other heart melting glances.

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Every face gives off skin moisture. That's a natural function of the skin, especially around the nose where glands are highly active and where skin moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, to clog pores, to form floury blotches—to make your nose conspicuous.

So change at once to Luxor. It's so moisture-proof that it won't even mix with water in a glass. Try it and see for yourself. Then try it on your face. Notice the fine moisture-proof protection it gives the skin—effective, attractive, lasting.

Luxor's smart new shades are flattering with a natural effect. They are carefully blended to enhance skin tones. Luxor powder bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping because it is so pure and does everything we say.

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A generous flacon of La Richesse, a smart new intriguing fragrance. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for 55c, the price of Luxor powder alone. Insist on Luxor.



55c
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This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

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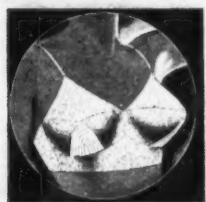
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The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

SAY what you will about Miss Elaine Barrie (pardon, *Ariel*)—the young lady has a way about her, especially where Mr. Barrymore is concerned.

When she first came out to Hollywood, Don John was reported to be running out back doors when she came in front ones. But it was only a few days until he was actually helping her find a house! And they do say that Caliban and Ariel are very chummy again—at least in a professional way—and John may play the good fairy for her career in spite of all those signed front page newspaper stories a while back.

WHEN a young man under ten takes an interest in food, and when a young lady over twenty takes an interest in men—you can be reasonably sure that they're getting well.

Loretta Young's recovery from her recent indisposition is a *fait accompli*, if the above means anything. She's running around again on the arms of attractive Hollywood suitors. One of the gentlemen with a slight inside track seems to be Bernard Newman, the expert gimp and gusset guy, who designs all the fashions you see in RKO pictures.

"STAND-INS" for stars are an old story now but to Shirley Temple goes the honor of having the first "dance-in."

Little Marilyn Harper pirouettes and taps through Shirley's routines while lights and so forth are being tested. Then Shirley, fresh as a daisy, steps into the dance you see on the screen. Bill Robinson, Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell please note.

NOT that it will do you much good, you all being as far away from Hollywood as you are, but it might interest you to know that those old relics you clear out of the attic or basement every year—Aunt Mattie's brass bed with the dent in it where Joe played drums with a hammer, or that horse hair couch where you sat when Oscar popped the question thirty years ago—are darned near worth their weight in Hollywood gold.

With the cycle of pictures of 1910 and thereabouts, there's been a mad rush for authentic furnishings. Even those pre-war atrocities, the "kewpie doll," have a real value now. Second-hand furniture dealers who had foresight enough to give the discarded stuff room are reaping a nice harvest.

IN case you care, Merle Oberon, Sam Goldwyn's Galatea, has finally broken out with a few opinions on Hollywood-ites.

Marlene Dietrich, says Merle, is the perfect film star. Norma Shearer is the nicest of them all, Virginia Bruce the No. 1 blonde beauty, Dolores Del Rio the No. 1 brunette beauty, Fredric March the nicest man to work with, Miriam Hopkins the nicest girl to work with, Herbert Marshall a real man and real actor, Fred Astaire and Sam Goldwyn the best dressed men, and American men in general not so dominating as their English brothers.

That's covering the field.

AN official looking communication arrived recently for Joan Crawford from a foreign fan publication. As a special treat for her numerous fans, it said, the magazine wished

to include two hairs from her head with each copy of the new issue. Would she be so gracious as to oblige?

Amused, Joan was about to "oblige" when a thought struck her. She hurried to check up on it.

The circulation of the magazine was 100,000!

LIKE the man biting the dog, it's news when a fan gives a star a photograph—and of himself at that! But it happened to Charles Starrett the other day.

He was accosted by a 12-year-old girl as he was leaving Columbia studios.

"Here," she said, proffering him a neatly framed photograph of himself. "I took this at the football game the other day and thought you might like to have a copy." Then she scurried away before he could say boo.

A thank-you box of candy awaits her if Starrett can locate her. All she has to do is bring the original photograph for identification purposes.

HOME life in Hollywood is more than an institution—it's a fetish.

Chester Morris went a few miles from Hollywood on location the other day. And the next day his wife brought the babies down, so Chester wouldn't become lonely for the hearthside.

And Richard Boleslawski, the director, whose duties took him a few hours away from the little woman—clear down on the desert, got a phonograph record from home in a day or so.

It was a record of his infant hopeful yowling! His wife had sent it so he wouldn't be homesick!

JUST when Mary Brian, according to foreign dispatches, admits that she and Buddy Rogers are serious about it at last, a perfectly grand royal intrigue pops up.

Mary has been receiving visits from none other than Eddie Windsor, or the Prince of Wales to you—after performances in her London show.

Which shows one thing, that the Prince hasn't lost his good taste.

IF you've ever been privileged to watch Hollywood's pre-eminent masculine director, John Ford, shooting a picture, you have felt for his laundress. For Ford mangles a handkerchief to bits with nervous chewings as the cameras grind. Probably the washerwoman gets the blame.

Anyway, Mrs. Ford decided to put a stop to this. She made some inexpensive squares for set chewing only.

Ford arrived on the set, his pockets dutifully stuffed with phony chewers.

As a big scene approached, he glanced around the set. "Where's my handkerchief?" he wanted to know. And he finally got one—a nice linen one of his own.

You can't fool an old handkerchief eater with phony squares.

Incidentally John Ford possesses one of the sweetest names in Hollywood. His real handle is Shamus O'Fearna.

He dumped it overboard for plain John Ford. Isn't that a crime? What a wonderful name—Shamus O'Fearna.

Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5]

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KIND LADY—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Aline MacMahon regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who imprisons her in her own home. Suspense, and not for kiddies. (Feb.)

KING SOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

LADY TUBBS—Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor-made for her, that of a railroad camp cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Douglass Montgomery, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray Heartily recommended (Sept.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Reminiscent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (Nov.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M.—Relating a mighty Polynesian hunter's fight for love. Authentic South Sea settings. A charming idyll. (Feb.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The aged triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Dec.)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

★ **LITTIEST REBEL, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple weeps, sings and dances as the daughter of John Boles, a Confederate army captain. Bill Robinson too. You'll like it. (Feb.)

★ **LOVE ME FOREVER**—Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carrillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful song-bird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

MAD LOVE—M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Europe's excellent actor, Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish cunning to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who starts a million dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brooke, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the meek man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go to the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

★ **MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—The dramatic vicissitudes of a feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sydney, Melvyn Douglas and Allen Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (Jan.)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

MEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton heads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

★ **METROPOLITAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer, than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (Jan.)

MIDNIGHT PHANTOM—Reliance.—Fairish entertainment with Detective Reginald Denny solving a murder committed in police headquarters. Competent cast with Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes. (Feb.)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hours. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweetheart team. (Feb.)

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warners.—The team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell skitter through a lightweight comedy about a popularity contest. Broad comedy, but monotonous. (Feb.)

MISTER HOBO—G.B.—George Arliss being him self in a delightful tale of the highway. Gene Gerrard Viola Keats and an excellent supporting cast. (Feb.)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez, fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical faux pas. (Jan.)

MUSIC IS MAGIC—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real troupin' in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—M-G-M.—Magnificent sea saga culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh, Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny, and Franchot Tone as Midshipman Byam. Superb acting, direction, scenery and cast. Don't miss it. (Jan.)

MY MARRIAGE—20th Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor and Paul Kelly help a weak and confusing picture of society versus underworld tangled up by several murders. (Feb.)

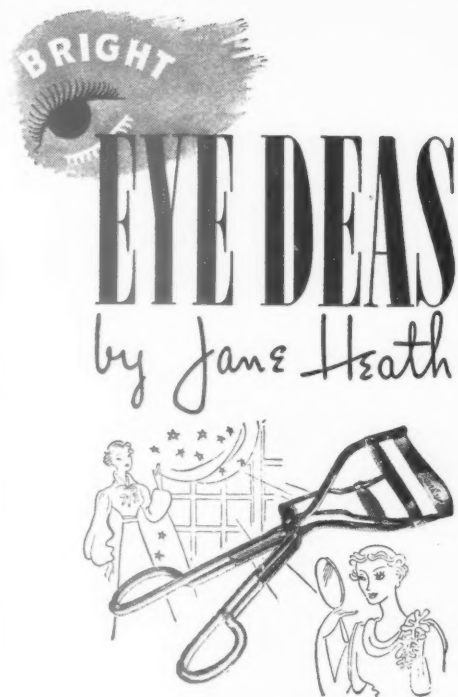
NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a cattle war. Grand scenery and Kathleen Burke. (Feb.)

★ **NIGHT AT THE OPERA**—A-M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B.I.P.-Alliance.—Worthwhile entertainment as a faithful screen translation of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage fame, gives a magnificent portrayal of the villainous Quilp. (Sept.)

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality high-lights a poorly constructed picture of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Jan.)



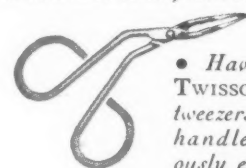
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O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY—M-G-M.—The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers brings laughs and tears in this homely little story of an orphan's adventures in New York. Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. (Jan.)

★ **PAGE MISS GLORY**—Warners.—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms out as beauty contest winner, *Dawn Glory*, promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

PETER IBBETSON—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of *Peter Ibbetson*, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the *Duchess of Towers*, Ann Harding. (Jan.)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RACING LUCK—Winchester-Republic.—An unpretentious stock racing story with novel twist. William Boyd, Ernest Hilliard, Barbara Worth. George Ernst in the cast. (Feb.)

RAVEN, THE—Universal.—Absurd mélange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bela Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Intelligence Department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (Jan.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield.—Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Feb.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—RKO-Radio.—The perennial mystery of Baldpate Inn with a new ending and modern wisecracks. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia.—A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing roles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIP CAFE—Paramount.—Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (Jan.)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER**—Warners-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gaiety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY**—20th Century-Fox.—This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount.—Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic.—A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees' help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (Jan.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPLENDOR—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Wife, Miriam Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast including Pat Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (Feb.)

STAR OVER BROADWAY—Warners.—Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songstress Jane Froman. (Jan.)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

★ **STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE**—Warners.—An unusually strong picture of the struggles, disappointments and success of the French scientist who proved the germ theory. Paul Muni excellent as *Pasteur*. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Foy Prod.—A spotty film with a cast of native African tribesmen acting out their struggle for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn, Brian Aherne in a whimsical, merry mad pointless story with charming acting and scenes. Cary Grant in a crook comedy rôle steals the picture. (Feb.)

★ **TALE OF TWO CITIES, A**—M-G-M.—Dickens' French Revolution story, rich in spectacular glamour. Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton who redeems a mis-spent life. Elizabeth Allan and a talented cast. Very worth while. (Feb.)

★ **THANKS A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul White-man, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only a few of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Jan.)

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN—M-G-M.—Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan capering as music hall favorite with English Cecely Courtneidge. Competent cast. (Feb.)

★ **39 STEPS, THE**—GB.—Exciting entertainment when Robert Donat, falsely accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save himself and, by coincidence, Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. You'll like it. (Sept.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

\$1000 A MINUTE—Republic.—A "broke" reporter, Roger Pryor, gets the job of spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think when you are suspected of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.—This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionaire and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

TO BEAT THE BAND—RKO-Radio.—Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical hodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**—GB.—Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic.—Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FISTED—Paramount.—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns buttle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT—Paramount.—Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

TWO SINNERS—Republic.—Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount.—Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

WELCOME HOME—Fox.—Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grafter who feels the call of home, and protects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gilded partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Warners.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—RKO-Radio.—An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer's gang and a brawny but dumb sleuth, Preston Foster. Reporteress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic.—A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

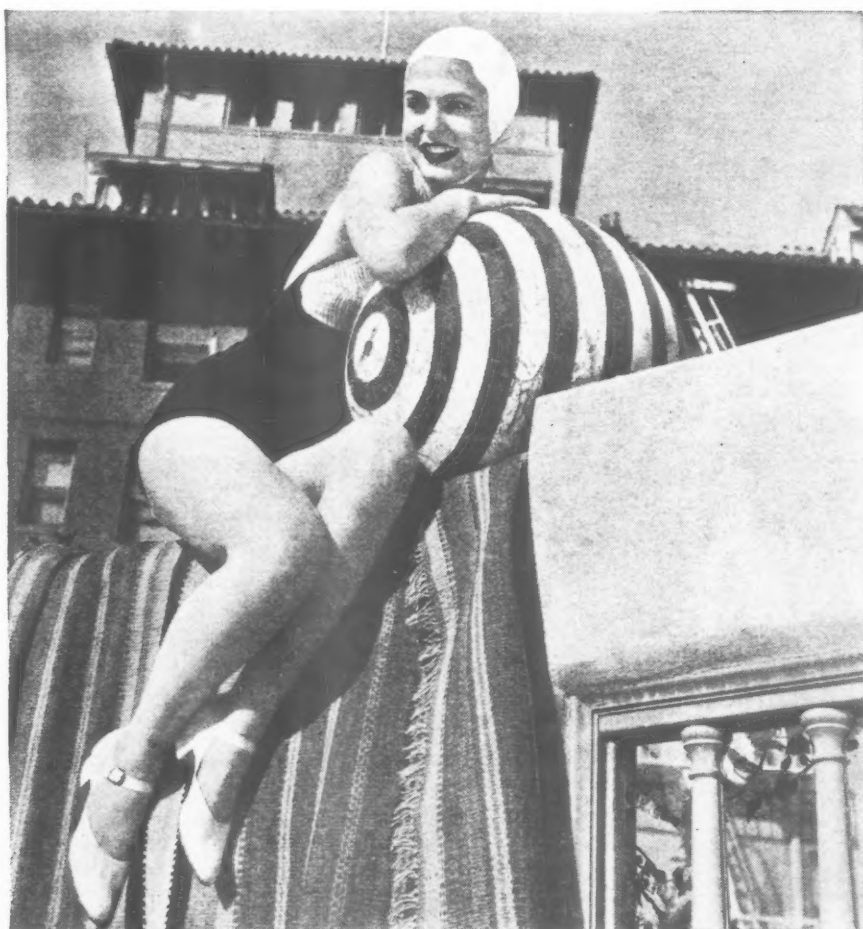
WHIPSAW—M-G-M.—G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount.—Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount.—Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

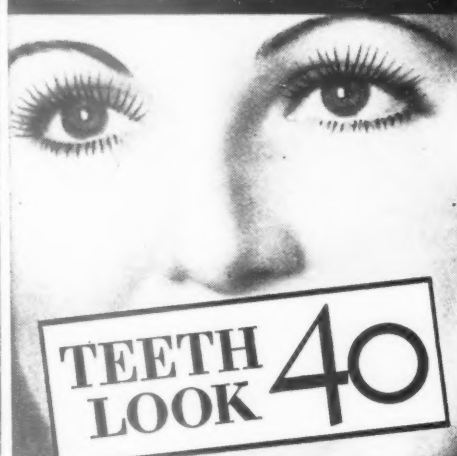
★ **WOMAN WANTED**—M-G-M.—A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox.—A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton ruining his business being civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)



Ann Loring was a Brooklyn college girl who had never travelled further west than New Jersey before she won a contest conducted by M-G-M. She has the leading rôle opposite Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of El Dorado"

ONLY 18



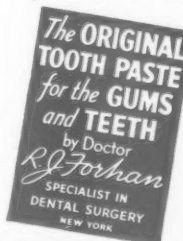
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Casts of Current Photoplays

"ANYTHING GOES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Billy Crocker*, Bing Crosby; *Reno Sweeney*, Ethel Merman; *Rev. Dr. Moon*, Charlie Ruggles; *Hope Harcourt*, Ida Lupino; *Bonnie Le Tour*, Grace Bradley; *Sir Evelyn Oakleigh*, Arthur Treacher; *Elisha J. Whitney*, Robert McWade; *Bishop Dobson*, Richard C. Carle; *Middle-Aged Lady*, Laura Treadwell; *Mrs. Wentworth*, Margaret Dumont; *Junior*, Jerry Tucker; *Pug-Uglies*, Edward Gargan, Matt McHugh, Harry Wilson and Bud Fine; *Ship's Captain*, Matt Moore.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"—WARNERS.—From the book by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Peter Blood*, Errol Flynn; *Arabella Bishop*, Olivia de Havilland; *Wolverstone*, Robert Barrat; *Colonel Bishop*, Lionel Atwill; *Jeremy Pitt*, Ross Alexander; *"Honesty"*, Nuttall, Forrester Harvey; *Hagthorpe*, Guy Kibbee; *Andrew Baynes*, David Torrence; *Mrs. Baynes*, Maude Leslie; *"Rev."*, Ogle, Frank McGlynn; *Lord Chester Dyke*, Colin Kenny; *Don Diego*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Governor Sneed*, George Hassell; *Kent*, Harry Cording; *Baron Jeffreys*, Leonard Mudie; *Prosecutor*, Ivan Simpson; *Mrs. Barlow*, Jessie Ralph; *Slave-branded*, Gardner James; *Captain Gardner*, Holmes Herbert; *Mrs. Sneed*, Mary Forbes; *Dr. Whacker*, Donald Meek; *Dr. Bronson*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Lord Willoughby*, Henry Stephenson; *Captain Levasseur*, Basil Rathbone; *Cahusac*, J. Carroll Naish; *Captain Hobart*, Stuart Casey; *Lord Gildoy*, Dennis D. Auburn; *Clerk of the Court*, E. E. Clive; *King James*, Vernon Steele.

"CEILING ZERO"—WARNERS.—From the play by Frank Wead. Screen play by Frank Wead. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Jake Lee*, Pat O'Brien; *Tommy Thomas*, June Travis; *Texas Clarke*, Stuart Erwin; *Les Bogan*, Robert Light; *Tay*, Henry Wadsworth; *Mike Owens*, Gary Owen; *Buzz*, James Bush; *Smiley*, Richard Purcell; *Fred*, Addison Richards; *Dizzy Davis*, James Cagney; *Mary Lee*, Martha Tibbets; *Joe Allen*, Craig Reynolds; *Lou Clarke*, Isabel Jewell; *Doc Wilson*, Edward Gargan; *Eddie Payson*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Baldy*, Pat West; *Al Stone*, Barton MacLane; *Mama Gini*, Mathilda Comont.

"CHATTERBOX"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by David Carb. Screen play by Sam Mintz. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: *Jenny Yates*, Anne Shirley; *Philip Greene, Jr.*, Phillips Holmes; *Uriah Lowell*, Edward Ellis; *Archie Fisher*, Erik Rhodes; *Emily Tipton*, Margaret Hamilton; *Philip Greene, Sr.*, Granville Bates; *Harrison*, Allen Vincent; *Lillian Temple*, Lucille Ball; *Michael Arbuckle*, George Offerman, Jr.; *Actress*, Maxine Jennings; *Blythe*, Richard Abbott; *Character Man*, Wilfred Lucas; *Character Woman*, Margaret Armstrong.

"COLLEGIATE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Screen play by Walter De Leon and Francis Martin. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Joe*, Joe Penner; *Jerry Craig*, Jack Oakie; *"Scoop"*, Oakland, Ned Sparks; *Miss Hay*, Frances Langford; *Dorothy*, Betty Grable; *Sour-Puss*, Lynne Overman; *Dancing Instructress*, Betty Jane Cooper; *Mack*, Mack Gordon; *Harry*, Harry Revel; *Browning*, Detective, Julius Tannen; *Miss Curtis*, Nora Cecil; *Mr. Mac Gregor*, Henry Kolker; *Thomas J. Bloodgood*, Donald Gallaher.

"EXCLUSIVE STORY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Martin Mooney. Screen play by Michael Fessier. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Dick Barton*, Franchot Tone; *Ann Devlin*, Madge Evans; *Tim Higgins*, Stuart Erwin; *Ace Acello*, Joseph Calleia; *Werther*, Robert Barrat; *Michael Devlin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tess*, Louise Henry; *Mrs. Higgins*, Margaret Irving; *O'Neil*, Wade Boteler; *James Witherspoon, Sr.*, Charles Trowbridge; *James Witherspoon, Jr.*, William Henry; *City Editor*, Raymond Hatton; *Comos*, J. Carol Naish.

"FRESHMAN LOVE"—WARNERS.—From a story idea by George Ade. Screen play by Earl Felton. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Coach Hammond*, Frank McHugh; *Joan Simpkins*, Patricia Ellis; *Bob Wilson*, Warren Hull; *Wilson, Sr.*, Joe Cawthorn; *E. Prendergast Biddle*, George E. Stone; *Squirmy*, Mary Treen; *Pres. Simpkins*, Henry O'Neill; *Sandra*, Alma Lloyd; *Princess Oggi*, Anita Kerry; *Fields*, Johnny Arthur; *Tony Foster*, Walter Johnson; *Coach Kendall*, Joseph Sawyer; *Mrs. Norton*, Florence Fair; *Eddie*, Spec O'Donnell.

"HITCH HIKE LADY"—REPUBLIC.—From a story by Wallace MacDonald. Screen play by Gordon Rigby and Lester Cole. Directed by Aubrey Scotto. The cast: *Mrs. Amelia Blake*, Alison Skipworth; *Judith Martin*, Mae Clarke; *Mortimer Wingate*, Arthur Treacher; *Jimmy Peyton*, James Ellison; *Chuck Regan*, Warren Hymer; *Mrs. Bayne*, Beryl Mercer; *Williams*, Dell Henderson; *Grocer*, Lionel Belmore; *Oswald Brown*, Harold Waldridge; *Farmer*, Christian Rub; *Miner*, George Hayes.

"INVISIBLE RAY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Howard Higgin and Douglas Hodges. Screen play by John Colton. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Dr. Janos Rukh*, Boris Karloff; *Dr. Benet*, Bela Lugosi; *Diane Rukh*, Frances Drake; *Ronald Drake*, Frank Lawton; *Sir Francis Stevens*, Walter Kingsford; *Lady Arabella Stevens*, Beulah Bondi; *Mother Rukh*, Violet Kemble Cooper; *Briggs*, Nydia Westman; *Headman*, Danell Haines; *Chief of Surety*, Georges Renavent; *Noyer*, Paul Weigel; *Mme. Noyer*, Adele St. Maur; *Professor Mendelssohn*, Frank Reicher; *Number One Boy*, Lawrence Stewart; *Zulu Woman*, Etta McDaniels; *Celeste*, Inez Seabury; *Minister*, Winter Hall; Also: Lloyd Whitlock, Edwards Davis, Alphonse Martell, Daisy Bufford, Clarence Gordon.

"KING OF BURLESQUE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by Gene Markey and Harry Tugend. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Kerry Bolton*, Warner Baxter; *Pat Doran*, Alice Faye; *Joe Cooney*, Jack Oakie; *Rosalind Cleve*, Mona Barrie; *Connie*, Arline Judge; *Kolpocheck*, Gregory Ratoff; *English Impresario*, Herbert Mundin; *Marie*, Dixie Dunbar; *Ben*, Fats Waller; *Anthony Lamb*, Nick Long, Jr.; *Arthur*, Kenny Baker; *Stanley Drake*, Charles Quigley; *Specialty Dancers*, Paxton Sisters; *Henkle and Keefe*, Shaw and Lee; *Slottery*, Andrew Tombes; *Phyllis Sears*, Shirley Deane; *"Spud"*, La Rue, Harry (Zoop) Welch; *Belle Weaver*, Claudia Coleman; *Miss Meredith*, Ellen E. Lowe; *Jake*, Herbert Ashley; *Frankie*, Jerry Mandy; *Wong*, Keye Luke; *The Bootblack*, Gareth Joplin.

"KING OF THE DAMNED, THE"—GB.—From the play by John Chancellor. Screen play by Charles Bennett and Sidney Gilliat. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Convict 83*, Conrad Veidt; *Anna Courvin*, Helen Vinson; *Mooche*, Noah Beery Ramon; *Montez*, Cecil Ramage; *Greek*, Edmund Willard; *Lumberjack*, Percy Parsons; *Boy*, Peter Croft; *Captain Torres*, Raymond Lovell; *Commandant Courvin*, C. M. Hallard; *Doctor Pradua*, Allan Jeayes; *Captain Perez*, Percy Walsh.

"LADY CONSENTS, THE."—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by P. J. Wolfson. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Anthony Veiller. Directed by Stephen Roberts. The cast: *Anne Talbot*, Ann Harding; *Michael Talbot*, Herbert Marshall; *Jerry Manerly*, Margaret Lindsay; *Stanley Ashton*, Walter Abel; *Jim Talbot*, Edward Ellis; *Yardley*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Susan*, Ilka Chase.

"LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE"—REPUBLIC.—From the novel by Anna Katherine Green. Screen play by Albert DeMond and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. The cast: *Doctor Harwell*, Donald Cook; *Elenore*, Jean Rouverol; *Bob*, Norman Foster; *Gloria*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Phoebe*, Maude Eburne; *O'Malley*, Warren Hymer; *Silas Leavenworth*, Frank Sheridan; *Henry Clavering*, Gavin Gordon; *Inspector Holmes*, Clay Clement; *Hudson*, Ian Wolfe; *Miss Owens*, Peggy Stratford; *Duke*, Archie Robbins; *Bulldog Woman*, Bess Stafford; *Pekingese Woman*, Lucille Ward; *Cat Woman*, Belle Mitchell; *Sarah*, Marie Rice; *Bookkeeper*, Carl Stockdale; *Miss Hill (Nurse)*, Dagmar Oakland.

"MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Screen play by George O'Neil, Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Helen Hudson*, Irene Dunne; *Bobby Merrick*, Robert Taylor; *Tommy Masterson*, Charles Butterworth; *Joyce Hudson*, Betty Furness; *Nancy Ashford*, Sara Haden; *Randolph*, Ralph Morgan; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Dr. Ramsay*, Gilbert Emery; *Perry*, Arthur Hoyt; *Junior Masterson*, Lowell Durham; *Dr. Justin*, Alan Davis; *Dr. Thomas*, Crauford Kent; *Mr. Miller*, Edward Earle; *May*, Inez Courtney; *Amy*, Marian Clayton; *Receptionist*, Norma Drew; *Mrs. Eden*, Beryl Mercer; *Ruth*, Cora Sue Collins; *Horace*, Arthur Treacher; *Mrs. Martin*, Maidel Turner; *Keller*, Sidney Bracy; *Dr. Rochard*, Frank Reicher; *Dr. Barendreght*, Leonard Mudie; *Nicholas Merrick*, Walter Walker; *Hastings*, Purnell Pratt; *Breezy*, Lucien Littlefield; *Antoine*, Gino Corrado; *Billy*, Mickey Daniels; *Dr. Preston*, Theodore von Eltz.

"MAN HUNT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Earl Felton. Screen play by Roy Chanslor. Directed by William Clemens. The cast: *Jane Carpenter*, Marguerite Churchill; *Hank Dawson*, William Gargan; *Frank Kingman*, Ricardo Cortez; *Skip McHenry*, Dick Purcell; *Ed Hoggins*, "Chic" Sale; *Babe*, Anita Kerry; *Mrs. Hoggins*, Maude Eburne; *Jim Davis*, Kenneth Harlan; *Waffle*, Don Barclay; *Parkington*, Russell Simpson; *Bill Taylor*, Frederic Blanchard; *Starrett*, Olin Howard; *Bill Bainter*, Larry Kent; *Mel Purdue*, Addison Richards; *Sheriff at Hackett*, Cy Kendall; *Jackie*, George Ernest; *Dunk*, Billy Wayne; *Blackie*, Nick Copeland; *Silk*, George E. Stone; *Joe*, Eddie Shubert; *Sam*, Milt Kibbee.

"PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK, THE"—GB.—From the novel by Jerome K. Jerome. Screen play by Michael Hogan and Alma Reville. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *The Stranger*, Conrad Veidt; *Slavia*, Rene Ray; *Vivian*, Anna Lee; *Wright*, Frank Cellier; *Major Tomkin*, John Turnbull; *Mrs. Tomkin*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Chris*, Ronald Ward; *Miss Kite*, Beatrice Lehmann; *Larcombe*, Jack Livesey; *Mrs. de Hooley*, Sara Allgood; *Mrs. Sharpe*, Mary Clare; *Cook*, Barbara Everest; *The Gramophone Man*, Alexander Sarnet.

"PETRIFIED FOREST, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Robert Sherwood. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Alan Squier*, Leslie

Howard; *Gramp Maple*, Charley Grapewin; *Boze Hertzinger*, Dick Foran; *Mrs. Chisholm*, Genevieve Tobin; *First Lineman*, Eddie Acuff; *Ruby*, Adrian Morris; *Commandant of Black Horse Troopers*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Pyles*, Slim Thompson; *Gabrielle Maple*, Bette Davis; *Duke Mantee*, Humphrey Bogart; *Jason Maple*, Porter Hall; *Jackie*, Joe Sawyer; *Mr. Chisholm*, Paul Harbey; *Paula*, Nina Campana; *Joseph*, John Alexander; *Third Trooper*, George Guhl.

"PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From a story by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Gene Fowler and Howard Ellis Smith. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Michael Donovan*, Victor McLaglen; *Peter (the little King)*, Freddie Bartholomew; *Countess Sonia*, Gloria Stuart; *Augusta*, Constance Collier; *George Foster*, Michael Whalen; *Gino*, C. Henry Gordon; *Stefan Bernaldo*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Valdis*, Lumsden Hare; *Leggards*, Walter Kingsford; *Prince Edric*, Lester Medgar; *Entertainer*, Dixie Dunbar; *Cabinet Member*, Rollo Lloyd; *M. Le Noir*, Maurice Cass; *Mischa*, General Savitsky.

"RIFFRAFF"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Screen play by Frances Marion, H. W. Hanemann and Anita Loos. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Hattie*, Jean Harlow; *Dutch*, Spencer Tracy; *Lil*, Una Merkel; *Nick*, Joseph Calleia; *"Flytrap"*, Victor Kilian; *Jimmy*, Mickey Rooney; *"Brans"*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *"Pop"*, Roger Imhof; *Rosie*, Juanita Quigley; *Belcher*, Paul Hurst; *Lew*, Vince Barnett; *Gerie*, Dorothy Appleby; *Mabel*, Judith Wood; *"Ratsy"*, Arthur Housman; *Bert*, Wade Boteler; *Al*, Joe Phillips; *Pete*, William Newell; *"Speed"*, Al Hill; *Sadie*, Helen Flint; *Mrs. McCall*, Lillian Harmer; *"Lefty"*, Bob Perry; *Markis*, George Givot; *Maizie*, Helene Costello; *Matron*, Rafaela Ottiano.

"ROSE MARIE"—M-G-M.—From the book by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd, and the operetta "Rose Marie." Screen play by Frances Goodrich, Alberg Hackett and Alice Duer Miller. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Marie De Flor*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Sergeant Bruce*, Nelson Eddy; *John Flower*, James Stewart; *Myerson*, Reginald Owen; *Romeo*, Allan Jones; *Boniface*, George Regas; *Hotel Manager*, Robert Greig; *Anna*, Una O'Connor; *Storekeeper*, Lucien Littlefield; *Premier*, Alan Mowbray; *Teddy*, David Niven; *Mr. Daniells*, Herman Bing; *Belle*, Gilda Gray.

"ROSE OF THE RANCHO"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Richard Walton Tully and David Belasco. Screen play by Frank Partos, Charles Brackett, Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Jim Kearney*, John Boles; *Rosita Castro* and *Don Carlos*, Gladys Swarthout; *Joe Kincaid*, Charles Bickford; *Pancho Spiegelgass*, Willie Howard; *Phineas P. Jones*, Herb Williams; *Flossie*, Grace Bradley; *Don Pascual Castro*, H. B. Warner; *Donna Petrona*, Charlotte Granville; *Don Luis*, Don Alvarado; *Jonathon Hill*, Minor Watson; *Hill Billy Boy*, Benny Baker; *Guadalupe*, Louise Carter; *Gomez*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Bull Bangle*, Harry Woods; *Boss Martin*, Paul Harvey; *Sheriff James*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Bartender*, Russell Powell.

"STRIKE ME PINK"—SAM GOLDWYN.—From the novel by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Frank Butler, Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Eddie Pink*, Eddie Cantor; *Joyce*, Ethel Merman; *Claribel*, Sally Eilers; *Parkyakarkus*, Harry Parke; *Copple*, William Frawley; *Ma Carson*, Helen Lowell; *Bulch*, Gordon Jones; *Vance*, Brian Donlevy; *Thrust*, Jack LaRue; *Sunnie*, Sunnie O'Dea; *Rita*, Rita Rio; *Killer*, Edward Brophy; *Charley*, Sidney H. Fields; *Marsh*, Don Brodie; *Selby*, Charles McAvoy; *Miller*, Stanley Blystone; *Smiley*, Duke York; *Hardin*, Charles Wilson; *Pitchman*, Clyde Hagar.

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS"—M-G-M.—From the play by Frederick S. Isham. Screen play by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Bill Jones*, Richard Arlen; *Mrs. Gubbins*, Beryl Mercer; *"Spoofy"*, Claude Allister; *Jimmie Gubbins*, Charles McNaughton; *Ann Gordon*, Cecilia Parker; *Inspector Briggs*, Dudley Digges; *Peggy Woofers*, Nydia Westman; *Bolton*, Jonathan Hale; *Lady Brockton*, Lillian Cooper; *Ferguson*, Robert Greig.

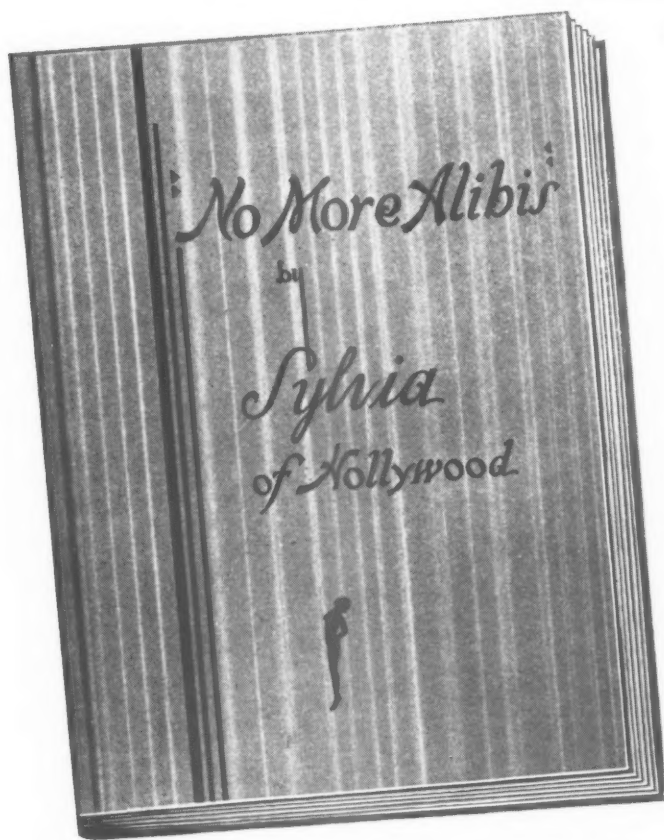
"TWO IN THE DARK"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Gelett Burgess. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Ben Stollhoff. The cast: *The Man*, Walter Abel; *Marie Smith*, Margot Grahame; *Hillyer*, Wallace Ford; *Irene Lassiter*, Gail Patrick; *Florio*, Alan Hale; *Stuart Eldredge*, Leslie Fenton; *Edmund Fish*, Eric Blore; *Olga Konar*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Carlo Gheet*, Eli Rhodes; *Mansfield*, J. Carroll Naish; *Duke Reed*, Addison Randall; *McCord*, Russell Hicks; *O'Brien*, Richard Howard.

"WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Ian Hay and A. E. W. Mason. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Charles Belden. Directed by Arthur Greville Collins. The cast: *Chepstow*, Warren William; *Inez*, Dolores Del Rio; *Joan*, Viva Tattersall; *Mrs. Rose Torrent*, Louise Fazenda; *Mr. John Torrent*, Herbert Mundin; *Eaves*, Butler; *Olin Howland*, Eric, Colin Clive; *Lady Maynard*, Ely Malyon; *Lord Holloway*, E. E. Clive; *Lady Holloway*, Mary Forbes.

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